★ April 7, 1945

THE NEW YORKER

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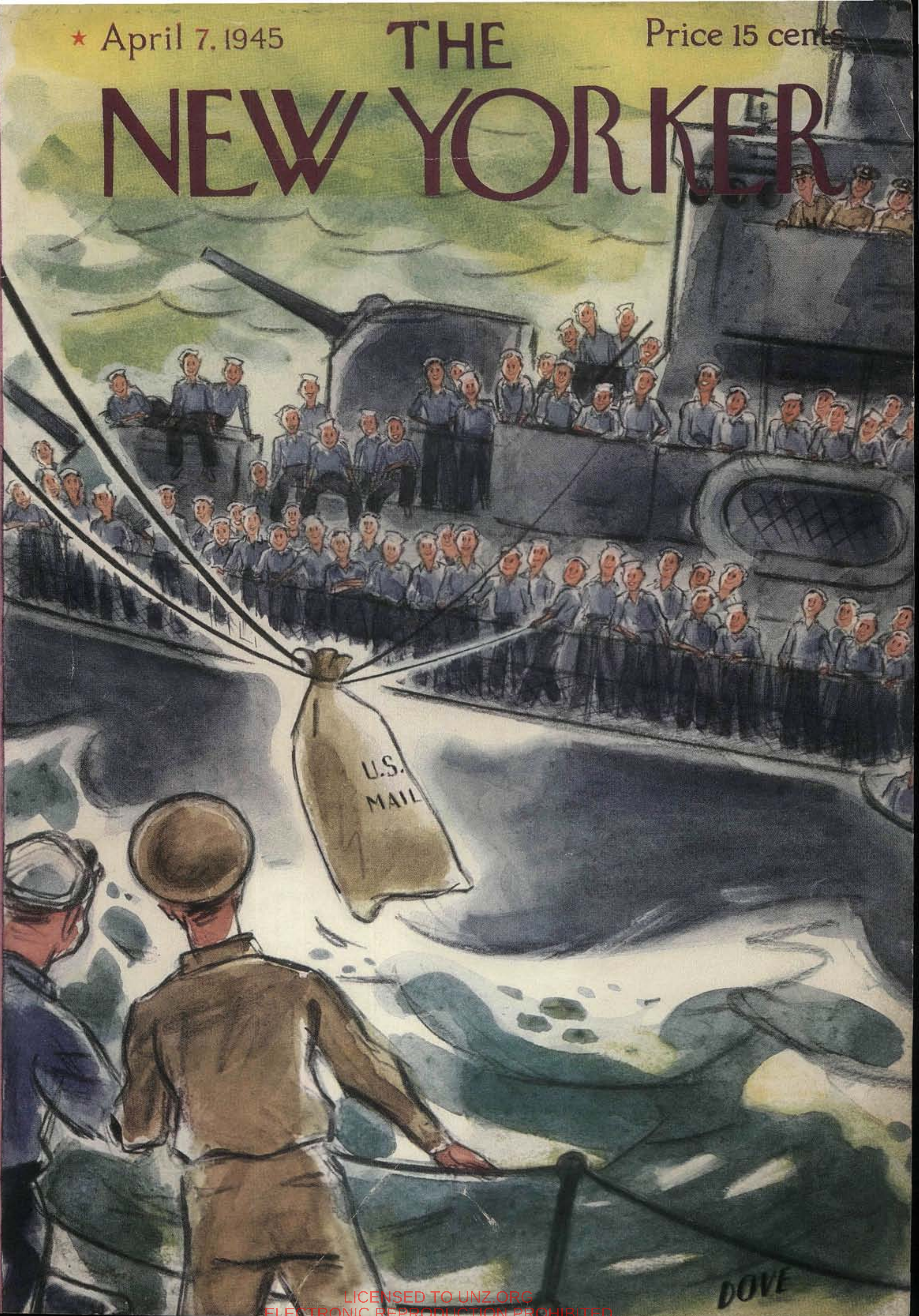
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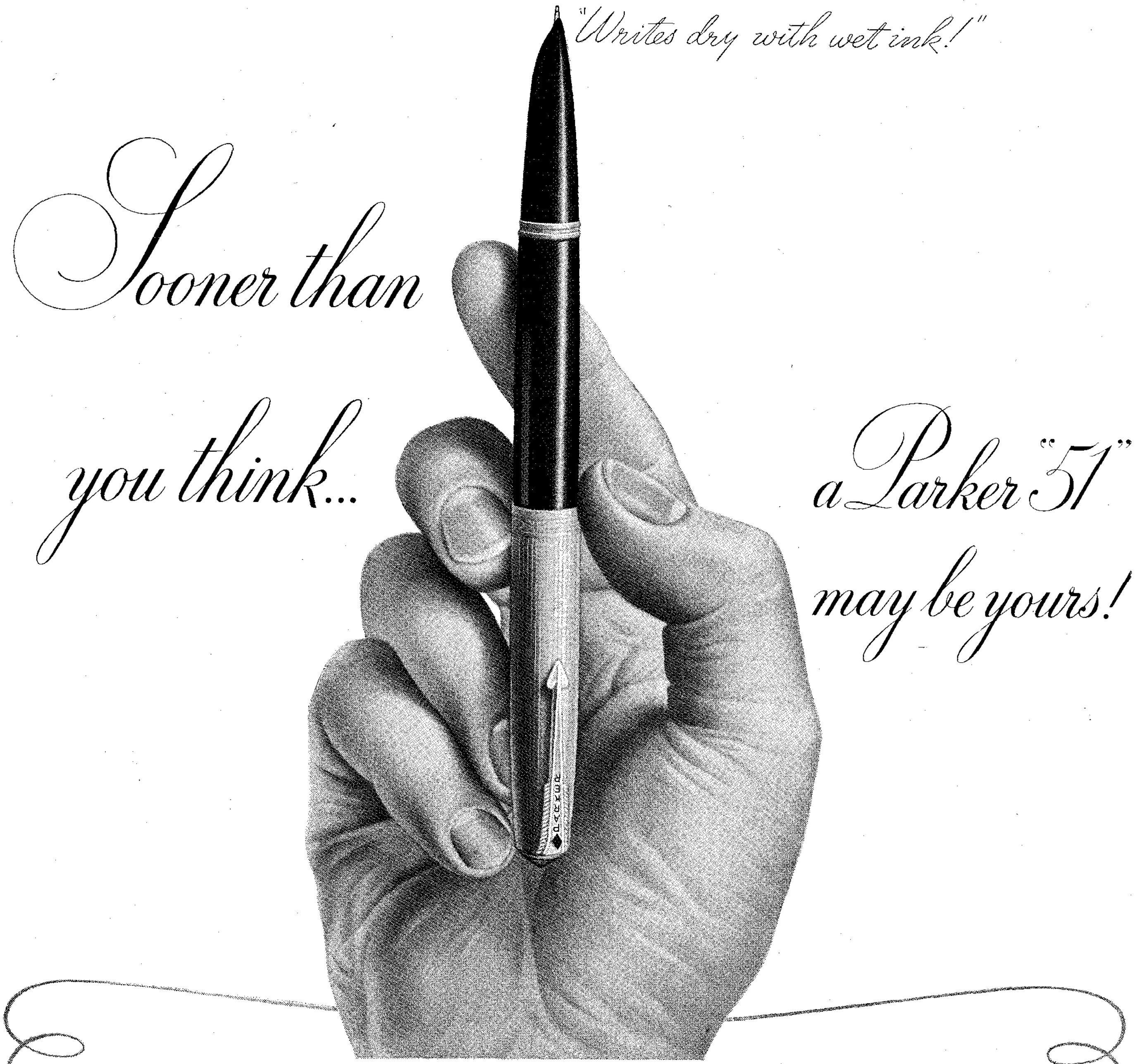
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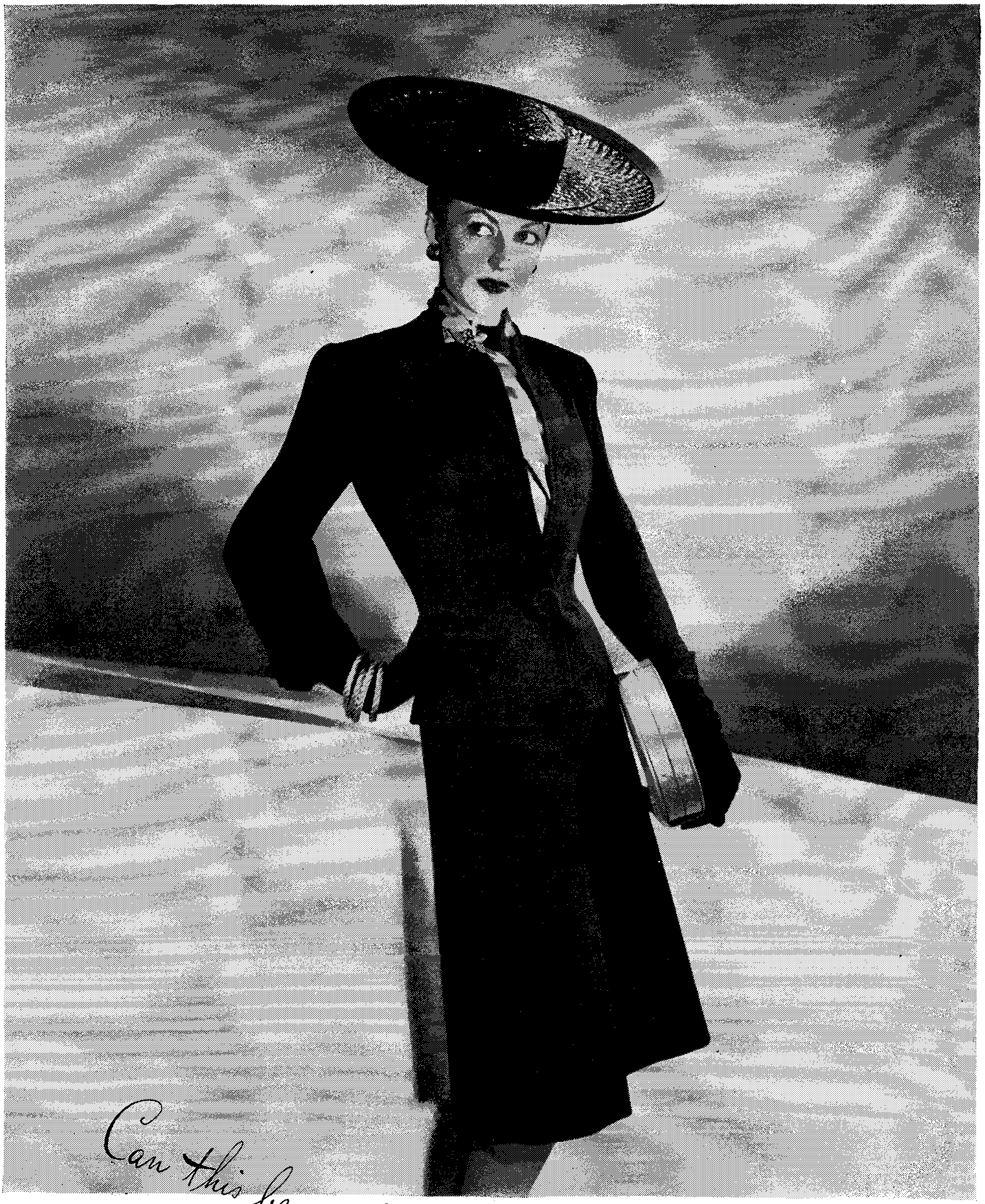

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 5, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 14.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anna Lucasta—Philip Yordan's very impressive play about a Negro prostitute is certainly something you shouldn't miss. Hilda Simms is in the cast and Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Barretts of Wimpole Street—Katharine Cornell and Brian Aherne in a revival of the 1931 hit. Directed by Guthrie McClintic and produced by Miss Cornell. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

A Bell for Adano—John Hersey's novel about the A.M.G. in Italy made into a play that might be a little better without its somewhat patronizing air. Fredric March makes up for a lot, however, with the best performance he ever gave. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dark of the Moon—Rather nice musical fantasy about a mortal girl who gets tangled up with a witch-boy. Carol Stone and Richard Hart have these singular parts. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dear Ruth—One of those overpowering little girls writes letters to a soldier and gets her elder sister in quite a fix. Routine, but rather nice. Virginia Gilmore heads the cast. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Deep Mrs. Sykes—George Kelly turns up after a long time with a play about a vain and foolish woman who nearly wrecks several lives. In spite of the valuable presence of Catherine Willard, Neil Hamilton, and Jean Dixon, it is rather a disappointment. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:45. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:45.)

Foolish Notion—Tallulah Bankhead in Philip Barry's not quite satisfactory play about the return of a soldier and the reactions of a lot of people who had thought he was dead. Produced by the Theatre Guild. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Glass Menagerie—Laurette Taylor magnificent as a matron who just wants to get her daughter married. Julie Haydon, Eddie Dowling, and Anthony Ross are also in Tennessee Williams' uneven but generally very effective play. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harvey—Odd as it certainly sounds, this fantasy about a cheerful drunk and an invisible rabbit is a delight from beginning to end. Frank Fay's performance in the leading rôle is a masterpiece of restrained humor. With Josephine Hull. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Hasty Heart—A beautiful nurse (Anne Burr) and some sympathetic comrades humanize a crusty Scot practically on his deathbed. As written by John Patrick (and played by Richard Basehart), he doesn't seem quite worth the bother. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Hope for the Best—A good deal of first-class comedy bogged down in a rather heavy-handed piece about a columnist's struggle with his artistic conscience. Franchot Tone and Jane Wyatt head the cast. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

I Remember Mama—The saga of a Norwegian family in San Francisco, brilliantly adapted by John van Druten from the Kathryn Forbes novel. Mady Christians, as Mama, and Oscar Homolka, as a sporty relative, are both magnificent. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Kiss and Tell—Typical George Abbott piece about a couple of adolescents who pretend they're going to have a baby. The pleasant, competent cast is headed by Jessie Royce Landis. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Kiss Them for Me—This stage version of "Shore Leave," about three aviators who couldn't quite adapt themselves to civilian life, starts out very well but trails away badly somewhere in the middle. With Richard Widmark, Dennis King, Jr., and Richard Davis. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Late George Apley—An adaptation of the Marquand novel that may have been broadened and simplified a little too much but is still a very fine show. Leo G. Carroll in the title rôle is more Bostonian than Lucius Beebe. The cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Janet Beecher, Percy Waram, and Margaret Dale. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is in its sixth year. With Arthur Margetson and Nydia Westman. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Overtons—Very familiar piece about one of those marriages that are always threatening to break up but somehow never do. With Arlene Francis, Glenda Farrell, Jack Whiting, and Walter N. Greaza. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Soldier's Wife—Rose Franken's comedy about a returning soldier and his wife, who has decided to publish a book of her letters to him. Martha Scott, Myron McCormick, and Glenn Anders do *their best, but on the whole it isn't quite enough.* (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Tempest—Vera Zorina (Ariel) and Canada Lee (Caliban) are featured in Margaret Webster's rather elaborate version of Mr. Shakespeare's last play. Arnold Moss is very effective as Prospero, but the whole piece may be a little wearing. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Fri., April 6, at 2:30, for the Actors' Fund.)

Ten Little Indians—In Agatha Christie's book everybody got killed, but in the play there are two survivors. Not terribly exciting, but still well above the general level of mystery shows. Among the doomed are Estelle Winwood and Halliwell Hobbes. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

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The Voice of the Turtle—An expert comedy by John van Druten, with a small, expert cast consisting of Betty Field, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

You Can't Take It with You—Fred Stone in a revival of the Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman play. With Dorothy Stone and Charles Collins. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. Closes Sun., April 8.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

A Place of Our Own—A play written and directed by Elliott Nugent, with a cast including Robert Keith, Jeanne Cagney, and J. C. Nugent. Produced by John Golden, Elliott Nugent, and Robert Montgomery. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A great big musical about a feminist uprising in the 1860's. The book and the music are nothing you'd be likely to remember, but the sets and costumes and Agnes de Mille's ballets are very fetching. Celeste Holm and Joan McCracken head the cast. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Special performance Sun. Eve., April 8, at 8:30, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

The Firebrand of Florence—A musical adaptation of Edwin Justus Mayer's play that is very much like every operetta you ever saw. Kurt Weill wrote the music and Ira Gershwin handled the lyrics. Almost everybody sings very prettily, but only Melville Cooper manages to suggest the spirit of the original. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen demonstrating how to put over a song in a piece about sailors and girls. Nice, if rudimentary, entertainment, with Jackie Gleason, Buster West, and Tim Herbert. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Laffing Room Only!—This is the third Olsen and Johnson exhibit, and the boys seem to be running out of ideas, not to mention taste. With Frank Libuse and Betty Garrett. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

On the Town—A lot of nice, lively youngsters, including Nancy Walker and Sono Osato, in a fine musical, mainly about three sailors and their girls. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Special performance Sun. Eve., April 8, at 8:30, for the Actors' Fund.)

Seven Lively Arts—Beatrice Lillie's triumphant return in Billy Rose's stupendous and, on the whole, entertaining spectacle. Among a great many other things, it contains sketches by Moss Hart, George S. Kaufman, and Ben Hecht, and songs by Cole Porter. With Bert Lahr, Doc Rockwell, and Alicia Markova. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Song of Norway—The life of Grieg, as set to arrangements of some of his own music. Good-looking and pleasant to listen to, but the book is moderately foolish. With Irra Petina, Helena Bliss, Lawrence Brooks, and Robert Shafer. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Up in Central Park—Romberg songs, some cheerful dances arranged by Helen Tamiris, and a lot of pretty scenery and costumes do a lot to redeem a fairly pedestrian book. Noah Beery impersonates Boss Tweed, and Maureen Cannon and Wilbur Evans take care of the romance. (Century, 7 Ave. at 59. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Star-Spangled Family—Eddie Nugent, Frances Reid, and Jean Adair in a play by B. Harrison Orkow. Directed by William Castle and produced by Philip A. Waxman and Joseph Kipness. Opens Thurs., April 5. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly,

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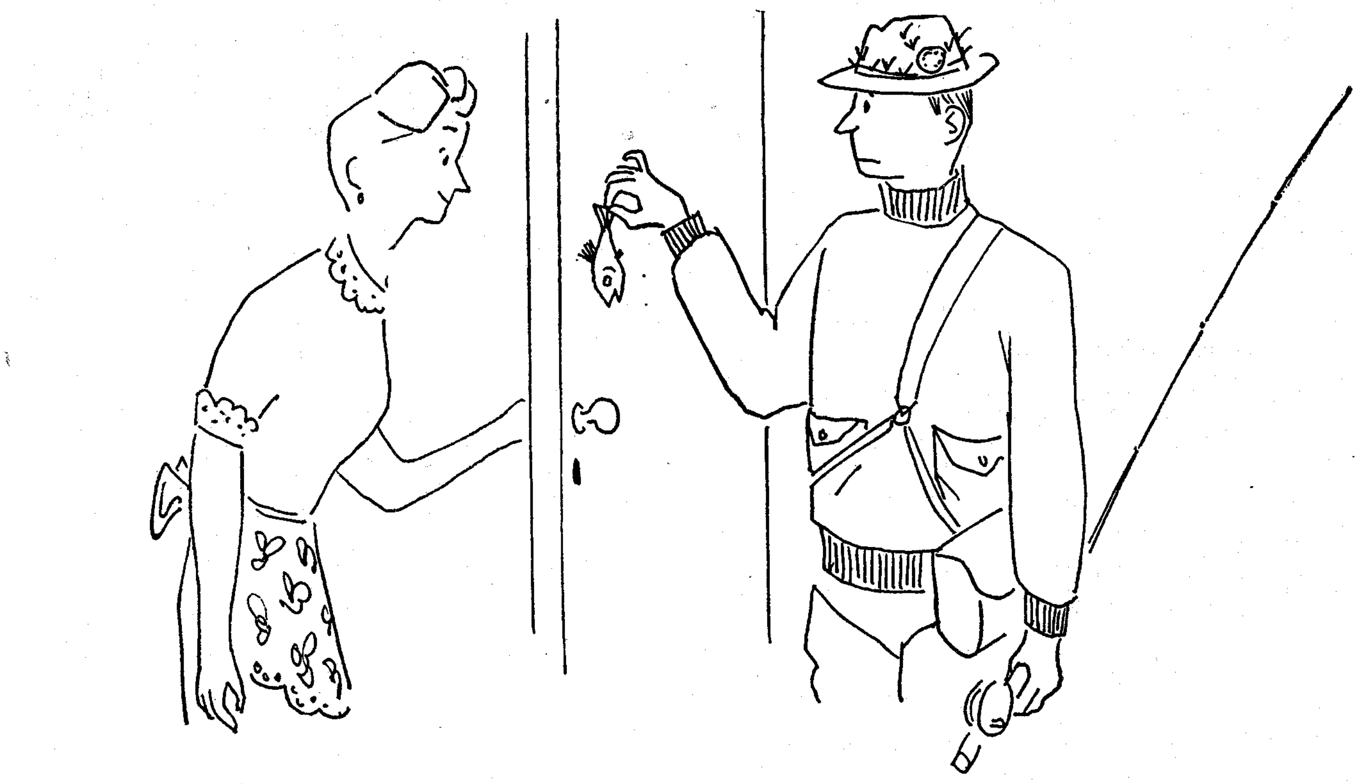
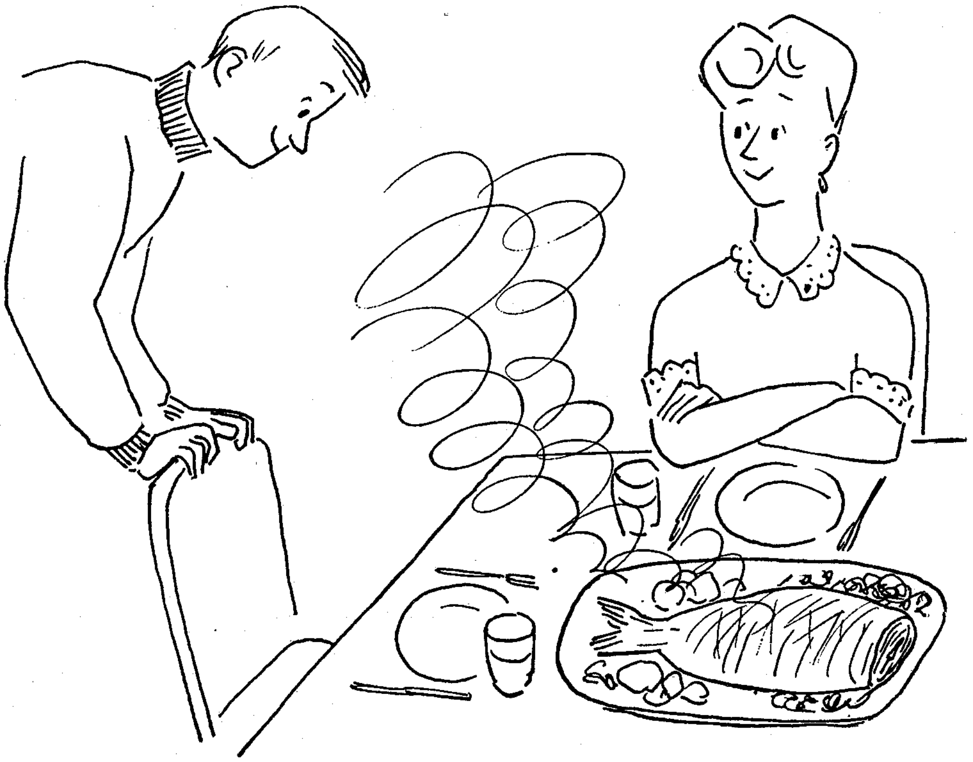
Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey presenting the annual big show. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800. Daily at 2:15 and 8:30 P.M.)

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40, and Sun. at 3; special Mats. Thurs. and Fri., April 5-6, at 2:40.)

African Program—Asadata Dafora and his dance group; Maurice Rocco, piano; The Duke of Iron, calypso singer; Bill Robinson, dancer; and other entertainers; sponsored by the African Academy of Arts and Research. Fri., April 6, at 8:40 P.M. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460.)

Variety Program—Yella Pessl, harpsichord; Teddy Wilson, piano and harpsichord; Jimmy Savo, comedian; and others, in the fourth of a series of programs: Sat., April 7, at 8 P.M. (Carnegie Hall. For tickets, call CI 6-0894.)

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT

The Sue Hastings Marionettes—Presenting "Peter Rabbit": Thurs. through Sat., April 5-7, and Sat., April 14, at 10 A.M. and 12 noon. (48th Street Cinema, 247 W. 48. CO 5-9159.)

Suzari Marionettes—Presenting "Pinocchio," "Rumpelstiltskin," and "Adventures of Remi;" also musical entertainment by Sigmund Spaeth and bird imitations by Henry Boyd: Thurs. through Sat., April 5-7, at 11 A.M. and 1:15 and 3:30 P.M. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 6 Ave. at 58. For tickets, call CI 6-0895.)

Junior Dramatic Workshop—Presenting "The Imaginary Invalid," an adaptation, in English, of the Molière play: Thurs. through Sat., April 5-7, at 1:30 and 3:30 P.M. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 5-9117.)

BALLET

Ballet Theatre—Tentative programs—"Waltz Academy," "Peter and the Wolf," "Pas de Quatre," and "Petrouchka," Thurs. Aft., April 5. . . . "Romeo and Juliet," "Harvest Time," "Fancy Free," and "Princess Aurora," Thurs. Eve., April 5. . . . "Swan Lake," "Tally-Ho," "Harvest Time," and "Three-Cornered Hat," Fri. Eve., April 6. . . . "Peter and the Wolf," "Pas de Deux," "Fancy Free," and "Graduation Ball," Sat. Aft., April 7. . . . "Swan Lake," "Aleko," "Moonlight Sonata," and "Graduation Ball," Sat. Eve., April 7. . . . "Princess Aurora," "Tally-Ho," "Moonlight Sonata," and "Fancy Free," Sun. Aft., April 8. . . . "Romeo and Juliet," "Café de Chinitas," "Pas de Quatre," and "Bluebeard," Sun. Eve., April 8. . . . "Tally-Ho," "Harvest Time," "Fancy Free," and "Three-Cornered Hat," Mon. Eve., April 9. . . . "Swan Lake," "Undertow," and "Graduation Ball," Tues. Eve., April 10. . . . "Aleko," "Fancy Free," "Bolero," and "Gala Performance," Wed. Eve., April 11. . . . "Princess Aurora," "Undertow," and "Helen of Troy," Thurs. Eve., April 12. . . . "Giselle," excerpts from "Capriccio Espagnol," and "Fancy Free," Fri. Eve., April 13. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Petrouchka," "Bolero," and "Princess Aurora," Sat. Aft., April 14. . . . "Romeo and Juliet," "Café de Chinitas," "Pas de Deux," and "Helen of Troy," Sat. Eve., April 14. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Eves. at 8:20. Mats. at 2:30.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(Some places where you may reasonably expect to find dance music and/or other entertainment. Most establishments have got their houses in order after the recent confusion about the curfews, so customers need not expect very much breakage.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—William Scotti's and Louis Betancourt's orchestras playing their polite dance music in the dignified old Trianon Room. On Wed., April 11, Jules Lande's orchestra, an old Ambassador standby, will replace the Scotti contingent.

Blue Angel, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626)—Comic monologues by Eddie Mayehoff, and all sorts of nice music by Evelyn Knight, Pearl Bailey, the Delta Rhythm Boys, and the Herman Chittison Trio; no dancing.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Merriment by Jimmy Savo, music by Edmund Hall's orchestra.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—This timeless cavern has jazz piano by Mary Lou Williams and Cliff Jackson and music by Phil Moore's orchestra.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Where Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band supply the music and the customers supply the scenery. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—For an ornate but pleasant dinner or supper to the chipper dance music of Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 5, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 14.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—One of our largest and most luxurious tropics, fitted out mostly with a chromium-plated clientele. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band play nonstop music. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Russell Swann, that accomplished magician, is in the elegant Cotillion Room. On Mon., April 9, the Wesson Brothers, who impersonate most anyone, will replace Mr. Swann. Stanley Melba's orchestra plays for dancing. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Paul and Grace Hartman and their collapsible dance routines are in the Persian Room. Pancho and his band provide the dance music. . . . For people with fond memories, tea dancing to Mark Monte's music every afternoon in the Palm Court Lounge.

Ruban Bleu, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787)—Good, standard Ruban Bleu amusement by Day, Dawn, and Dusk, Thelma Carpenter, Garland Wilson, and the Cedric Wallace Trio; no dancing.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Fred Miller's orchestra plays and Gomez and Beatrice dance in the stately Iridium Room. . . . Downstairs, in the Maisonette, there is inconspicuous dance music and the entertaining songs of Dorothy Shay.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The handsome Café Lounge presents a lot of vocal choruses accompanied by the sweet music of London's Roy Fox and a rumba band. Tea dancing every day.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A conveniently located day-and-night nursery. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Noro Morales' rumba band are on hand for tea dancing every day and stay on through the evening.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—John Sebastian and his accomplished harmonica and Carol Bruce and her songs are in the Wedgwood Room, where Leo Reisman's orchestra plays moodily for dancing. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Miscellaneous—At the **coq rouge**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): small and elegant; Dick Wilson's orchestra playing jauntily for dancing. . . . **1-2-3 club**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): peace and quiet, broken only mildly by Roger Stearns' piano; no dancing. . . . **versailles**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Kitty Carlisle, back in harness, along with a show full of handsome young ladies who sometimes seem tired of it all; dance music, rumba and otherwise. . . . **casino russe**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian food that is wonderful; Russian entertainment that is—well—Russian entertainment; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **el chico**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): good Spanish dishes and even better Spanish music. . . . **spivy's roof**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy, still talking those songs about what shouldn't happen to a dog, and Carter and Bowie's piano duets. . . . **400 club**, 1 E. 43 (MU 2-3423): Duke Ellington's deep-blue orchestra now in residence at this bargain-basement counter. . . . **copa bar**, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): still bravely keeping its head above water with the Milt Herth Trio and a rumba band. . . . **commodore**, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Hal McIntyre's orchestra. . . . **essex house**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Stan Keller's orchestra. . . . **madison**, 15 E. 58 (VO 5-5000): Jerry Lloyd's orchestra. . . . **new yorker hotel**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Boyd Raeburn's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **pennsylvania**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra (to be replaced by Glen Gray's on Mon., April 9). . . . **roosevelt**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra.

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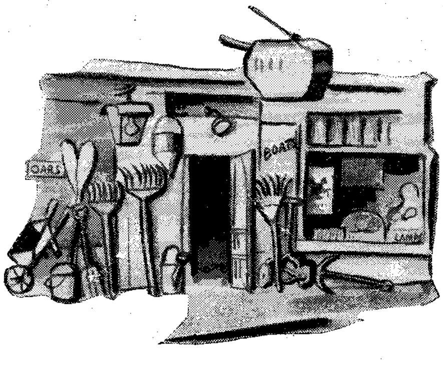
Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At **nick's**, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): classic welkin ringing by Pee Wee Russell, Miff Mole, Muggsy Spanier, and their compatriots. . . . **village vanguard**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): just a small hole in the ground, but there's Art Hodes' trio, with Max Kaminsky as trumpet and Fred Moore as drummer; Don Frye as solo pianist; dancing. . . . **downbeat**, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Art Tatum's piano, a treat for both student and connoisseur. . . . **hickory house**, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's clarinet and Adele Girard's harp providing the high (and hot) spots of the band behind the bar. . . . **onyx**, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Stuff Smith and Ben Webster now working in collaboration. . . . **three deuces**, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): Slam Stewart and his lively quartet, and a new band headed by Don Byas. . . . **jimmy ryan's**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Mezz Mezzrow and his trio; dancing.



ART

American Abstract Artists—The ninth annual exhibition: Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 15.

Leo Amino—Mobiles and magnesite sculpture: Bonestell, 18 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 7.

Richmond Barthé—Sculpture: International Print Society, 38 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 14.

Aubrey Beardsley—Forty drawings, and books which he illustrated: Grolier Club, 47 E. 60. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Tues., April 10.

Louis Bosa—Recent paintings: Kleemann, 65 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 28.

British—At the **buchholz**, 32 E. 57: paintings done during the past year. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 14. . . . **national arts club**, 15 Gramercy Pk. S.: Sutherland, Nash, and others. Daily 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through April 20.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The thirteenth biennial water-color exhibit, this time a survey of the art in this country. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 29.

Paul Cadmus—Drawings, in the artist's first show in eight years: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 7.

Virginia Cuthbert—Orderly paintings of birds and late nineteenth-century buildings: Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Thurs., April 12.

Enrico Donati—New paintings: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 7.

European—At the **rosenberg**, 16 E. 57: Picasso, Renoir, Manet, Braque, and other French artists. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 5. . . . **niveau**, 63 E. 57: Utrillo, Vlaminck, Dufy, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 14.

Richard Gaige—Water-color sketches of the Near East: Marquié, 16 W. 57. Daily 10:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 7.

Arshile Gorky—Paintings by a man who mingles Expressionism with Surrealism: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Thurs., April 5, from 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

Groups—At the **milch**, 108 W. 57: Stephen Etnier, Francis Speight, Maurice Sterne, and other painters. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 7. . . . **associated american artists**, 711 5 Ave., at 55: Adolf Dehn, Doris Lee, and others. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 14.

Paul Klee—A retrospective show, including works from private collections: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 7.

Karl Knaths—New abstractions: New Art Circle, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 14.

Yasuo Kuniyoshi—New paintings and drawings: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 28.

Matta—New paintings in a nervous, high-keyed style, completely different from his old one: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 7.

Henry Mattson and Benton Spruance—Paintings and lithographs: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 21.

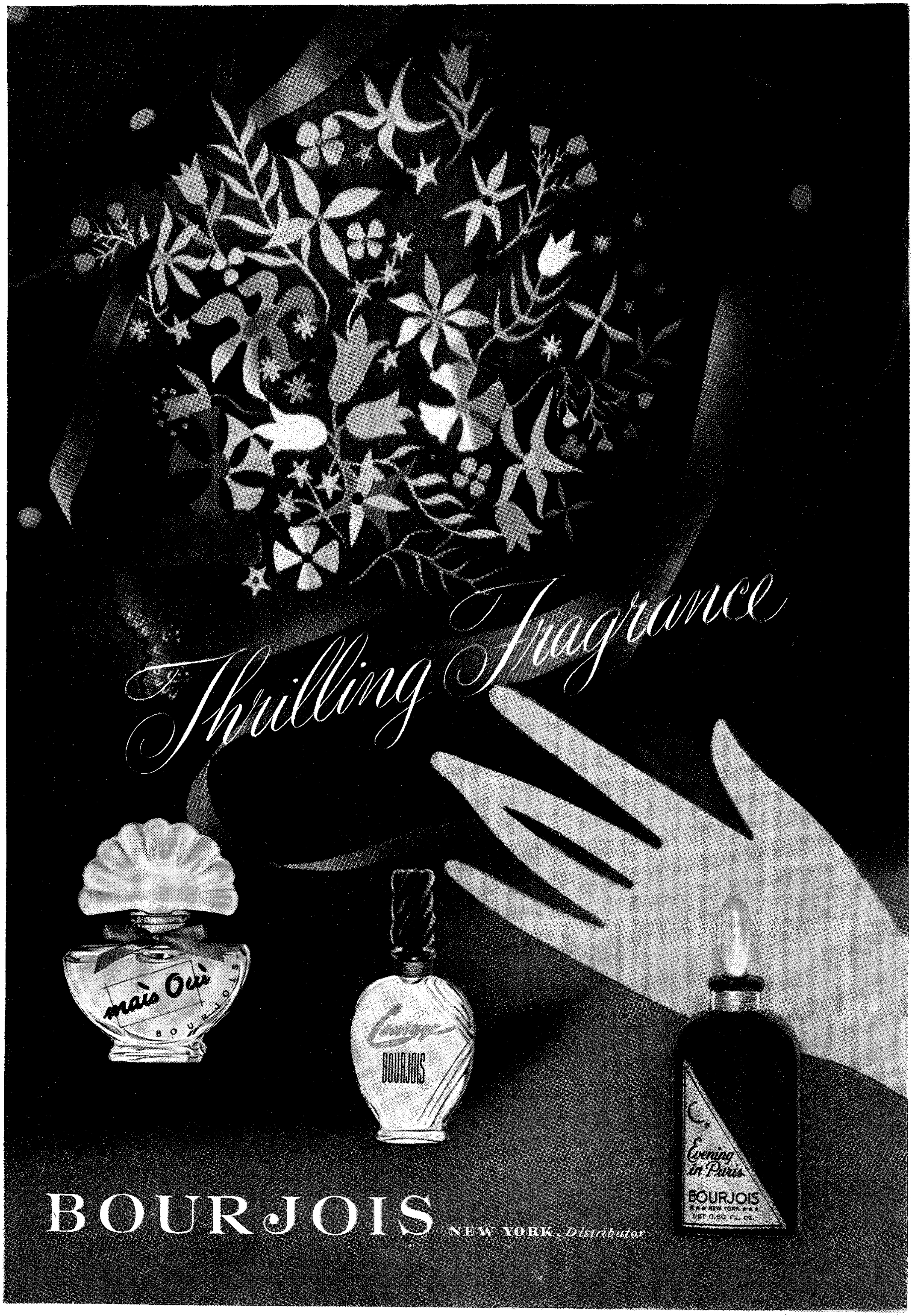
Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A retrospective show of Piet Mondrian's work (through May 13); and another retrospective of Georges Rouault (through June 3). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A Kandinsky memorial show, containing over two hundred of his paintings. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through May 15.

Georgia O'Keeffe—Paintings of the past year, mostly desert motifs: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Wed., April 11.

Jackson Pollack—Paintings, drawings, and gouaches: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 14.

Portraits—Work by such contemporaries as James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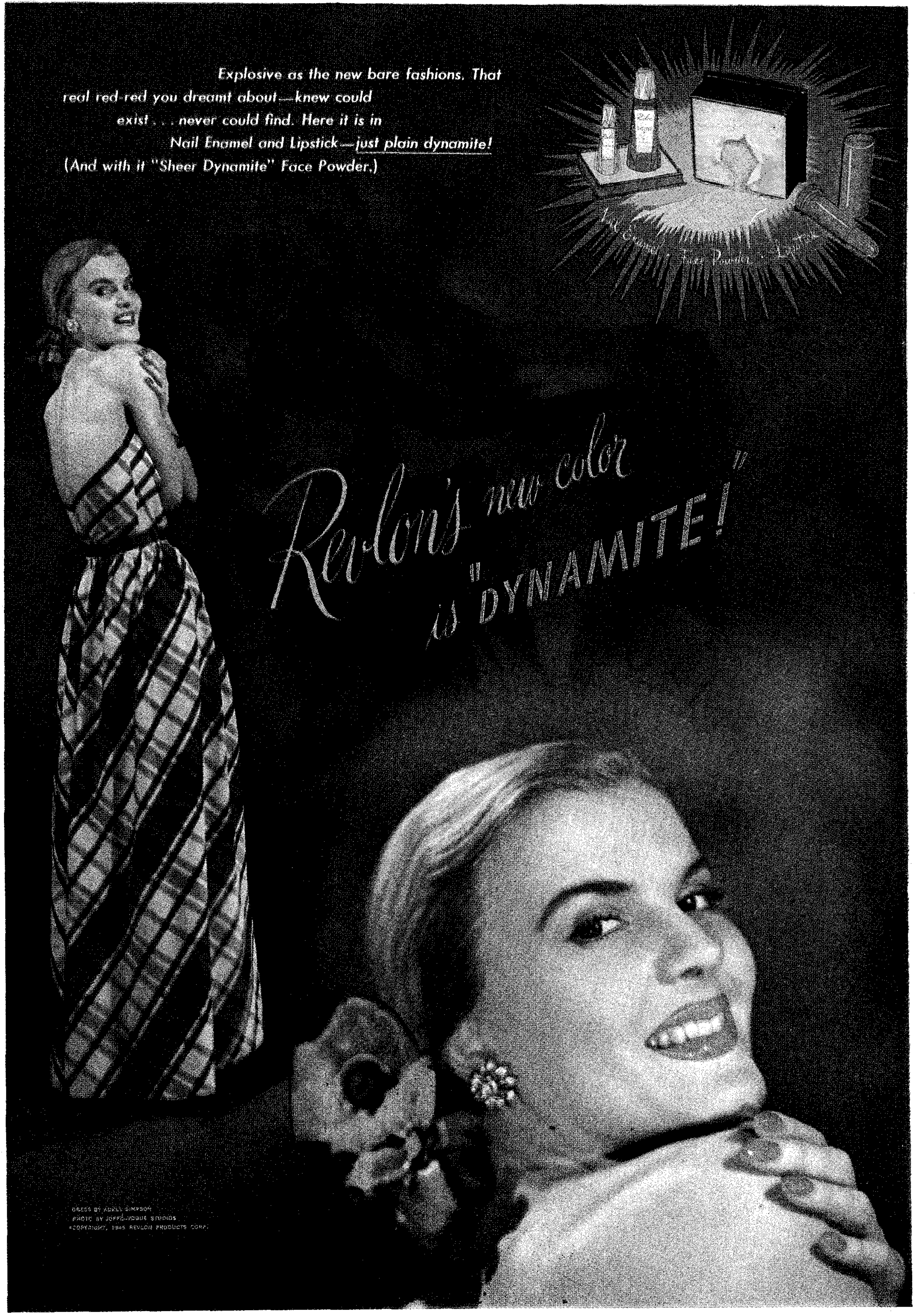
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Lechay, Pavel Tchelitchew, and Eugene Berman: Brandt, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 28.

W. B. Putnam—An Expressionist with some Oriental influences: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 7.

Sibley Smith—A first one-man exhibition of water colors: Willard, 32 E 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 14.

Victor Tischler—Paintings in which sixteenth-century Romanticism and Surrealism mix with the modern brands: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 7.

Vienna—Some of Salomon Kleiner's rococo prints, together with less inspired views of the city: St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., April 7.

Whistler—Etchings, drypoints, lithographs: Kennedy, 785 5 Ave., at 60. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 14.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—Work by European artists now living in America. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Wed., April 11.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Artur Rodzinski conducting: Thurs., April 5, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., April 6, at 2:30 P.M.; Sun., April 8, at 3 P.M.; Thurs., April 12, at 8:45 P.M.; and Fri., April 13, at 2:30 P.M. (Soloist: Rudolf Serkin, piano, April 5-6.) . . . Artur Rodzinski conducting a benefit program for the Red Cross, Mon., April 9, at 8:30 P.M. (Soloist: Robert Casadesus, piano.) . . . Young People's Concert, Rudolph Ganz conducting, Sat., April 7, at 11 A.M.

Boston Symphony—Serge Koussevitzky conducting—Carnegie Hall: Wed., April 11, at 8:45 P.M.; and Sat., April 14, at 2:30 P.M. . . . Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-6700): Fri., April 13, at 8:30 P.M.

New York Little Symphony—Joseph Baroné and Virgil Thomson conducting. Fri., April 6, at 8:45 P.M. (Carnegie Chamber Music Hall.)

Centre Symphony Orchestra—Angelo Consoli conducting. Sat., April 7, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Variety Concert—An all-girl symphony orchestra, Ann Kullmer conducting; Ossy Renardy, violin; and others. Sun., April 8, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Russian Concert—A symphony orchestra conducted by Leonard Bernstein; the Russian Choral Society; Lawrence Tibbett, baritone; and others, in a program of modern Russian music, for the benefit of Russian war relief. Fri., April 13, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

New York City Center Opera Company—Eves. at 8:15—"Der Fliegende Holländer," Thurs., April 12. . . . "La Traviata," Fri., April 13. . . . "La Bohème," Sat., April 14. (New York City Center, 139 W. 55. CI 6-8989.)

Salmaggi Opera Company—"Il Trovatore," Sat., April 7; "Otello," Sat., April 14; at 8:30 P.M. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

Martha Pollak—Piano. Sun., April 8, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Chamber Music Hall.)

Mischa Elman—Violin. Tues., April 10, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Le Quatuor Alouette—French-Canadian vocal quartet. Tues., April 10, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Robert Casadesus—Piano. Sat., April 14, at 8:30 P.M. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. UN 4-3200, Ext. 773.)

SPORTS

Baseball—Exhibition games for the benefit of the Red Cross: Giants vs. Dodgers, Ebbets Field, Wed., April 11; Yankees vs. Dodgers, Yankee Stadium, Thurs., April 12; at 2:30 P.M.

Fencing—Non-divisional qualifying rounds for the National Championship, sabre, individual, Fri., April 6; non-divisional qualifying rounds for the National Championship, women's foil, individual, Fri., April 13; at 7 P.M. (Fencers Club, 320 E. 53.)

Swimming—National A.A.U. championships, Fri. and Sat., April 6-7, at 2 and 8:30 P.M. (New York Athletic Club, 7 Ave. at 59.)

OTHER EVENTS

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 5, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 14.

Wartime Exhibitions—At the **CHRYSLER BLDG.,** 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of United States Army combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, rockets, and small arms, as well as equipment captured from the enemy; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent War Department films. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY,** R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: a large collection of naval aviation training equipment, including the Norden bombsight and the "Gunairstructor," a device in which the conditions and problems of air combat are simulated. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through April 30. . . . **NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY,** Central Pk. W. at 76: military miscellany—firearms, swords, flags, even diaries—dating from the French and Indian wars through the first World War. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

Planetarium—"Stars of Spring" is the title of the April lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81. Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

Circus—The history of the circus in America since 1797, shown in a collection of posters and handbills: New York Historical Society, Central Pk. W. at 76. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 31.

Benefits—A cocktail party and dance for the Red Cross, with entertainment by Anton Dolin, Alicia Markova, and others: Sherry's, 300 Park, at 49. Wed., April 11, at 5:30 P.M. For tickets, call CO 5-2100, Ext. 218. . . . The annual Tip Top Ball, for Stony Wold Sanatorium: Ambassador. Fri., April 13, at 8:30 P.M. For tickets, call RE 4-7854.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36—Inscriptions, texts, and illuminated manuscripts, from 2600 B.C. to the fifteenth century. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., April 14.

Costumes—At the **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM,** 5 Ave. at 82: a large exhibition of imperial robes from the Manchu court of China; also, fabrics by modern designers, inspired by art objects in the Museum. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 31. . . . **COSTUME INSTITUTE,** 18 E. 50: hats and headdresses of the seventeenth century to the early twentieth century, in the museum which has recently been made a branch of the Metropolitan. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 30.

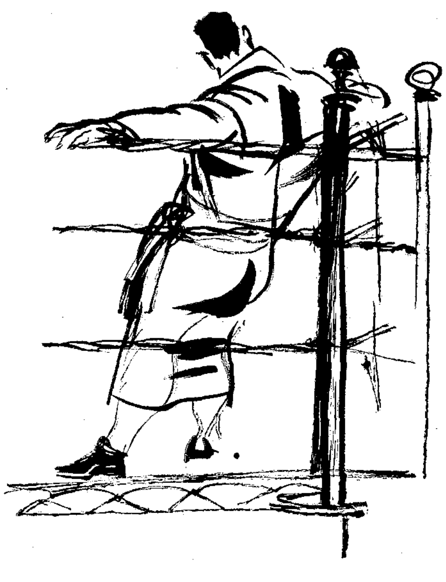
Auctions—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES,** 30 E. 57—Chinese, Japanese, and Persian objects of art owned by Mr. and Mrs. H. Adams Ashforth, the late Edward G. Kennedy, and others: Thurs. and Fri., April 5-6, at 2 P.M. . . . Georgian silver and furniture owned by Lucy L. Jenkins: Sat., April 7, at 2 P.M. . . . Rare books and prints relating to sport from the library of the late Alfred B. Maclay: Tues. and Wed., April 10-11, at 2 and 8:15 P.M. . . . Modern and other French paintings, including examples by Vlaminck, Cézanne, Matisse, and Renoir, owned by J. K. Thannhauser: Thurs., April 12, at 8 P.M. **AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER,** 44 W. 56—Paintings, sculpture, and prints by such artists as John Sloan, Auguste Rodin, Raoul Dufy, and Walt Disney; for the benefit of the Play Schools Association: Sun., April 8, at 8 P.M.

Note—The Army Day Parade will start at 5th Ave. and 95th St. on Sat., April 7, at 1:15 P.M., and proceed south to 65th St.

ON THE AIR

State Department—Archibald MacLeish, Julius C. Holmes, and Michael J. McDermott, in the seventh of a series of discussions of our international policy. Sat., April 7, at 7 P.M., WEAF.

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, Artur Rodzinski conducting, Sun., April 8, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sat., April 7 and 14, at 5 P.M., WABC. . . . Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat. April 7 and 14, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . National Orchestral Association, Leon Barzin conducting, Sun., April 8, at 9:05 P.M., WQXR. . . . Chicago Symphony, Desiré Defauw conducting, Sat., April 7 and 14, at 3 P.M., WEAF. . . . Ballet Theatre, Antal Dorati conducting, Thurs. and Sun., April 5 and 8 at 8:30 P.M.; and Thurs., April 12, at 8:40 P.M.; WNYC. . . . Jazz concerts, directed by Eddie Condon, Sat., April 7, at 3 P.M., WJZ. . . . Budapest String Quartet, Sun., April 8, at 6:05 P.M., WQXR. . . . Marian Anderson, contralto, Mon., April 9, at 9 P.M., WEAF.



News Commentators—Cecil Brown, Mon., Wed., and Fri., at 8 P.M., WOR. . . . Janet Flanner (from Paris), Tues. at 4:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . George Hicks (from Europe), Sun. at 1:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Edgar Ansel Mowrer, Sun. at 7:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Edward R. Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon. through Fri. at 6 P.M., WOR. . . . Cesar Saerchinger (from Europe), Sun. at 11:15 P.M., WEAF. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel (from Europe), Mon. through Fri. at 7:45 P.M., WHN. . . . Leland Stowe, Sat. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Raymond Swing, Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Dorothy Thompson (from London), Sun. at 9:45 P.M., WOR.

MOTION PICTURES

(Complete listings of programs at Broadway and neighborhood houses can be found on page 13.)

Colonel Blimp—Very touching and quite dramatic story about the life of a professional British soldier. Roger Livesey represents the spirit of the Empire. (Gotham, B'way at 47.)

The Corn Is Green—Bette Davis in the part once performed by Ethel Barrymore on Broadway. Miss Davis seems slightly implausible and so does the play. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

Dark Waters—Merle Oberon, Franchot Tone, and Thomas Mitchell in a story which is aimed to chill your blood but doesn't do so consistently. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. through Mon., April 6-9. . . . Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Tues. and Wed., April 10-11.)

The Fighting Lady—Actual shots in Technicolor taken from an aircraft carrier and its planes in the Pacific. As good a documentary as this war is likely to produce. (Art, 36 E. 8; and Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Thurs., April 5. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sat. through Mon., April 7-9. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Tues. through Thurs., April 10-12. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Sat., April 11-14.)

Meet Me in St. Louis—Mainly about the four Smith sisters and their emotional problems. Judy Garland, Margaret O'Brien, Mary Astor, and Leon Ames are in this extremely attractive version of Sally Benson's stories. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Wed., April 11. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Wed., April 7-11. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; starting Mon., April 9. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., April 10-14.)

Murder, My Sweet—A version of the murder mystery called "Farewell, My Lovely" and very nice indeed as these things go. Dick Powell is the detective whom practically everybody beats up. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Tues. through Sat., April 10-14.)

National Velvet—An adaptation of Enid Bagnold's novel about a little girl who wins a horse in a lottery and then rides him in the Grand National. Nonsense, of course, but very appealing. With Elizabeth Taylor and Mickey Rooney. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., April 5.)

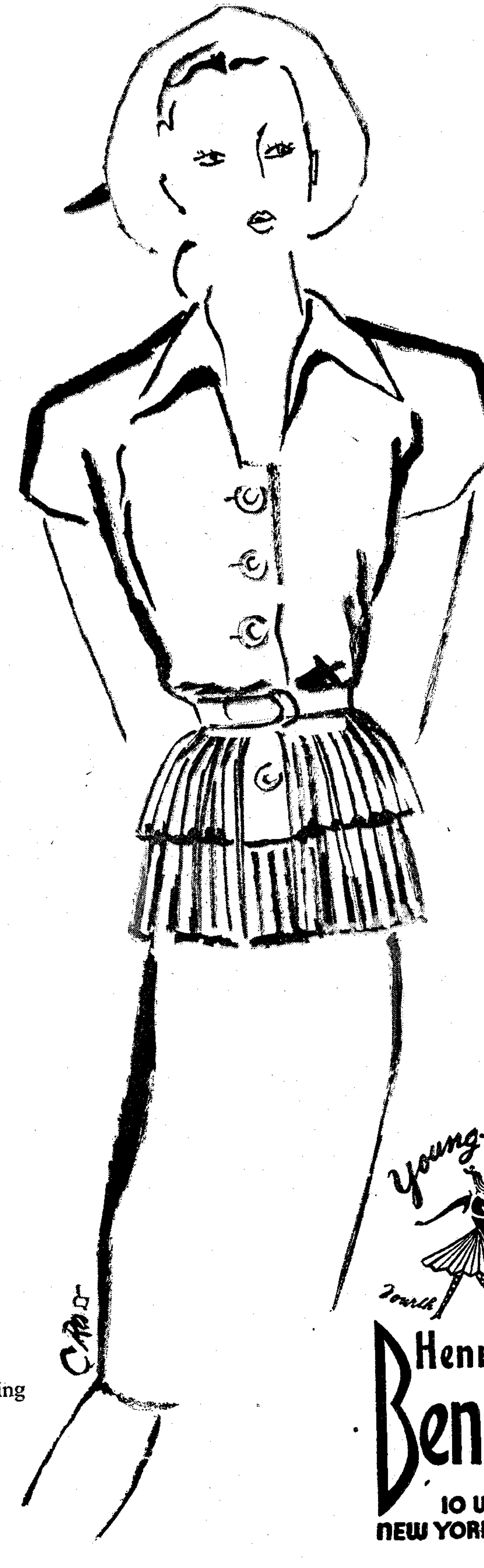
The Silver Fleet—First-class British film about a Dutch patriot who sabotaged his own shipyard when it fell into Nazi hands. With Ralph Richardson. (World, 153 W. 49.)

Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo—This picture of Doolittle's bombing raid is too long, but the thirty seconds are finely done and all too short. Spencer Tracy, Van Johnson, and others. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Fri. through Mon., April 6-9. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., April 9-10.)

The Three Caballeros—Walt Disney's attempt to mate live actresses with Donald Duck and Joe Carioca may be in dubious taste and is certainly not up to his previous masterpieces. (Globe, B'way at 46; through Fri., April 13.)

Winged Victory—It is a question whether or not Moss Hart's picture is exactly the tribute the Air Forces deserve, but it is quite a spectacle. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Thurs., April 5.)

Without Love—Donald Ogden Stewart's version of Philip Barry's play that has practically nothing



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

to do with the original but is very gay and charming anyway. Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy head the cast. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

The Woman in the Window—Edward G. Robinson and Joan Bennett in a murder play that would have been much better if somebody hadn't decided to get cute at the end. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; through Fri., April 6. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat., April 7. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Sun., April 8. . . . Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Sat. through Mon., April 7-9. . . . Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., April 13. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. through Thurs., April 10-12. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; starting Wed., April 11.)

REVIVALS

The Big Store (1941)—The Marx Brothers take over a department store. (Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; through Fri., April 6.)

Chaplin Comedies (1914)—"Dough and Dynamite"; "His Trysting Place"; and "Caught in a Cabaret." (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; starting Wed., April 11.)

The Cowboy and the Lady (1938)—Heiress marries cowhand. Merle Oberon and Gary Cooper. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Fri., April 6. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., April 10-11.)

The First Film Concert (1939)—Alfred Cortot, Alexander Brailowsky, Gregor Piatigorsky, and others. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; starting Wed., April 11.)

Gaslight (1944)—Approximately the same scary story as the play "Angel Street." With Charles Boyer and Ingrid Bergman. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Thurs., April 5. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. through Thurs., April 10-12.)

The Gay Divorcée (1934)—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire singing and dancing to Cole Porter's "Night and Day." (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., April 8-9.)

I Dream Too Much (1935)—Lily Pons, Henry Fonda, and Jerome Kern music. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., April 8-9.)

Joy of Living (1938)—Comedy and Kern tunes, with Irene Dunne and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., April 8-9.)

Kitty Foyle (1941)—Ginger Rogers as Christopher Morley's white-collar girl. (Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; through Fri., April 6.)

The Life and Loves of Beethoven (1937)—A serious biographical study. In French, with Harry Baur. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Tues., April 10. . . . Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., April 10-12.)

Mayerling (1937)—An archduke's tragic love. In French, with Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Mon., April 9.)

Moontide (1942)—Waterfront life on the West Coast. Jean Gabin and Ida Lupino. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sat. through Mon., April 7-9.)

Mr. Deeds Goes to Town (1936)—The Capra comedy about a fellow with too much money. Jean Arthur and Gary Cooper. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Fri., April 6.)

Son of Fury (1942)—Adventure in old England and on the South Seas. With Gene Tierney and Tyrone Power. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sat. through Mon., April 7-9.)

Stage Door (1937)—From the Kaufman-Ferber play. Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, and Adolphe Menjou. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., April 7. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Mon. through Wed., April 9-11.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—The Brontë story. Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier. (77th Street, B'way at 77; Sun. through Wed., April 8-11.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old films on the following schedule. Unless otherwise noted, showings will be weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.—**THURS., APRIL 5:** one sequence of "The Outlaw and His Wife" (1917); and "The Story of Gosta Berling" (1923-4), with Greta Garbo. . . . **FRI. THROUGH SUN., APRIL 6-8:** "Siegfried" (1923), directed by Fritz Lang. . . . **MON. THROUGH THURS., APRIL 9-12** (at 4 P.M. only): "Warning Shadows" (1922) and "The Street" (1923), German films. . . . **FROM FRI., APRIL 13:** "The Smiling Madame Beudet" (1923), directed by Germaine Dulac; "Ballet Mécanique" (1924), directed by Fernand Léger; "Entr'acte" (1924), directed by René Clair; and "Menilmontant" (1925), directed by Dmitri Kirsanov.

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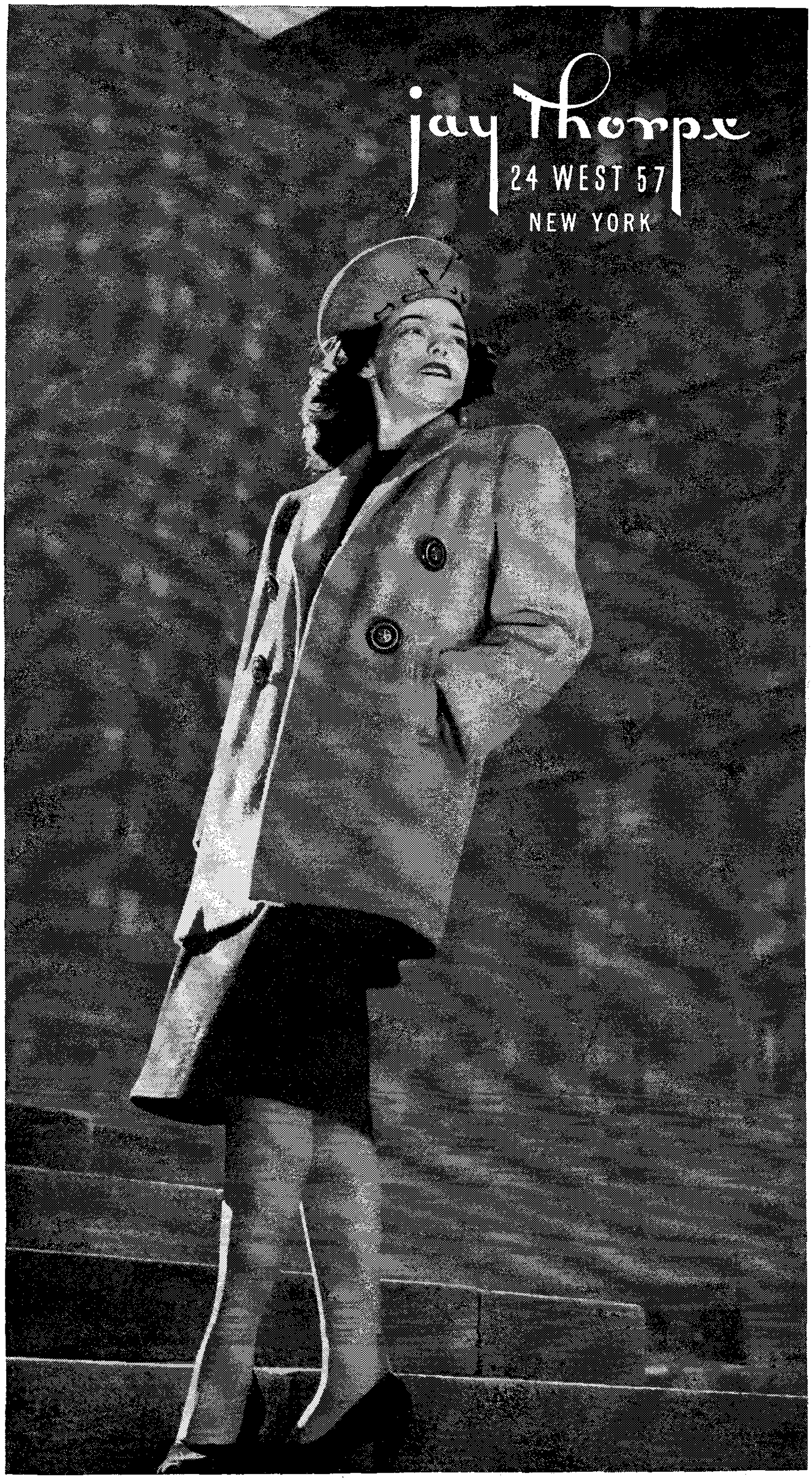

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE, 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310): men and women to work as much time as they can spare as sorters or canvassers for the United Nations Clothing Collection; men and women to work for the wastepaper drive, acting as liaison agents between tenants and managers of apartment buildings and hotels.... RED CROSS, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to take a forty-six-hour training course and then work four daytime hours a week as dietitians' aides in hospitals; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.... AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050): women to work three to five hours a day, several days a week, preparing refreshments for service men's clubs; women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work two sessions a week, day or evening, in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies. (For Motor Transport work, apply at 17 E. 67. RE 7-3700.)... UNITED HOSPITAL FUND, 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): men to work about six hours a week, day or evening, as orderlies in hospital wards; women to work in hospitals at least six hours a week, during the day, as aides in clinics, wards, offices, and diet kitchens.... AMERICAN WOMEN'S HOSPITALS RESERVE CORPS, 817 Madison, at 68 (RE 7-0100): women to work several hours a week, preferably during the day, as drivers for social-service clinic patients; women to work at least one full day each week as receptionists in veterans' rehabilitation centers.

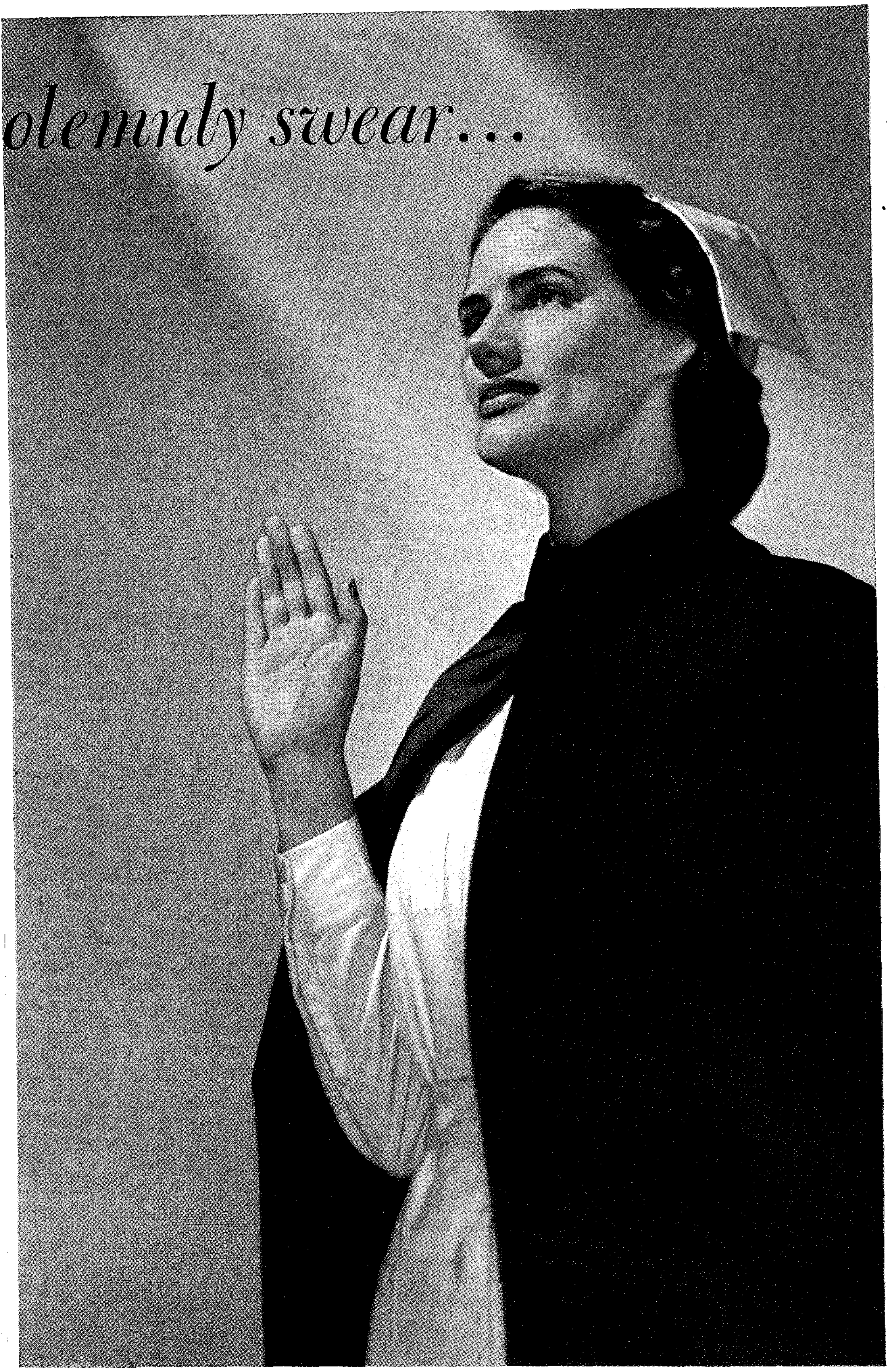
NOTE—The War Manpower Commission is recruiting volunteers for the U.S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries during the summer. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U.S. Employment Service, 225 W. 34 (PE 6-1700).

SALVAGE—Wastepaper, which is vitally needed, and food cans should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily handled bundles.... The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments, among other things. Your butcher will give you two meat-ration tokens for every pound you turn in to him.... Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for guidance to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—The need for blood plasma to send overseas is acute. Donors who wish to contribute should call the Red Cross, MU 5-6400, for an appointment.... The United National Clothing Collection wants to accumulate, during April, a hundred and fifty million pounds of practical clothing, shoes, bedding, and linens for destitute families overseas. Contributions can be taken to schools, churches, synagogues, libraries, and C.D.V.O. and A.W.V.S. offices. For the location of the nearest depot, call CI 5-7350.... The Navy needs photographs and maps of the Japanese mainland and other enemy-controlled territory in the Orient. Anyone in the New York area who wishes to give or lend such material should communicate with the District Intelligence Officer, 90 Church (RE 2-9100, Ext. 8430-1-8).... Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps both here and abroad; at the moment there is a particular demand for small furniture, small games, radios, records, wood-carving equipment, and playing cards. Three organizations which will call for and distribute contributions are the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36 (MU 3-5366); Bundles for America, 20 Warren St. (RE 2-8881); and the A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050).... Musical instruments, especially brasses and accordions, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centers. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410).... Good books of all kinds are wanted for men in the Merchant Marine. If you have any to give, mail them to the American Merchant Marine Library, 45 Broadway, or, for information about collections, call BO 9-0220.... The A.W.V.S. is now conducting a drive to collect pocket-size books for service men. For the location of the nearest collection depot, call RE 4-6050, Ext. 33.

I do solemnly swear...



"I, Jane Doe, having been appointed a second lieutenant, Army of the United States, do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign or domestic, that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; that I take this obligation freely, without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion; and that I will well and faithfully discharge the duties of the office upon which I am about to enter; SO HELP ME GOD."

You are the nurse...the nurse so desperately needed by the Army... yours the hands to heal, the smile to cheer, the skill to save! If you are a registered nurse join the Army Nurse Corps now when the need is greatest. Apply at your local Red Cross Procurement Office or communicate with the Surgeon General, U.S. Army, Washington 25, D. C.

If you are a senior cadet nurse, serve your final six months in an army hospital.

U.S. Army Nurse Corps

Prepared by
ENKA RAYON • 206 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.

Please send me information on how to help the U. S. Army Nurse Corps to care for our wounded soldiers.

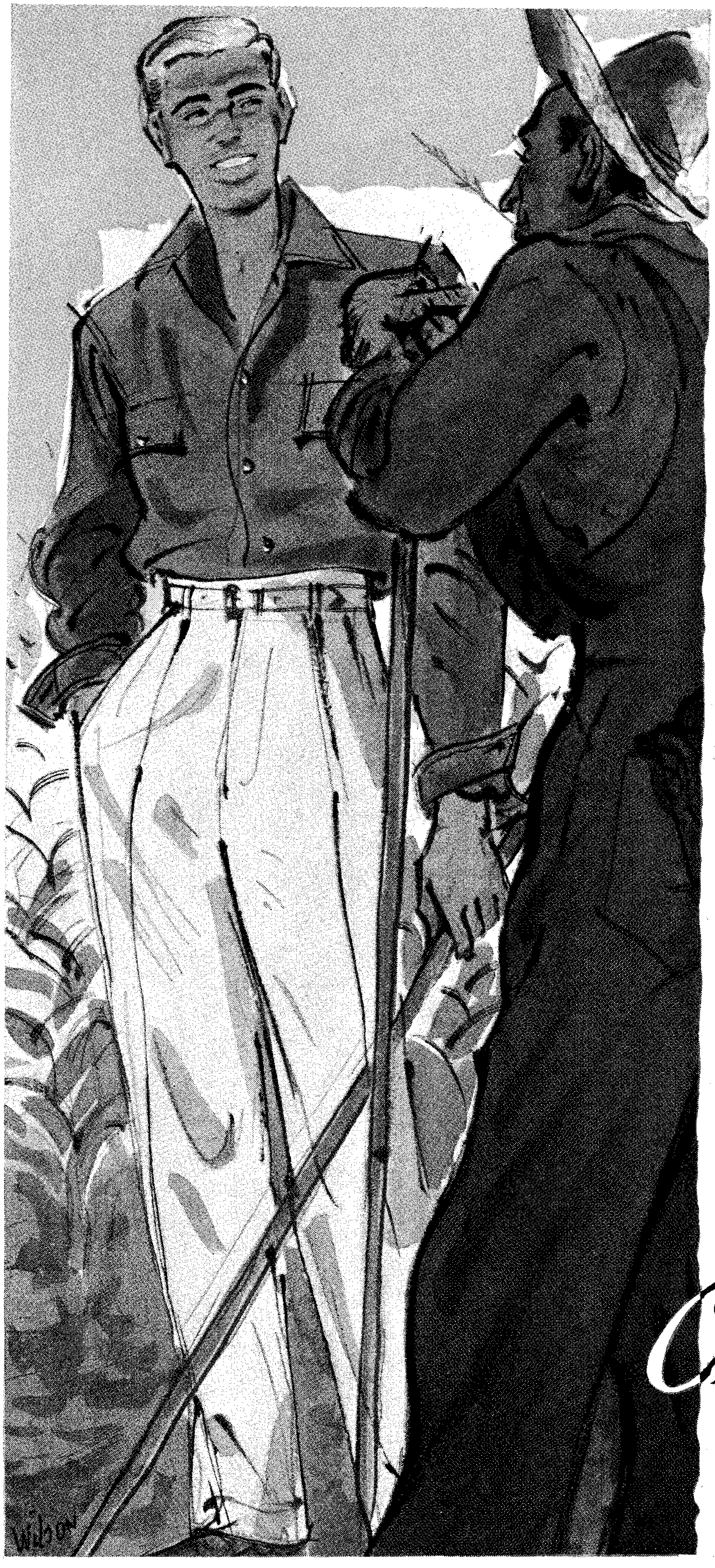
☐ I am a registered nurse. ☐ I am a senior cadet nurse.

Name ______

Address ______

City ______ State ______

Fill out this coupon and send it to the Surgeon General, U. S. Army, Washington 25, D.C. or to your local Red Cross Recruitment Committee.



SPRING PLANNING

Whether you're planning a couple of rolling acres or just a backyard patch, *it's time you gave thought* to your 1945 Victory Garden. Being a city slicker, you needn't resort to overalls to prove you're a good farmer. Be your well-tailored self in slacks of Hawkskin*, a shirt of Flannese†. Both fabrics are made of Celanese*, the modern synthetic yarn. Both are cool in hot weather, comfortable in texture, champions for wear. Dry-clean well? You can bet on it. You'll find the Celanese label in fine men's wear everywhere. Celanese Corporation of America New York 16 *Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. †Trademark

MAKE FOOD FIGHT FOR FREEDOM BY GROWING A VICTORY GARDEN IN 1945

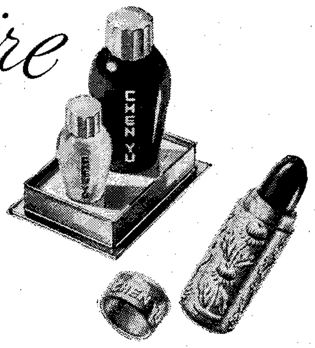
Celanese Fabrics of Synthetic Yarn*

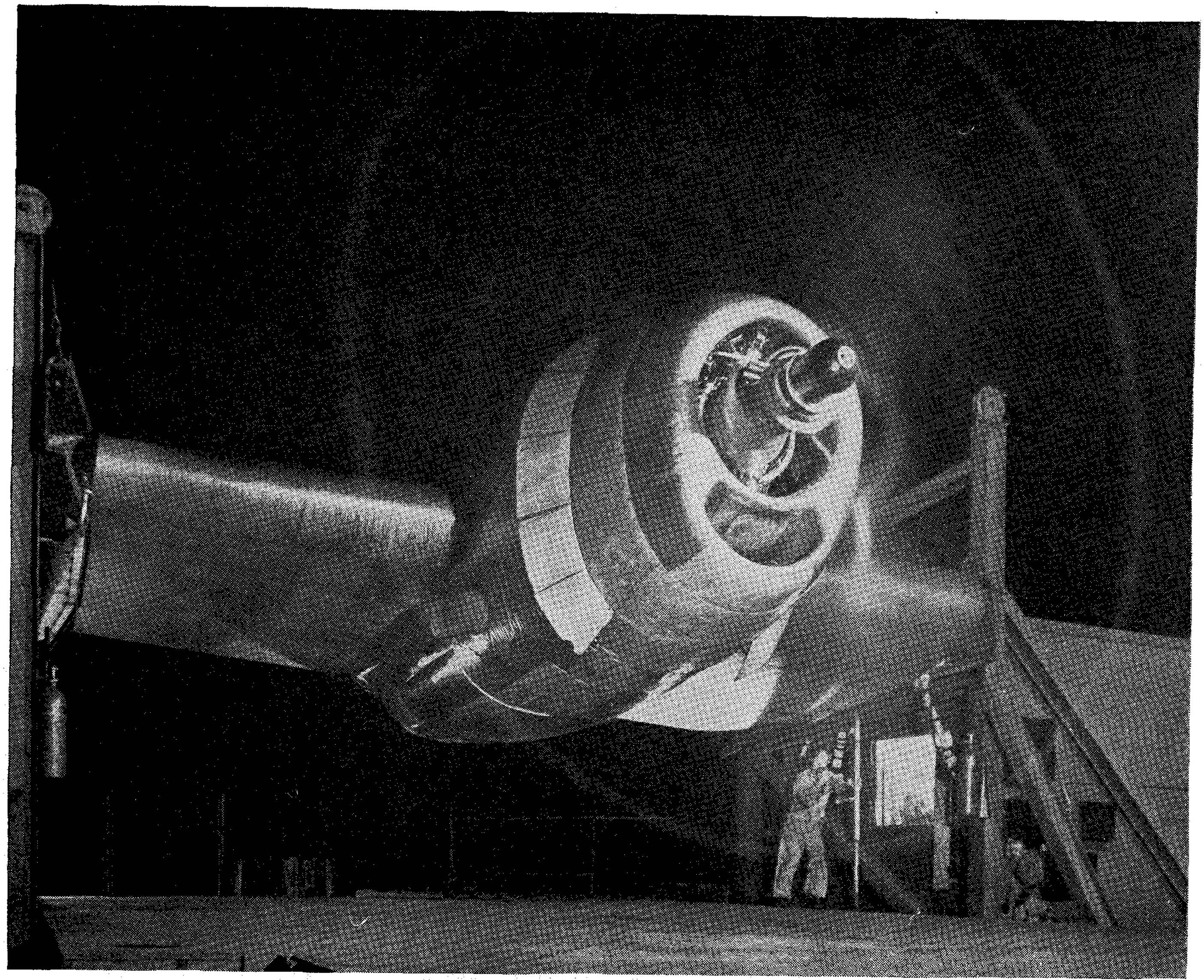
Now . . . nails and lips of *Frozen Fire*

Chen Yu's new, new red . . . as rarely beautiful as flame caught in ice . . . to sparkle frostily on your nails—and, on your lips . . . the perfect shade for Spring pastels. Frozen Fire lipstick harmonizes. Get Frozen Fire at your favorite store . . . have Frozen Fire applied at your beauty salon.

made in U. S. A.

CHEN YU *long lasting nail lacquer and lipstick*





Finish the Fight – with War Bonds

"Ground Flight" of a Boeing Superfortress

You're looking at one of the world's strangest laboratories . . . hidden in a closely guarded corner of Boeing's huge Seattle plant. It's a one-room house alongside a large steel frame in which an engine and a section of wing are firmly anchored. House, frame and engine can all be revolved on a circular track.

Designed by Boeing engineers, it is capable of testing the characteristics of the most advanced power-plant installations planned for great warplanes and transports of the future! The picture above was taken when the Boeing B-29 Superfortress—which is now being flown so valiantly by Army Air Force crews in Japanese skies—was still in the development stage.

Hour after hour, week after week, the 2200-hp. engine roared and tugged at its captive wing section. Inside the little laboratory the test crew watched a battery of instruments. They were testing the functioning of the power-plant with its many services and accessories at various engine speeds and powers—finding out how a new nacelle design affected their operation.

The B-29 nacelles offered Boeing engineers a particularly tough problem. Each one had to be big enough to accommodate a huge, complicated radial engine, dual turbo-superchargers, three separate cooling systems, intake and exhaust systems, electrical and ignition systems and fuel lines—besides the retractable landing gear housed in the inboard nacelles. Yet, aerodynamically, each had to be slim and compact, to reduce drag to a minimum, for the B-29 was to be a bomber with the speed of a pursuit ship.

The long bombing missions flown by the Superfortresses, through every variation of climate and temperature, are striking testimony to the success of Boeing engineers in solving this and other problems.

Sound research, design, engineering and manufacture have always gone into every Boeing product . . . one reason why you can depend on peacetime aircraft of the future, "Built by Boeing" to lead the way.

DESIGNERS OF THE B-29 SUPERFORTRESS • THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE NEW STRATOCRUISER
THE KAYDET TRAINER • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS

BOEING

THE NEW YORKER

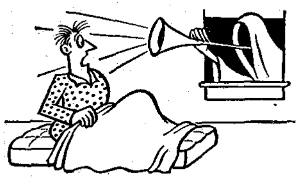
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE were glad to hear that the Metropolitan Club had decided to hang on to the old homestead at Sixtieth Street. When a club, by force of circumstance, moves into humbler quarters, the move has a depressing effect on the members and on us as well. Windows on Fifth Avenue were made for clubmen to look out of and for us to look into. Only the other day we passed the Metropolitan afoot and noticed a clubman in his chair. He seemed an unusually young man to be motionless, in broad daylight, gazing at Central Park. We couldn't make out whether he was really taking in the statue of General Sherman or whether he was visualizing instead the mortgage of $1,500,000 on the club. In either case, he was at rest, he had a roof over his head, and, if things got looking too black, he could ring for a drink. That's something these days.

THE Stock and Curb Exchanges are now reporting their daily sales figures in round numbers, to frustrate the policy racketeers, who sometimes used the last three digits of the daily totals for payoff numbers. We don't imagine this is seriously inconveniencing the policy people, infinitely ingenious young men in a world full of figures, but it must be leaving its mark on the brokers. We can imagine the hurriedly called, flustered meeting when the Exchange leadership learned of the scandal. "Gentlemen," we imagine an elderly, morning-coated broker announcing to his colleagues, his voice heavy with pain, "it has come to our attention that unscrupulous groups have been using Exchange figures for *gambling purposes*."

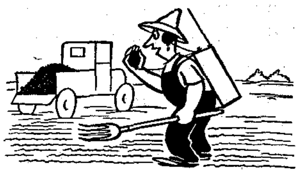
YEARS ago we took a two-room flat on West Twelfth Street, and, having at that time a mattress but no bed, we lay down on the floor for our first night's occupancy. About four in the morning we were aroused by sounds—tremendous blasts at regular intervals and so loud they seemed to originate just outside the window. In our dopey state, we incorporated these awful blasts into a dream we had been having and interpreted them as the sound of Doom. There was just enough of the reporter in us, however, to make us want to have a look at Doom, so we dressed mechanically and went downstairs and out into the street to meet it halfway. We got as far as a Child's on Fourteenth Street before we woke up enough to realize that we had been listening to a fog signal calling a ferry to its pier. The horn no longer seemed particularly fierce; some sort of sound pocket evidently had amplified it and hurled it directly into our bedroom.



We were reminded of this odd encounter with Doom the other night, when the horns were loud on the river. Thinking back on it, we realized that almost anything can happen to a person on West Twelfth Street if he has any tendency to misinterpret night noises. It was in that same flat that we picked up the phone one evening and received a message from a girl inviting us to cocktails in the neighborhood the following afternoon. Within the hour we were on a plane for Chicago, under the impression that we had heard from a different girl and that she had emitted a faint cry of anguish. That time we got as far as Cleveland before we woke up.

SCIENCE seems poised, ready to eliminate lovely experiences like flying to Chicago because of a garbled phone message. The postwar phone, we understand, will be a snoopy instrument capable of answering itself, recording the message, and repeating it to you on request. Such a device, if we had had one in our apartment that night, would probably have forestalled our plane trip, because we certainly would have checked with the phone itself after we had hung up. "Who the deuce did that girl say she was—did she say Agnes?" we would have asked our telephone. "No, stupid," the phone would have replied, "that was Gertrude. Relax."

THE walkie-talkie, of course, will be one of the most conspicuous new objects on the horizon of total peace. "This compact instrument," we are advised by a circular, "can be carried about by farmers, engineers, and others who must work far afield and keep in constant contact with home or headquarters." Anybody who knows anything about farming will know that one of the reasons a farmer gets so much done in the course of a day is that he is *out* of touch with the house. Being beyond call, he can apply himself uninterruptedly to his work. A good many young farmers, however, will undoubtedly equip themselves with a walkie-talkie set and give their wives a play-by-play account of the manure-spreading operations in the lower forty. They will be a new breed of men, who can swing a pitchfork with one hand.



TWO more pieces of military equipment have turned up travelling under this magazine's banner. A captain of field artillery with the First Army in Germany has a three-quarter-ton Dodge (without winch) named Which Eighty-Eight D'Ya Dodge? And a lieutenant of Engineers in the

Netherlands East Indies has a jeep called Utter Confusion.

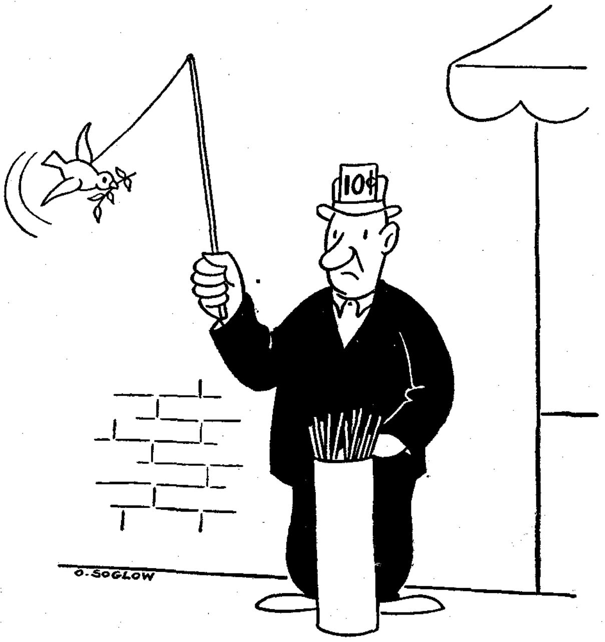
Long live the Utter Confusion and the Dodge (without winch)!

November 10th

ON Sunday, November 10, 1918, the New York *Times* ran a banner headline: "KAISER AND CROWN PRINCE ABDICATE; NATION TO CHOOSE NEW GOVERNMENT; MAX IS REGENT; ARMISTICE DELAYED; REVOLT SPREADS ON LAND AND SEA." That summed up, rather completely, the international situation on Armistice Day-minus-one. There was a trickle of more or less relevant detail on the front page: the German banks had closed down to stop the runs; Marshal Foch had made the delegates from Germany walk four miles to his railway car at Compiègne and had then announced his peace terms to them in a "loud voice." That had been on the *ninth*; the Germans had until the eleventh to deliberate. From the front, Edwin James wrote that the "usual artillery and machine-gun duels" were continuing at Sedan but that the soldiers felt the war "was all over but the squealing." Walter Duranty had interviewed some German prisoners and reported that they thought their Army had been betrayed by the German civilians. The casualty list for the entire nation took up two pages of the *Times* that morning; 1,446 deaths were listed.

Elsewhere, Franklin Simon advertised a sale of Army officers' uniforms and Navy officers' uniform capes and overcoats—fifty to sixty dollars. "In offering these at cost, we are merely helping the Nation CARRY ON," the advertisement said. Plainly Franklin Simon was in a dither. Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels announced that the military had finally got the bugs out of the censorship system and that from then on front-line dispatches would be censored on the spot and thereupon released. The draft boards announced a business-as-usual policy and reminded the public of the year's penal servitude that awaited anybody who violated the Selective Service Law. Employees of the Waldorf-Astoria and the Claridge were out on strike for a weekly wage of fifteen dollars plus tips. The schools, churches, and theatres of Cleveland had just reopened after being closed for a week because of the influenza epidemic. The Jersey state assembly was shortly to vote on state prohibition, and there was editorial speculation as to how the soldiers were going to feel about prohibition when they got home. Alabama had just rejected woman's suffrage. The Bolshevik menace was much on people's minds.

After a week of what the financial experts called "uncertainty," the stock market had closed "strongly." Bond transactions during the week had amounted to seventy-three million dollars, a record. The Alien Property Custodian was advertising for "100% Americans" to buy businesses in this country once operated by Germans. William Howard Taft, asked whether or not the Germans should be admitted to the League of Nations, said they certainly should, once they had got rid of the Hohenzollerns and shown a "spirit of repentance." Herbert Hoover, chairman of the Commission for Belgian Relief, had been appointed United States Food Administrator for Yugoslavia, Serbia, Rumania, and Czechoslovakia. This story added that we would probably also have to send food to Bulgaria, Austria, and Turkey. Hoover was asking people to save food by giving up all ceremonial meals, such as afternoon teas, club luncheons, and church suppers. There was, however, no rationing, except that the retail grocers had just concluded some kind of gentlemen's agreement about the sale of sugar. Lucky Strike ran a big ad tying the cigarette in with Victory bread (both were good toasted). In the *Times* book section were reviews of the memoirs of Henry Morgenthau, ex-Minister to Turkey, and "The Unpardonable Sin," by Rupert Hughes. In the rotogravure section were pictures of Lieutenant Rickenbacker, who had just been decorated; Stefansson, the explorer, who had just discovered some blond Eskimos; and a lady traffic cop in Washington, said to be the first in the world. (So far as we know, the *Times* has never mentioned lady traffic cops since.) Lord & Taylor advertised electric irons ($3.25) and McCreery aluminum roasters ($1.50). Tires, refrigerators, and Packard Twin-Sixes were also advertised. The shortage of office and domestic help was reflected in the classified-advertisement section, which teemed with offers of ten dollars a week for stenographers and filing clerks and forty-five dollars a month for housekeepers.



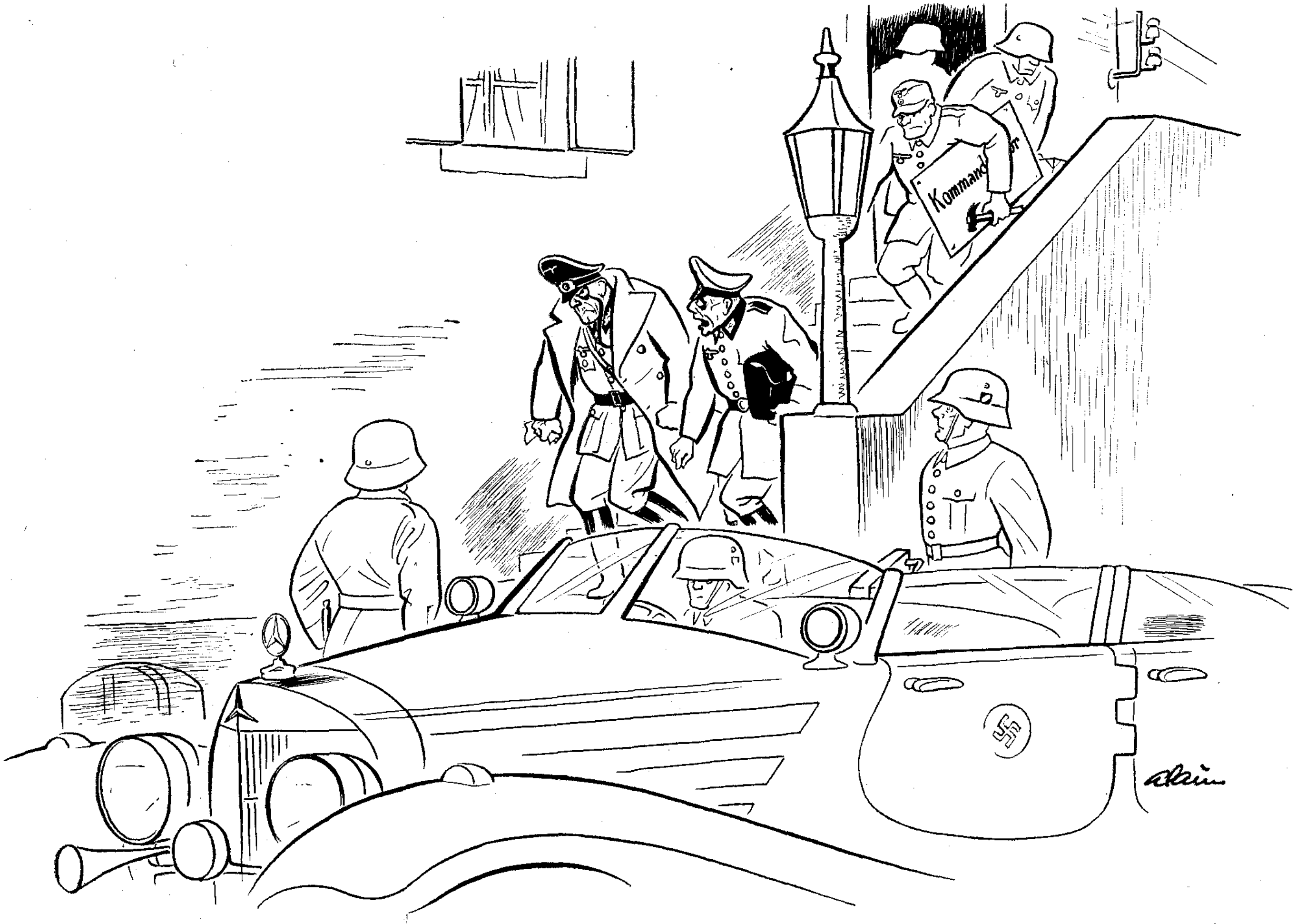
To Let

A FRIEND of ours who is living at a hotel and doing his best to find an apartment got back there one evening last week and found a brief but exhilarating memorandum from the switchboard: a lady had called about an apartment she had for him and had left her number. Our man called the number the next morning before he'd half finished his coffee, and learned that the lending library around the corner was holding for him a copy of Glenway Wescott's new novel, "Apartment in Athens."

The Treadway

TREADWAY bridges do not, like Bailey bridges, commemorate the name of their inventor. They are the simplest kind of structure that will get motor vehicles across water—two treadways fastened to a floating base. The first bridge our forces threw across the Rhine, near the Remagen bridge, was a treadway bridge, or, officially, an M-2. The 237th Engineers Combat Battalion, which had won a Presidential citation for its work on the Normandy beachhead on D Day, put the bridge across the Rhine in nine hours and eleven minutes. This was fourteen hundred feet of bridge, and twenty hours would have been par.

A treadway bridge is an impermanent structure and is usually soon replaced by a Bailey. The treadway unit is a perforated steel strip, twelve feet long and forty-five inches wide, with guard rails several inches high along each side. The units are laid on pontons and joined together with steel pins, and you



"But in a sense we won't be retreating, Herr General. We'll be heading toward the other front."

have a bridge. ("Pontons," we should explain, is what Army engineers have always called pontoons; this dates back to 1777, when the Corps of Engineers was established by Brigadier General Louis LeBègue du Portail, lend-leased to us by France.) The treadways are spaced so that the wheels of a jeep or a truck fit in them comfortably; a driver on a treadway bridge couldn't steer off it if he wanted to. The bridges accommodate the largest and heaviest of our armored vehicles. A lot of tricks can be done with treadway units: they can be used to span deep ditches, for example, or several lengths can be hooked onto free-floating pontons to make a handy ferry.

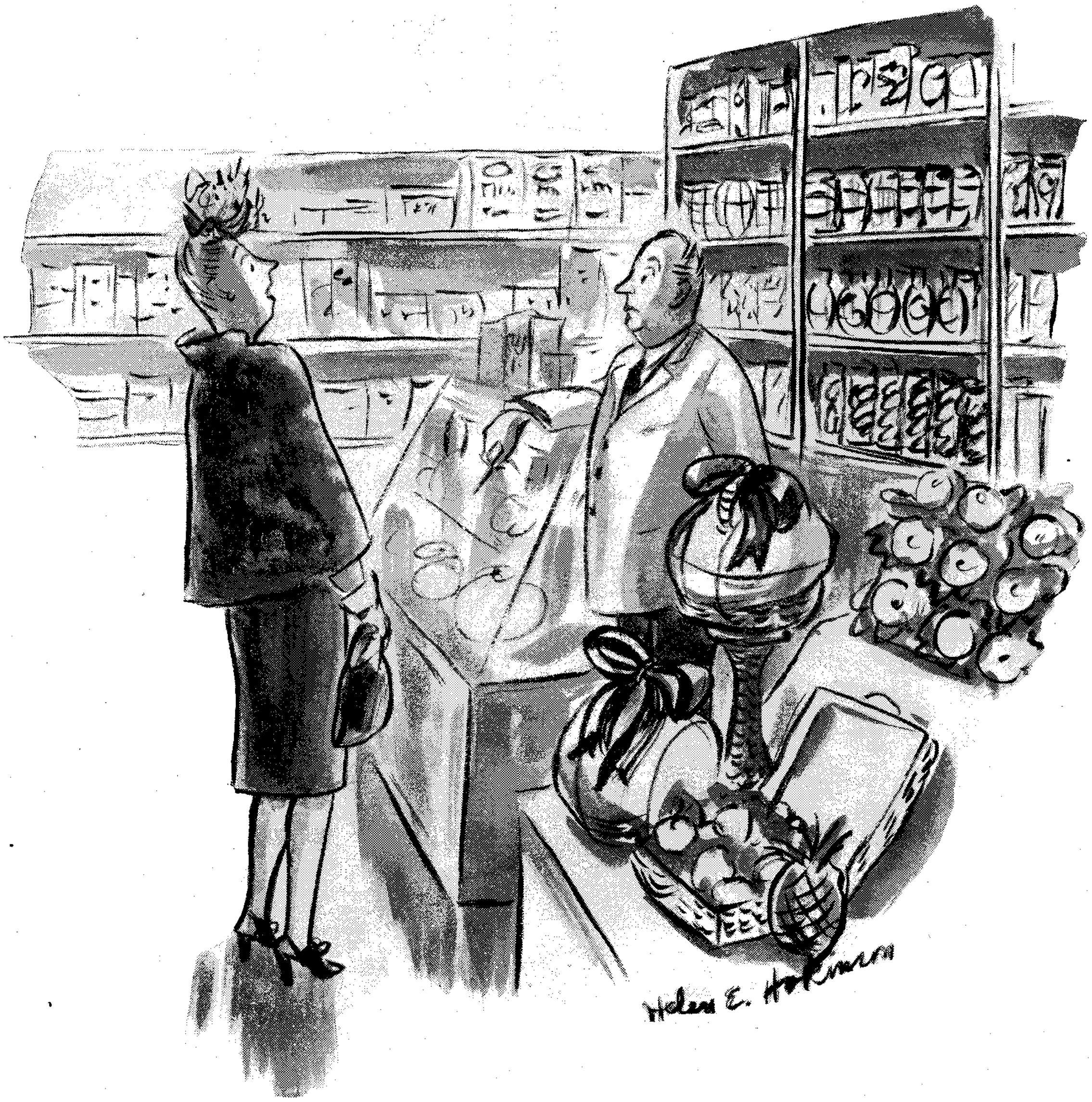
A company of engineers specializing in treadway construction travels in a fleet of trucks, some of them thirty-one feet long, which carry the units and cranes for unloading them. Powerboats, outboard motors, air compressors, and diving outfits are also standard equipment. A company carries enough material for eight hundred and sixty-four feet of bridge. The ponton is rubberized canvas, with watertight compartments that prevent one lucky hit from sinking the whole thing; folded, it fits into a three-by-four-foot case; blown up, it has a length of thirty-three feet and a width of eight feet. A steel saddle fits over it, and the treadway is bolted to the saddle. It's the kind of thing Hitler was so proud of back in 1939.

Whee!

A SOLDIER stationed in a Belgian village has written home about something he happened to see while trudging up the hilly main street after a snowstorm. A homemade sled bearing an ecstatic group of Belgian children and one very black G.I. swished past him, and the colored soldier's voice came floating back on the frosty air: "*Ecartez-vous*, you-all!"

Masterpiece

THE Associated Press picture of the raising of the American flag on Mount Suribachi will soon, without question, be as inescapable as "The Spirit of '76" and "Washington Crossing the Delaware." It has already been made into a poster for the next bond drive and will be seen everywhere on billboards and car cards, and in delicatessen stores, movie-house lobbies, bars, and so on. It has been generally called the most inspiring photograph to come out of this war—or out of *any* war, for that matter. Any day now it will be reproduced on a new postage stamp. Plans are afoot to install a two-hundred-foot reproduction of the scene in Times Square, and it will inevitably become the theme of uncountable tableaux in the Victory parades. All this has been very pleasant for the A.P., and last week it brought to town Joe Rosenthal, the man who took the picture. We got hold of him at the New Weston the day after he arrived, and he was already wobbling under the strain of the program the A.P. had laid out for him. He had been interviewed by the papers, dined with Kent Cooper, president of the A.P. (whom he'd never seen before), looked over the bond posters, arranged to broadcast on "We, the People," selected a series of his photographs for publication in *U. S. Camera*, lunched with the Dutch Treat Club, and been fêted at Hamburger Mary's by several high ranking A.P. colleagues. Rosenthal had hoped to visit the Statue of Liberty, but when we talked to him it



"You mean we still haven't conquered that place where my tea comes from?"

didn't look as if he would be able to make it before leaving for Washington to do something further about the posters. He was born in Washington, but when he was a boy the family moved to San Francisco, and he had been on Manhattan Jima only once before. That was a year ago, and he was too rushed then to see the Statue of Liberty, which he has never seen and has always wanted to see.

Joe—nobody ever calls him Joseph—freely admitted that all the hoopla about the picture had come as a surprise to him. "I wasn't around when they raised the first flag on Iwo—the little one," he said. "My shot was taken about three-quarters of an hour later. I went up the mountain with the detail that was sent up with the big flag and the flagpole, along with a Marine Corps movie man and a Marine Corps still man. I took one picture when the staff was halfway up, another when it was all the way up, and then I got a lot of Marines to stand around cheering to make my last one. When they wired from Guam that my flag picture was very good, I thought they meant the last one. All my stuff from Iwo was shipped out in negative, and I never had any idea how the picture looked till I got back to Guam and saw how it developed." When Joe's picture was published, a commentator on the Blue Network said that the picture had been carefully posed by Joe. Later, he retracted the canard. "It wouldn't have been any disgrace at all," Joe told us, "to figure out a composition like that. But it just so happened I didn't. Good luck was with me, that's all—the wind rippling the flag right, the men in fine positions, and the day clear enough to bring everything into sharp focus."

Joe has been taking pictures in the Pacific since January, 1944, when he got out of the Maritime Service, in which he had served as a photographer. Because of weak vision, he'd been turned down by the Army, Navy, and Marines before the Maritime Service took him in. Since he took his flag-raising picture, his draft board in San Francisco has honored him by stepping him up from 4-F to 2A-F. He worked around San Francisco as a photographer for fifteen years before the war, and joined up with the A.P. when it absorbed another news agency he was working for, in 1938. A serious character, Joe gave us a few technical details about his masterwork that we pass along to any camera sharps among our readers. The shot was taken with a Speed Graphic, between *f*/8 and *f*/11 at 1/400th of a second, on an Agfa Ansco Superpan Press film-pack, against an overcast sky, with camera visibility about five miles. Joe got his composition in line by standing on a sandbag on top of some stones he piled up on the rim of Suribachi's crater. Joe said that the raising had no perceptible effect on the Marines fighting at the foot of the mountain because they were too exhausted to rejoice. Incidentally, there are six Marines in the picture, although everybody thinks there are four or five. We asked Joe if he had any other flag pictures to his credit. "I am," said Joe, "the man who took the pictures of the two kids on Guam with homemade flags that had seven and nine stripes and thirteen and forty-three stars. I am also the man who was attached to General MacArthur's headquarters for a month without taking a picture of the General."

Bystander

At a recent performance of "Die Meistersinger" at the Met, George Szell, the conductor, received a hearty and, we are told, well-deserved round of applause as the orchestra reappeared for the third act. "*Now* what are they clapping for?" one lady in the audience inquired of her companion. "I guess it's that man that just came out," her friend said. "But he's been down there all the time," the first lady muttered.

Breakthrough

"THE breakthrough finally came when we reached the edge of the woods," the soldier who had been in Europe said. "Before that, I felt like there was nobody in the Army but me and the guys I could see. It was all trees, and our outfit inching along a few yards a day, it seemed like. When we got out of the woods, there was a plain below us, and away off in the distance a town with a church steeple, and we could see our tanks going across the plain in columns, not even firing at anything. Then the trucks and the half-tracks came up, and we piled on and went on over the plain at a good clip—maybe only twenty miles an hour, but it felt like we were *moving*." The soldier added, somewhat irrelevantly, that getting a lift on a tank is considered by the infantryman a better break than riding in a truck. Besides the sense of speed in a breakthrough, there is the feeling that the enemy has suddenly vanished. "Once you break that crust and get out in the open, there's nothing ahead," the soldier said. "An army spread out in a line is only about twenty miles deep, and beyond that you just run into little groups of the enemy without much fight in them."

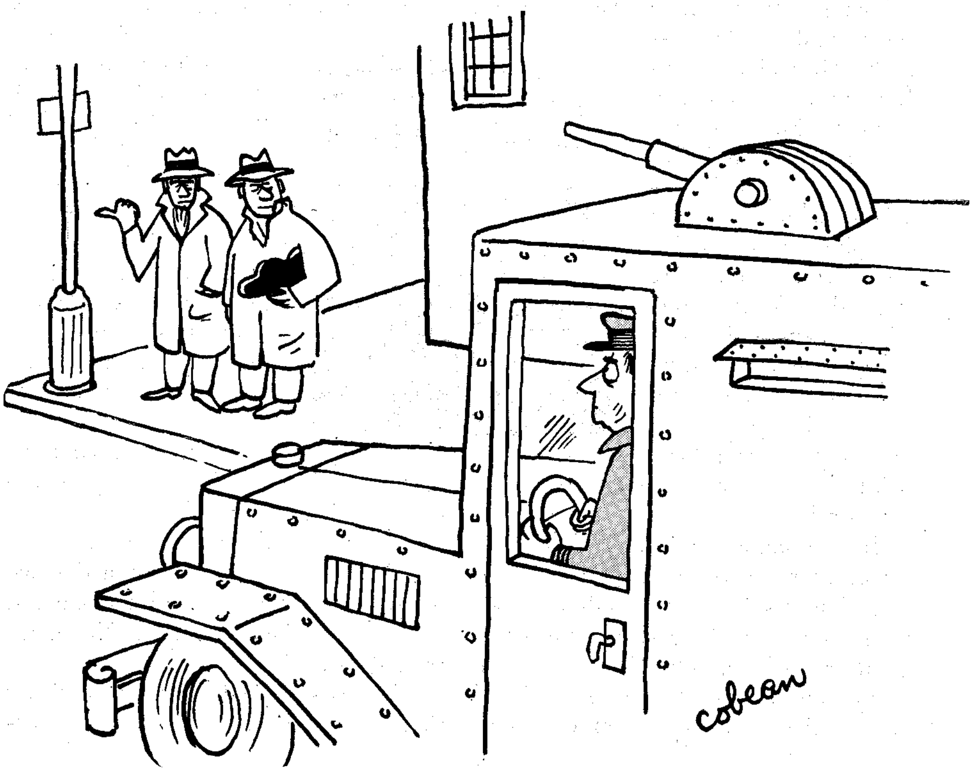
The reconnaissance patrols, the foremost units of an invading army, are mainly mechanized cavalry—armored cars and half-tracks. Under ideal conditions, they sometimes move as fast as fifty miles an hour, and may travel a hundred miles in a day. Theoretically, they're in contact with headquarters by radio, but sometimes they get out of range, or they may maintain silence to keep the enemy guessing. Under these circumstances, it's up to the fighter planes covering the advance to spot the patrols and report their position. To avoid strafing by friendly planes, the vehicles have big squares of brightly colored cloth stretched on top. Sometimes the patrols are accompanied by a squad of engineers equipped to deal with road blocks. The reconnaissance patrols are the recipients, in friendly territory, of effusive welcomes staged by people in the towns they pass through and, in enemy territory, of the superfluous surrender of the civilian population. It all gets in the way of the patrols catching up with the last of the retreating enemy, which is their main purpose.

After the reconnaissance units come the heavy tanks. Under good conditions they travel in a column some sixty yards apart, at a top speed of [illegible]ty-five miles an hour. They carry enough fuel and emergency rations to be self-sufficient for a day or so. So as not to lose any time, they sometimes "leapfrog," half of them going ahead while the others stop to refuel; the first half will stop later on and the other half will overtake it. Prisoners of war are an embarrassment to armored units. Men can't be spared to march them to the rear, but it wouldn't do to leave possible pockets of resistance behind. Generally, the prisoners are disarmed and a hurry-up radio call is sent back for men to handle them. The wounded of both sides are left by the roadside, with a red cloth hung on a tree as a signal to the ambulance men.

After the big tanks—there may be sixty or seventy of them in a typical spearhead task force—come three or four hundred jeeps, supply trucks, motorcycles, and other vehicles, and six or eight thousand infantrymen, maybe on foot but more likely in trucks. The whole group, while moving steadily forward as a unit, has, within itself, a forward-and-backward movement. Ambulances, jeeps carrying officers and messengers, and supply and repair trucks are all moving forward faster than the infantry, every spare inch of room taken up with cans of fuel for the forward supply dumps. Headed toward the rear are more messengers, ambulances with wounded, and empty supply trucks and jeeps with other wounded, and possibly prisoners. The advance command post, first-aid station, and the supply dumps keep moving up. When they leave a location, they post men with sandwich boards giving directions to the new location. The medical, supply, and paperwork people bring up the rear, with the M.P.s doing their best to keep anybody from getting lost. Our man told us, "It's hard to say whether the moving or the static parts of a breakthrough scramble are the most characteristic. You might hit forty or fifty M.P.H. for half an hour, then be snagged three hours waiting for fuel, or for the engineers to put up a bridge, or for the infantry to knock out some tank destroyers. The twenty or twenty-five miles you covered in that half an hour might be your total advance for that day." Anyway, all this may give you some idea of the fairly complicated operation implied in such blithe and dauntless headline verbs as "knife" and "thrust." The old-fashioned word for it is, of course, *Blitzkrieg*.

Recommendation

THE mother of a progressive-school child we know called on his teacher the other day to ask if she had any ideas about a camp he could attend this summer. As it happened, the teacher knew of just the place. It was run by a Mr. So-and-so, she said, a charming man who understood children, could talk to them on their own level, was never too busy to sit down and discuss their problems with them, and all the rest of it. "You'd love him yourself," she added. "He's the sort of man who never goes anywhere without a squirrel or chipmunk in his pocket."



THE PRI[illegible]

THE priest walked leisurely across the Besançon bridge. The Doubs flowed swiftly past, springlike and ruffled and green, carrying with it a bright mountain breeze through the sunny valley. The priest was round and small, and his dark, tanned face was rosy and cheerful in the pleasant morning as he walked with little steps next to the stone balustrade, keeping off to the side as a tank marked with the black cross rumbled past a wagonload of cabbages into town. Two young blond paratroopers, with their caps off, were leaning on the balustrade, staring quietly into the rushing water, their hair blowing in the wind, and the priest stopped next to them and stood by their side, looking east to the mountains.

"Very pretty morning," the priest said, smiling.

"Excuse us, Father," one of the paratroopers said haltingly, "we do not speak French. We speak only German."

The priest shrugged, smiled, patted one of the boys, in a fatherly gesture, on the shoulder. "*Guten Tag*," he said, moving off.

"*Auf Wiedersehn*, Father," the boy said, standing up straight. He was almost a foot taller than the priest and he seemed very young—seventeen, eighteen, perhaps—standing there with his hair blowing over his unlined, rather pale face.

The priest moved on, his small, scuffed, dusty shoes making a little mincing pattern under the swinging, worn folds of his cassock. He walked slowly along the busy street, pleased with the morning traffic, nodding agreeably at the housewives with their net shopping bags stuffed with vegetables. He stopped in front of one of the shops which was used as an art gallery, his dark, round face grave with judgment, and looked at a local painter's water color of the Besançon cathedral.

In the same window, by the same artist, there were three plump, long-legged nudes lying in abandoned positions on rugs and sofas, and the priest glanced rather hastily at the pink and fleshy confections. A little grin played around the corner of his mouth as he turn[illegible]y from the window and continue[illegible]he street.

H[illegible]sed the cobbled square at the end o[illegible]street, and, holding the skirts of his cassock, skipped nimbly and good-naturedly to dodge a large German Army truck that was rumbling through, and, a little out of breath, and smiling, walked to a table on the open terrace of the large café that stood under the new foliage of the trees along one side of the square. The man sitting at the table stood up as the priest approached.

"Good morning, Father," he said, holding a chair for the priest and smiling with pleasure.

"Good morning, my son." The priest sat down, smiling at him but sighing, too, as a fat man does at sudden changes of position.

The man seated himself beside the priest, so that they both could look out over the square and enjoy the fresh bustle of the spring morning. He was a large, slender man, with weary dark eyes and a sharp mouth, and he was dressed in faded workman's clothes, with old, washed oil and grease stains evident here and there in the worn cloth.

"I hope," said the priest, "I didn't keep you waiting long."

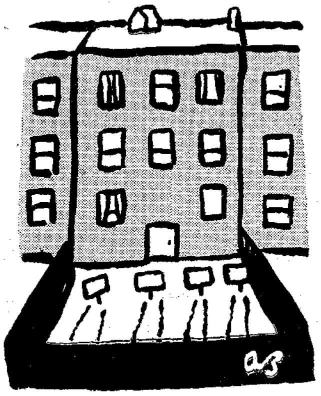
"I just arrived," the man said.

The waiter trotted to their table. "*Messieurs*," he said.

"White wine for me," said the priest.

"Two," said the other man.

The waiter trotted off.



The man in workman's clothes surveyed the priest fondly but with amusement. "Solomon," he said, "you're getting fatter every week."

The priest sighed. "Flesh is the curse of man. I live on cabbage and skimmed milk and I walk a hundred kilometres a week up and down mountain roads and I grow more and more like a pin cushion. Still, Maurice, in a way it has its points. Everyone expects a priest to be fat."

"That's true," said Maurice.

The waiter came back with the two glasses of white wine and the saucers. "*Messieurs*," he said, serving them. He trotted off.

The priest looked after him, noticing that there was no one at the nearby tables. "All right, Maurice," he said.

Maurice sipped his wine. "In Marcel Artois's barn, in the hayloft . . . "

"Yes," said the priest.

"On the road to Epinal."

"I know the house." The priest sipped his drink, nodding absently, his eyes squinted a little, looking out over the square.

"Two Sten guns with a thousand rounds of ammunition."

"Well," said the priest.

"Three Enfield rifles with two hundred and fifty rounds of ammunition. A Luger and six grenades. How many men does Philip have with him?"

"Ten."

"Does that include you?"

The priest nodded. "That includes me."

"The difficulty with the child," Maurice said loudly as two German lieutenants passed, "is that he refuses to recognize the authority of his mother."

"I will come by Wednesday afternoon," the priest said clearly, "and attempt to reason with him."

"There will be a gasoline convoy passing the crossroads two miles north of Epinal around eleven o'clock tomorrow night," said Maurice. "Ordinarily the convoys are lightly guarded in this area, and there is brush right down to the roadside, and they stop at the crossroads for a minute or two to wait for stragglers. Tell Philip I suggest that that is the most profitable place."

"I'll tell him," said the priest.

"However, he understands," Maurice said, "that it is his business and I am merely offering suggestions."

"I'll tell him," said the priest.

"*Messieurs?*" The waiter was standing over them, questioning.

"Nothing more for me, thank you," said the priest.

Maurice put down the money for the drinks and the waiter cleared away the glasses and the saucers.

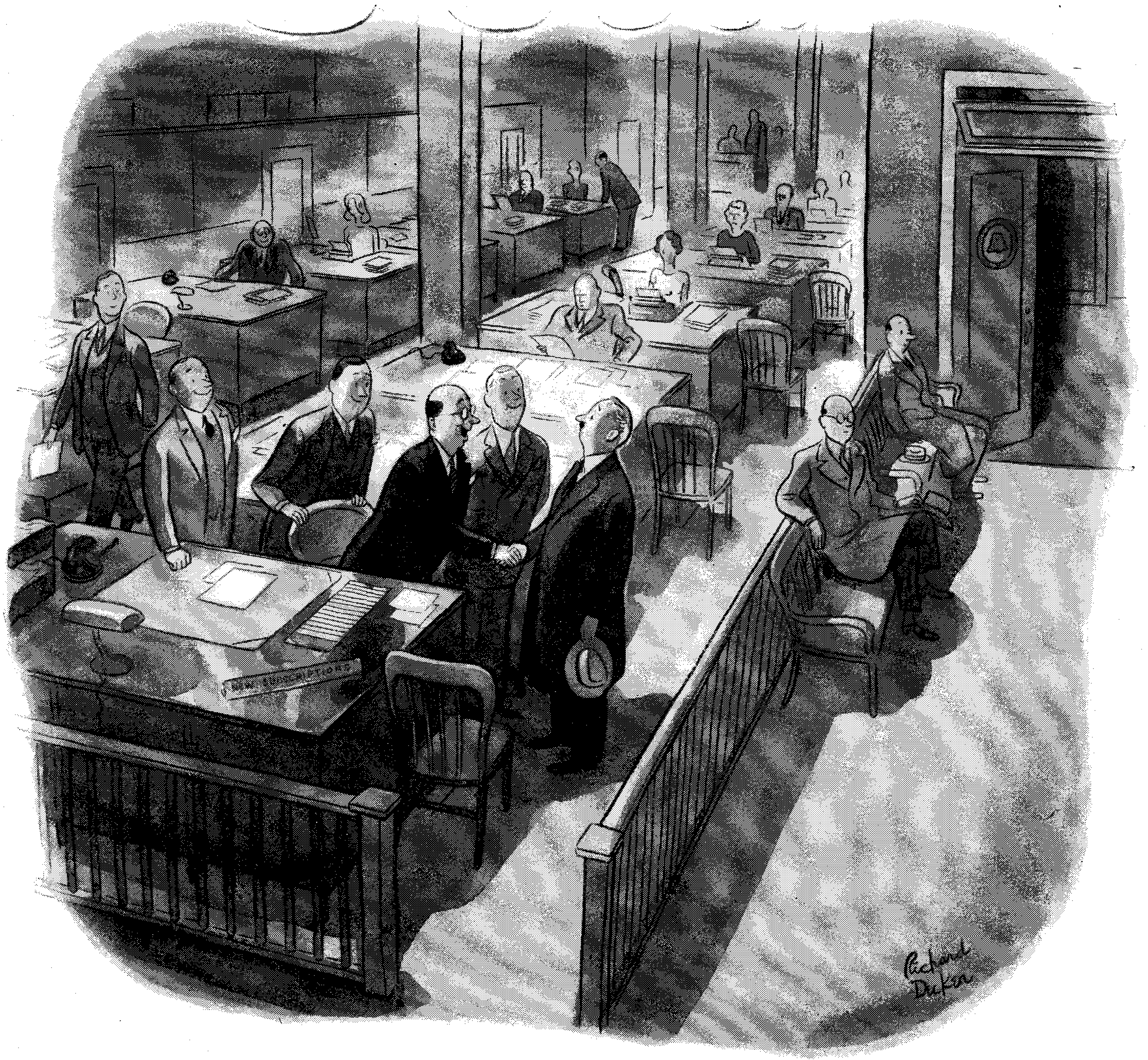
"Gasoline trucks," said Maurice, "make a very satisfactory target. They have a tendency to blow up."

"Philip will be pleased." The priest nodded again, with a trace of amusement in his dark eyes.

"Tell Philip I pray that God smiles upon the enterprise," said Maurice very seriously.

The priest smiled a little. "I will pass on yours and God's good wishes."

Maurice turned and stared soberly at the priest for the first time. "Solomon," he said softly, "I think you are taking too much of a risk."



"And now, Mr. Carter, on behalf of the New York Telephone Company, may I congratulate you on being the two-hundred-thousandth name on our waiting list."

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The priest grinned. "Again," he said, "the old song."

"But to pretend to be a priest." Maurice shook his head. "You're always on the verge of being discovered. Any curé with his eyes half open—any sudden or unexpected situation . . . "

Solomon looked around him, his eyes crinkled. "I know this will offend your deep religious sensibilities, Maurice," he said, "but it is amazing how little people expect of the servants of the Church. And priests are always rambling around poking their noses into other people's business; they make perfect messengers for the underground. If we could really get the holy men of France into the movement, we would have a system of intelligence better than any telephone network."

"The Church has its own spiritual problems," Maurice said bleakly.

"Forgive me." Solomon stretched out his hand and touched Maurice's arm. "I mean no offense."

"It still strikes me as dangerous," Maurice said.

Solomon shook his head. "Look at me," he said.

Maurice stared at him. "Well?"

"In every magazine," Solomon said, "on every wall, there are pictures of criminals against Germany who look just like me—Jews, swarthy, with thick lips and hooked noses. Why, Maurice," Solomon said, grinning, "I could make a fortune as a photographer's model in Berlin."

Maurice chuckled. "I must admit—"

"But dressed like this—" Solomon shrugged. "A priest is expected to look like anything at all in the world. Anyway, I've got away with it for three years now. I couldn't conduct mass, but I tell my beads in public, and I carry a breviary and read a little Latin, and I got a smattering of the sacraments from Father Morand before they killed him, and my papers look more authentic than a monastery full of Benedictine brothers, and the cassock is very handy when it comes to hiding my pistol.”

Maurice stood up, smiling. “You always win this argument. Still, it gives me a chill every time I see you pass a church.”

“I promise to unfrock myself,” Solomon said, “ten minutes after the Germans are out of France.”

“Well,” said Maurice, “I must get back to work.” They shook hands. “Goodbye, Father.”

“I promise to do nothing to disgrace the cloth,” Solomon said gravely. “God be with you, my son.”

Solomon sat at the table in the playful, sunny wind, watching Maurice cross the square. Maurice had a square, upright way of walking, and, knowing him, Solomon felt that by his walk Maurice betrayed himself to all the world—honest, righteous, devoid of subservience or fear. Each time, after their meetings, when they said goodbye, Solomon was moved by worriment and sorrow for his friend and a bitter sense that they would not meet again. The trick was, in their business, to feel nothing—no affection, no sympathy, no regrets for the dead and dying. But fighting beside men in this obscure war, with your lives on the tips of one another’s tongues a hundred times a day, with your life dependent every moment on their rectitude and sacrifice, you found yourself loving the good ones better than a wife or a son, and then the trick, of course, did not work.

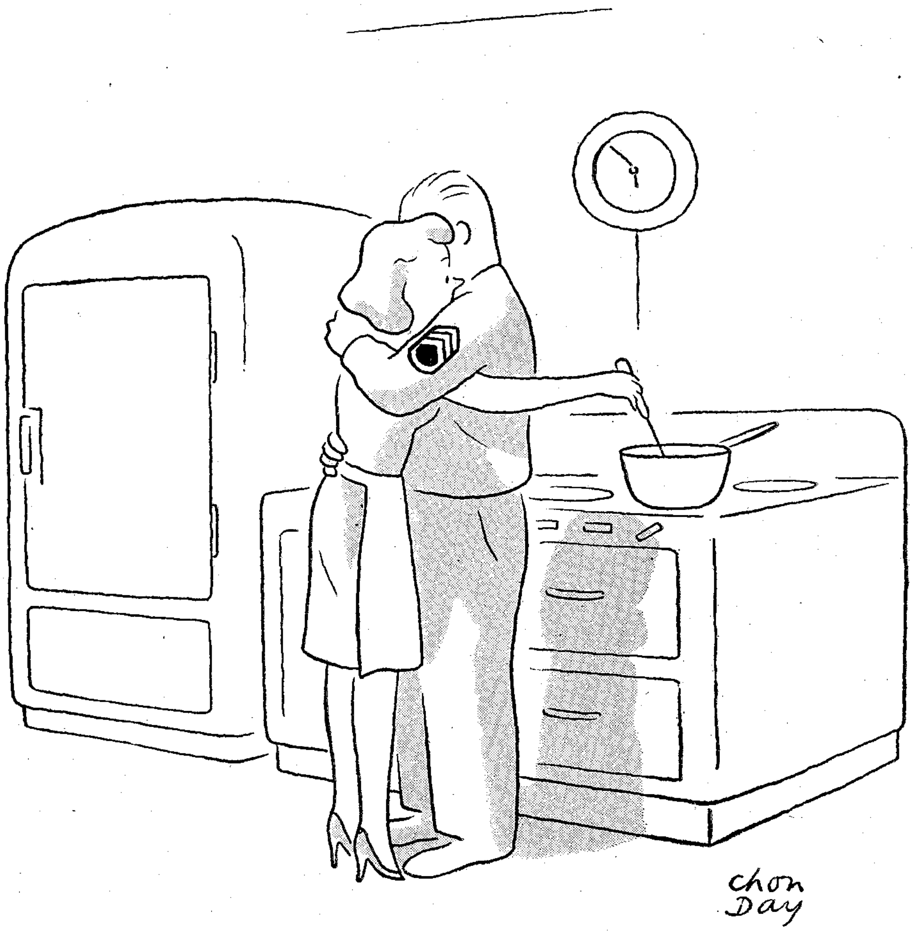
Solomon sighed and stood up heavily, pulling his cassock down. He started back across the terrace, but at that moment a canvas-covered Army truck drove up and soldiers jumped out.

A young lieutenant said loudly, “Nobody will move, if you please. All the patrons of this establishment will come with me, if you please.”

Solomon looked at the corner to make sure that Maurice had disappeared, and then sat down, sighing like a fat man, waiting for the Germans to reach him.

THE interior of the truck was dark and crowded with some twenty patrons of the café. An odor of fear hung over the twenty heads, and people attempted to remain frigid and remote from neighbors pressing on all sides.

“This is a formidable nuisance,” one gentleman said in a loud voice, looking angrily at the impassive guard at the rear of the truck. “I have a very important business engagement at one o’clock. And I have a pass signed personally by General Meister himself, who is a personal acquaintance of mine.”



“I have a personal request,” a voice from somewhere near the front of the truck cut into the semi-gloom. “Please keep personally quiet.”

“I will remember that voice,” said the personal acquaintance of General Meister threateningly.

Solomon wriggled a little on his bench and his two neighbors looked at him sharply.

“Excuse me,” he said apologetically. “A fat man finds it difficult to be comfortable in his clothes.” He put his hands under his cassock, through the side slits, and pulled at his belt.

“What’s the matter?” a man across the aisle muttered. “The priest wearing a corset?”

Two or three of the men tittered sourly.

“Excuse me again,” Solomon said, lifting himself a little from the narrow wooden bench, under which there were some tow chains loosely stowed.

“Only the priests,” said one neighbor loudly, “still remain uncomfortably fat in France.”

Solomon sat back once more, sighing, a tiny smile on his lips in the darkness. Below him, hidden by the chains, lay the small pistol he had contrived to loosen from his belt and drop there.

“What did you have for dinner last night, Father?” his neighbor asked unpleasantly. “A whole stuffed duck?”

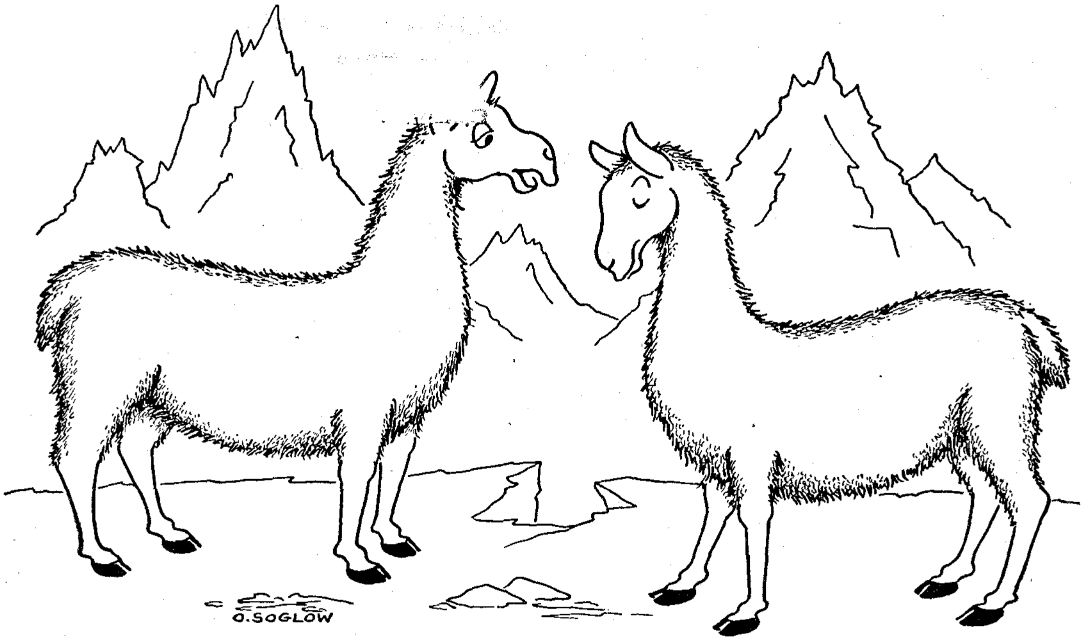
“God be with you, my son,” Solomon said serenely, as the truck rattled into the courtyard of Gestapo headquarters.

Solomon was sleeping when they came to his cell and opened the door. It was near dawn, and dark and cold, and he woke shivering when the two S.S. men drew back the bolt and shone the beam of the electric lantern in his face as he lay on the wooden bench that served as a bed.

“You,” one of the jailers said. “Get up.”

Solomon sat up, rubbing the ruffled thin hair on the top of his head, still half caught in the sharp darkness in the vague, delicious dream he’d been having, in which he had been eating a large dinner in a warm, sunny café in Marseille. A warm, peppery soup and lobster with a tomato sauce . . .

“Well,” he said, blinking, struggling with the old, familiar cold knot of fear



"I llove you."

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at the sight of the black uniforms, "well, gentlemen."

"Get up."

Solomon stood up.

"Are you dressed?" The man with the lantern played it up and down the ragged cassock.

"Yes." Solomon swallowed and felt himself shiver, thin waves of cold trembling from his groin upward, finally tightening the skin on his forehead and around his ears in little spasms.

"This way," said the man with the flashlight.

Between the two S.S. men, Solomon walked out of the cell and down a stone corridor, his knees hurting as though the act of walking was a shocking and unnatural activity. Too bad, too bad, Solomon thought, licking the corners of his lips dryly, as he followed the dark figure along the dim stone. He had thought that he was going to get away with it. His papers had been in perfect order, excellently forged, and they had searched him only perfunctorily and questioned him hardly at all, and had even been slightly apologetic, or as apologetic as you could ever expect a German to be. When he had dropped off to his cold sleep, he had really thought they would release him in the morning. Well, he thought wryly, there are several kinds of release.

The S.S. men stopped in front of a door.

"There's a man in there who's going to be shot in a few minutes," the man carrying the lantern said. "He wants the last rites of the Church. Ordinarily we are not so agreeable, but"—with a small grin in the weak light—"since we had the Church so handy this morning, we saw no harm in letting him make his soul comfortable. I myself am a Catholic and I understand that a man, before he . . . At any rate, you have fifteen minutes." He swung the door open and put his lantern down on the floor inside the cell.

Solomon walked slowly in and stood still as the door closed behind him. The lantern diffused a thin, pale light along the floor, leaving the corners and walls of the cell in heavy darkness. A man was standing with his back to the door, his head lost in the shadows in the bare room. He turned when the sound of the Germans at the door had ceased.

"Father," he said softly but mechanically, as though he had rehearsed the speech, "I am very glad you came. I have lived by the Church all my life and I believe in the life everlasting and I wish to make my peace with God in accordance with the sacraments before facing judgment." The voice was bruised and muffled in the shadowy room, as though it came from a throat and lips that had been sorely torn and battered, but Solomon recognized it.

"We have fifteen minutes, my son," he said, trying to control the sorrow in his own throat. He stepped forward so that Maurice could see his face.

Maurice slowly lifted his eyes to look at Solomon. His lips were puffed and cut and three teeth were missing, with the blood still coming from the sockets. He held his hands stiffly in front of him. They were torn and swollen.

"The Germans told me," Maurice said evenly, "that I was lucky to be killed on just this night, being a good Catholic. They happened to have a priest here and they were releasing him in the morning. Shall we begin, Father?"

"Are you sure?" Solomon could not keep his voice from trembling.

"Yes, Father," said Maurice, staring at the door of the cell, behind which the Germans might or might not be listening.

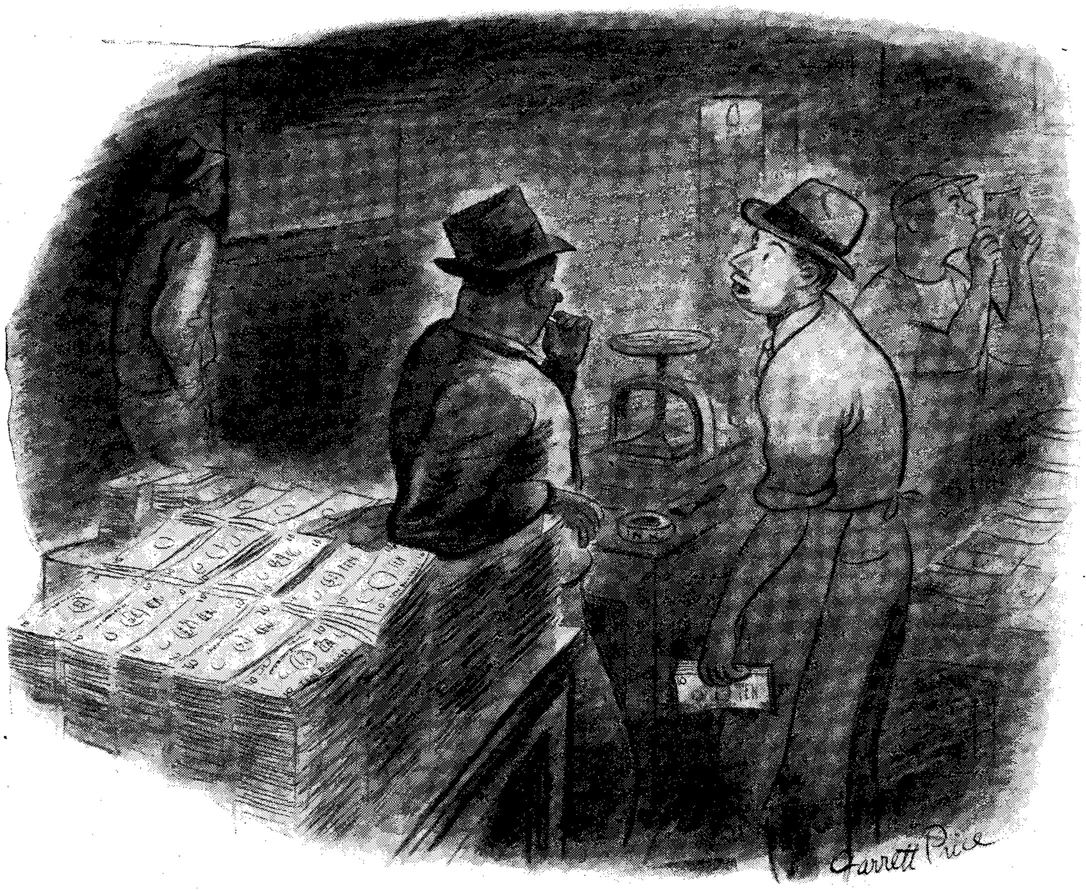
Solomon sat on the small three-legged stool in the center of the room, and stiffly, with the pale light making his ruined face look clotted and grotesque, Maurice kneeled before him.

The jail was absolutely quiet and Solomon could hear the breath whistling brokenly through Maurice's smashed nose. Solomon closed his eyes, trying to remember some scraps of what he had learned from Father Morand before the Germans killed him.

"Son, I will hear your confession now," he said, surprised at the clarity and steadiness of his own voice.

Maurice bowed his head at Solomon's knee. "Forgive me, Father," he said, "for my sins." Then, in the quiet night, he confessed. He confessed to the sin of doubt, the sins of anger and murder, the sins of envy and desire, the sin of despair. Kneeling rigidly, his wounded hands resting for support on Solomon's knees, he spoke soberly and clearly, his voice swelling occasionally in the stone room, loud enough to be heard through the open grating of the oak door, if anyone were listening there.

As the voice went on, Solomon remembered another man he had talked with, played another game with, before death. It was when he was a boy of fourteen and a neighbor was dying and too weak to leave the house, and Solomon had gone every afternoon and played chess with the dying man in the sickroom. The man had once been fat and red of face, but now his skin was yellow and old and hung in loose folds from his bones. He was an avid player and loved to win, and occasionally cheated, moving pieces surreptitiously and taking back moves, falling back to his pillows in exhausted triumph after



"Boy, I'd like to have a nickel for every dollar in this room!"

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the game was over. Solomon had played with him on the day of his death, and at the funeral had watched with dry eyes as the coffin was lowered, the mourners and the cold earth and stone crosses of the cemetery somehow mixed in his mind with bishops taking pawns and black wooden knights held in a yellow hand advancing over red squares. Ever since then, death and chess had lain in troubled confusion in his mind—funerals and ivory, flowers and squares, tears and pawns tumbled in a box, mingling in obscure, painful symbols in his brain. As he regarded his friend, kneeling before him, he felt as though he were betraying him in this double game of priest and chessman, and he wrenched at his will to focus all his pity and affection on the dying man. He put his hand out humbly and touched his friend. The Jews did it differently, he thought. They went into death hot and guilty, as to a roaring battle in a dark, bloody, doubtful abyss, intercession with their wrathy, fitful God not to be hoped for. He thought of the times he had seen Maurice coldly skirt death, and the times he had seen him wash his child's face, and of the times he had seen Maurice kill, with a rather abstracted, calm, regretful air, and of the times he had seen him walk side by side with his wife, dressed for Sunday, on the road to church.

As the voice went on in the cold stone room, Solomon thought of the times he had looked at Maurice's slender, strained face and known deep in his heart that this man was going to die before their business came to an end. You felt that about yourself from time to time, and often about others, and you took a drink or you got into an argument and tried to forget it, but he had been sure of Maurice. Solomon was not a religious man and he doubted that God would condemn Maurice because he had been shriven by a Jew, but he looked closely at Maurice to see if the orthodox Catholic soul, so obedient to the ordered sacraments and hierarchy, was suffering at the deception. But Maurice's face and voice were calm and clear, as though he were being granted absolution for all his earthly deeds by the Bishop of Rome himself.

Finally the droning, broken voice stopped in the cold cell. Somewhere down the corridor there was the chilly clank of steel, and a young German voice singing the mournful words of "Lili Marlene," the sorrowing, sentimental melody hanging cloyingly on the stale, condemned, frozen air. Solomon stared at the austere, destroyed face of his friend. If there were only some way of giving him one word to carry with him to the final wall, one word to tell him—you are loved, you will not be forgotten, we do not believe the shallow coffin and the quick limepit are the end, we will mention your name later in the century. As his hands groped in a small, lost gesture before him, there was the sound of steps outside the door and the fiddling with the lock. He blindly ruffled the pages of his breviary and read a scrap of Latin for the absolution, and, as the door swung open, made vague, wandering motions with his hands, from some dim memory of another deathbed.

Maurice stood up as the Germans came in. "I am very happy, Father," he said courteously as the Germans bound his hands, "that you were here tonight. I hope it has not interfered too much with your business in these parts."

Solomon stared at the Germans, knowing that Maurice was telling him he had not broken, that he had told the Germans nothing, that no plans were invalidated by his death.

"It has not interfered, son," he said. He stood up and followed them out to the corridor and watched Maurice walk away between the Germans, the familiar walk unchanged by the prison, or the cords on his wrist, or the knowledge that the wall was waiting. Maurice walked away as he had walked away from the terrace of the café, the lean shoulders set square and upright, betraying himself to all the world.

—Irwin Shaw

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Spyros Stamos, cymbalist, will give a concert under the auspices of the Greek Women's University Club at Thorne Hall of Northwestern University, Lake Shore dr. and Superior st., next Sunday at 8:15 p.m.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Clang, clang, clang went Mr. Stamos.

LEFT UNDONE

Mrs. Findlay crammed several more sweaters than there was room for into a suitcase, and, sitting on the lid, tried to make herself heavier than Nature had intended. All about her, on the two beds, on the bureaus, the tables, and the rugs, were piled sweaters and hockey pads, belts and dresses and books. Vivian and Rosemary Chace, the English sisters Fate had dropped four years ago into the downstairs guest room of the Findlays' Connecticut house, were going home. As Mrs. Findlay bore down on the overburdened suitcase, she knew a sharp resentment against those far-away English parents who had been so suddenly overcome by longing for their children that, buzz bombs or not, they had sent for them to come back at once.

Vivian's and Rosemary's separate and merged personalities were accurately frescoed on the battered blue-green walls, on the scuffed floor, even on the ceiling. But tomorrow they themselves would be gone. Since early morning Mrs. Findlay had worked her way from the mothproof closets in the attic down to the pile of ice skates in the cellar and back up again. Jane, Adam, and Peter Findlay had been allowed to stay home from school to help, the cook had washed and ironed blouses and slips, and Mr. Findlay, with a vegetable knife and a hammer, had wrenched the oilcloth off the kitchen table to line a wooden crate of books and toys that, tomorrow, was to be lashed to the deck of—what boat? They didn't know. As unchaperoned and free as young birds that have been pushed out of the nest, Vivian and Rosemary were to start their eastward journey tomorrow at eleven from the Cunard pier. Mrs. Findlay's throat and head ached with suppressed tears and exasperation; tears and exasperation make a queer taste in the mouth, she discovered. How short, how short the four years had been. Why hadn't she foreseen this might happen? It was true that most of the other children from Oxford had gone home, but even so, she felt she had had no warning and that it was all wrong.

There was nothing anyone could do about it. The children had to go. "Of course it's better this way, suddenly," they kept assuring each other as they met on their errands about the house. "*Much* easier." But they wondered if it really was. "I feel so peculiar," Vivian mourned. She was the oldest of all the children in the Findlay household, and the coming change in her life disturbed her. Rosemary reported, not without satisfaction, "I feel exactly as if the sun was *shining on my stomach*." The three young Findlays went around quietly, eying these two whom they had loved and fought with for so long. "Those were nice people," said little Peter Findlay, who had never known a time when the Chaces had not been there. "They haven't gone *yet*," his mother snapped at him. "Move onto something else, please; I have to use this couch to count their underpants on. Dear God, Rosemary's been mending hers with paper clips."

The hours of that day slid away from beneath Mrs. Findlay. As she packed and repacked and discarded, she reminded herself of all the things, now forever to be left undone, that she had meant to do while she had a houseful of children. There had been little trips they could have taken, there were books they could have read out loud. Now that Vivian, at fourteen, was growing up so fast, she had meant to have her hair cut by someone really good and to buy her a red tweed suit. Where had those four years gone? Where were they now? Laid away in the mind, with all their mistakes and pleasures, lived, over and done with. It hadn't seemed like four years, and there had been so much to do all the time. Why, it had taken six whole months to get Vivian to eat American cheese, though not every minute of them, of course, and in the case of Rosemary, it had taken three years. . . .

"Hell and damnation!" Mr. Findlay yelled from the kitchen, where he had just jabbed his finger with the vegetable knife. He was instantly reproved by such of his family as were within reproving distance. "Don't say no to *me!*" he said. "The time to swear is the time you feel like swearing. Somebody come hold this infernal stuff still while I tack it."

EISENHOWER BLVD.

In the Chaces' room Mrs. Findlay dropped an armful of scarves and mittens beside an open bag. She straightened up to ease her weary back and stood a minute looking out the window at the dun-colored winter lawn. A little group of bantams, their feathers green and red and gold enamel in the thin sunlight, came stepping quickly around the corner of the house, lifting their tiny claws fastidiously from the cold ground. They were three sisters, six brothers, and the father—all known intimately and by name to the Findlays and Chaces. Cinnamon, the mother, had been eaten by a fox during the far-off, careless days of summer and been at once forgotten by her own family, though not yet by the children in the house. The bantams scattered, moving about in the flower garden, among the dry, uncut stalks. Suddenly they paused, looking one way, immobile, while from under a nearby box bush came the quick, protesting clack of Nutmeg, the smallest daughter, who was being set upon by Pepper, her father. On the tan grass, from under dry, drooping flowers of dead chrysanthemums, the rest of the enamelled birds peered; their feathers were shining and still for once, and to Mrs. Findlay at the window, their bright, round eyes looked shocked. Then little Nutmeg rushed from under the bush, Pepper stalked complacently after her, and all ten skittered away and out of sight, squawking with bantam laughter.

"And that's *another* thing," said Mrs. Findlay to herself, turning away from the window. But there was hardly time now. I suppose I should have told them more, she thought as she kneeled beside the bag and began to sort mittens into pairs. I have told them some things and they've read things in books. But what? Modern children were supposed to know more than their elders did. But Vivian was getting very pretty. Mrs. Findlay sat back on her heels and wondered about the sailors on the nameless boat going home. Vivian, though pretty, was a great big strong girl and a hockey star. And wouldn't the sailors be English sailors, and couldn't they be counted on to take good care of their own? "But I wonder," Mrs. Findlay murmured, and her hands moved more slowly among the heaps of woollen things. "Vivian," she called softly over her shoulder, hoping Vivian wouldn't hear.

"Yes, Aunt Nora?" came the prompt reply from the next room.

"Come and sit down a minute, dear." Vivian dropped to the rug and tossed her thick hair away from her eyes. "You know," Mrs. Findlay began, "it's all rather sudden, this going off like this, and I think—I'm afraid that there are things I've forgotten to tell you; things, I mean, that you ought to know."

"I'm to keep our money belt around my waist all the time," said Vivian, "and see that Rosemary washes her knees every single night, rain or shine. You did tell me. And to tip the steward, if there *is* a steward."

"Yes. Oh, yes. But there are other things." Mrs. Findlay took a deep, uncomfortable breath and began unrolling socks she should have left rolled up. "I don't know what you may have picked up at school, from the other girls."

"Lots," Vivian assured her.

"Or from reading. *Or*"—this was an inspiration—"from watching the way the bantams sometimes behave with each other. That's what I'm trying to tell you. The way the cocks—"

"I *know!*" Vivian interrupted vigorously. "I've seen them, the meanies, and I *always* do what I can to stop them, but they're just like Nazis, and the poor little hens get squashed nearly flat. I can't think whatever makes them so mean."

"But darling! That's what I'm trying to tell you! The hens *love* it."

Vivian gazed at her pseudo-aunt with large blue eyes and shook her head slowly. "I hate to have to contradict you, Aunt Nora," she said politely, "but I'm afraid you just don't know. They *squawk.* Like billy-oh."

The wildest notions began to race through Mrs. Findlay's head. If she told Vivian outright, at such brutally short notice, what she knew she ought, it might shock her badly; if she merely adjured her not to talk to strange men, her warning would be soon forgotten; if she warned her against getting into lifeboats with sailors, Vivian, who was a noble child, a veritable Casabianca kind of child, might wholly misunderstand and resolutely, even cheerfully, insist on being left behind on the deck while the ship sank beneath her.

She looked at the smooth pink face. "What are you thinking about, darling?" she asked humbly.

THE TRAIL

We who have come all ways into the city,
Over the cratered roads, down the scorched hills,
Would be omitted from the ritual
That builds legends where we have killed.

We see the great house open by the river,
Candles still set that never pierced the gloom;
The jewelled lady sprawled indifferent
In her bright, acrid room;

The roadside Christ, in wood, modelling torture;
The clouded eyes looking below his grief;
The scattered children in the summer orchard
Under the raked leaves;

The steel; the tangled walls. Then we are gone,
Our ears stopped to the eloquence of death
In cities that the sun will turn to bone
And the late rain to earth.

The stone-eyed birds will pace the dusty fountain,
The sun cast the dog's shadow in the square,
The wind from the deserted mountain
Long puzzle the empty air,

And you will come, historian and traveller,
And speak our names, and say we did not fail,
And say: The monster here fled from his cavern;
Here—here is his trail.

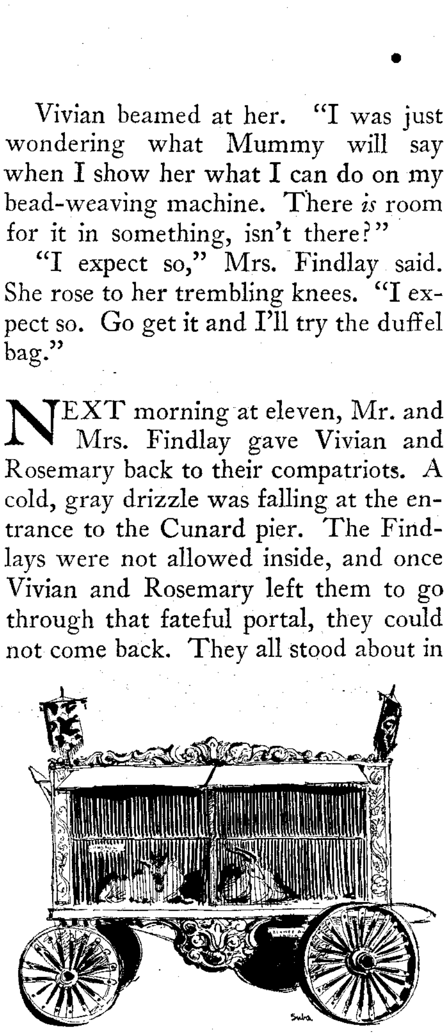
—Edward Weismiller

• •

Vivian beamed at her. "I was just wondering what Mummy will say when I show her what I can do on my bead-weaving machine. There *is* room for it in something, isn't there?"

"I expect so," Mrs. Findlay said. She rose to her trembling knees. "I expect so. Go get it and I'll try the duffel bag."

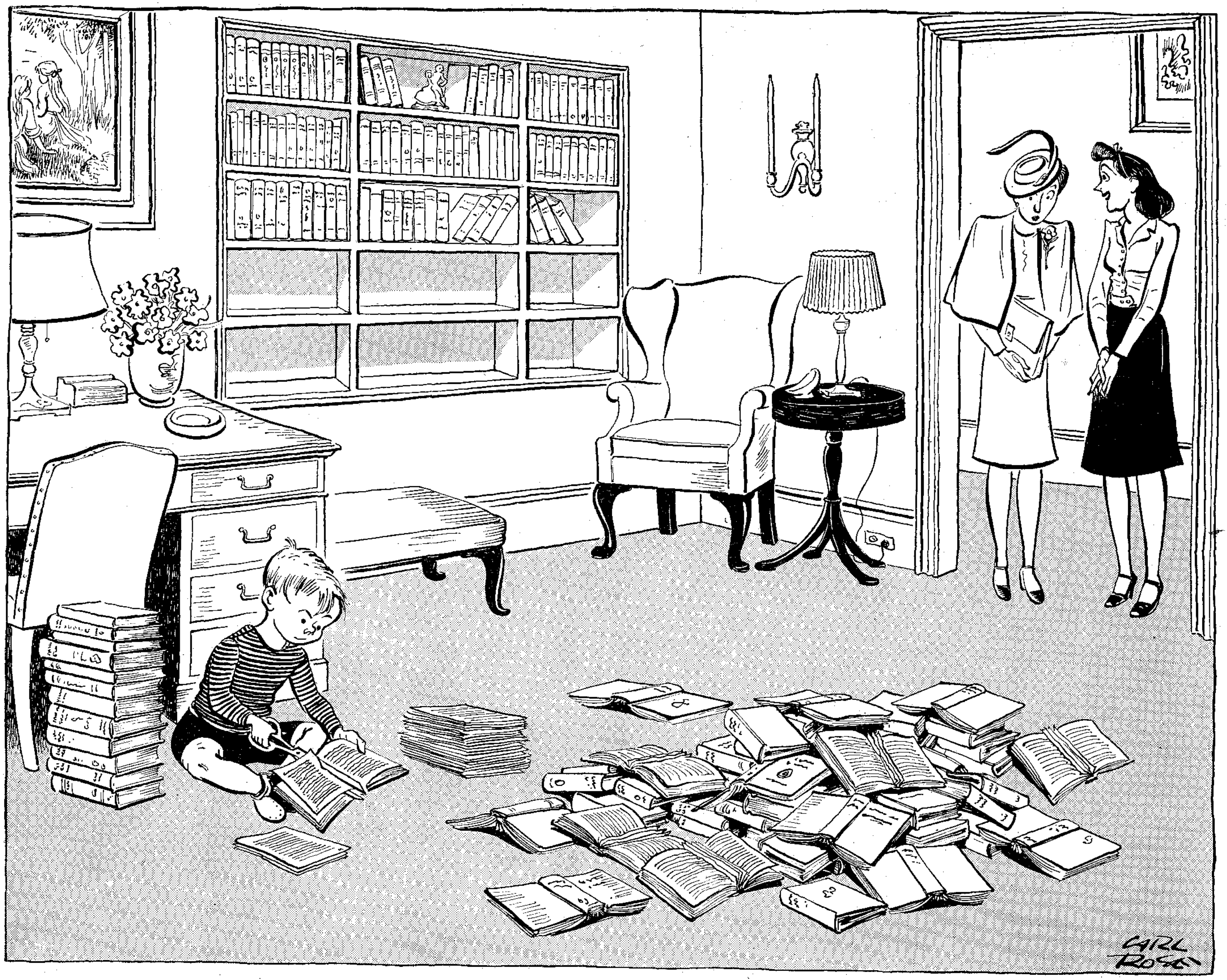
NEXT morning at eleven, Mr. and Mrs. Findlay gave Vivian and Rosemary back to their compatriots. A cold, gray drizzle was falling at the entrance to the Cunard pier. The Findlays were not allowed inside, and once Vivian and Rosemary left them to go through that fateful portal, they could not come back. They all stood about in the wet for a while, trying to think of something to say, trying not to cry, looking fixedly at the other passengers and their friends. The members of the British and American armed forces that also stood about on the pavement, mounted guard in the doorway, examined passports, and could be seen moving around inside all looked to Mrs. Findlay's anxious scrutiny more than normally bright-eyed and rapacious. Was that incipient passion or simple kindliness shining in their eyes? To her chagrin, Mrs. Findlay had to admit to herself that she couldn't tell the difference.



"I think," Mr. Findlay began at last, clearing his throat and shifting the extra coats and the boxes of chocolates he was carrying. "Don't you think, as it seems to be really starting in to rain now, and almost everybody seems to be going in . . ."

In a flurry of passports, raincoats, and chocolates, the girls went through the barrier. "I'll *mail* the bead-weaving machine," Mrs. Findlay called after them, and Vivian nodded at her without speaking, smiled a last watery smile, and disappeared.

When the Findlays got home, no one



"We think he's going to be an anthologist."

had the heart to do anything to the shambles that was the guest room. The few things that hadn't got packed were crated up and shipped to Oxford and then the door was shut on the battered walls and empty beds. Time to clear it up later; all the time in the world. The winter days passed one by one; the Findlays did their best to fill out their strangely quiet house. One day, using the bantams again as a springboard, Mrs. Findlay had a really satisfactory talk with Jane Findlay, but somehow that didn't make her feel any better. If only she had been a little more subtle with Vivian, or perhaps quite a lot less.

Then, three weeks after the girls' departure, came a cable from Mr. Chace announcing a safe homecoming. The cable was long, expensive, and joyous. Nothing too awful could have happened on the way over. Mrs. Findlay breathed sighs of relief. A few weeks later, letters from Oxford began arriving. "Dear Aunt Nora and Uncle John and the rest," Vivian wrote. "Well here we are at last. We had good fun on the way over and I won the hopscotch tournament what do you think of that. I also did quite well in the deck tennis tournament though I suppose I shouldn't say so. The crate with my bead-weaving machine has come and thank you ever and ever so much for sending it. It is wonderful to have it." She went on at some length about how odd it was that Oxford looked just the same. "Mummy and Daddy say I've grown like a beanstalk. Thank you very, very much for all that you did for us. I shall never forget you. Love, Vivian."

Rosemary's letter had been lacerated by the censor and it hung from the fingers like paper lace. ". . . but matter affact I cannot tell you any more detales of the trip because probably I should be heavily Fined," she wrote. "Vivian beat everybody on the boat at games, even the big boys, practically hollow. Oh, the bead-weaving machine came and *please do not send us anything more* because the duty was enormous and Daddy absolutely toar his hair. Love, Rosemary.

"P.S. I shall never forget you."

—Louise Field Cooper

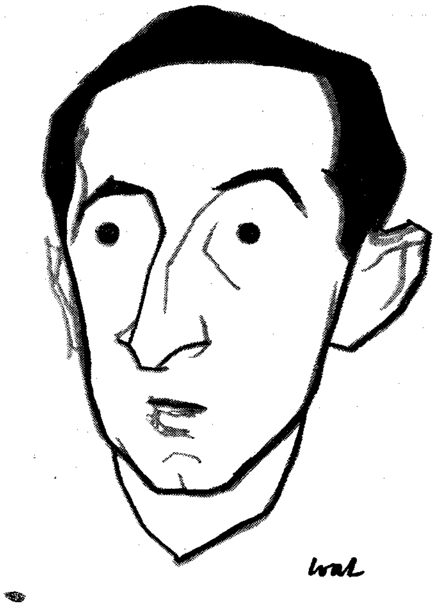
•

Lie on floor (or bed if at home) with hips against the wall and legs up the wall. Walk up wall as far as possible, until weight is resting on head and shoulders; hold a few seconds; lower hips and legs, and repeat.—"*Posture and Body Mechanics* (*Revised*)," *University of Iowa Extension Bulletin.*

Don't start till we get there. It's not something we'd want to miss.

PROFILES

THESE THINGS ARE FATED



Leonard Lyons

CELEBRITIES are a good deal like horses. Both are uneasy in the presence of people who don't know exactly how to handle them. To be much in the company of either celebrities or horses calls for a specialized vocabulary, the assimilation of a rigid etiquette, and—most important of all—an air of authority. Toadying to a celebrity, or even deferring to him, is like approaching a horse on the wrong side; in either case you get your toes stepped on. Leonard Lyons, the New York *Post's* café-life columnist, has worked among celebrities for more than ten years; he is a man who may be observed with profit by those who aspire to that peculiar and somewhat barren life which the plain man only glimpses in his reading of the metropolitan gossip columns.

Nobody else knows as many celebrities as Leonard Lyons. This is not a claim he makes for himself; it is merely a conclusion logically arrived at. Celebrities themselves can meet other celebrities only during their hours of relaxation, which are likely to be scant; during their working day, they are plunged among nonentities—stagehands, office help, civil servants, private secretaries, and other ordinary citizens, according to their various *métiers*. The columnists alone devote their working hours to café life, and of them it is Lyons who works the hardest. Winchell became a statesman several years ago and removed himself forever from the hurly-burly of table-hopping journalism, and the others, to be brutally frank, just haven't Lyons' entrée. Indeed, it is likely that if any of the lesser fry were permitted to look in at one of the Saturday-evening parties given every now and then by Lyons and his wife and attended by, say, Alfred Hitchcock, Leon Henderson, Justice Douglas, Beatrice Lillie, Judge Rosenman, Orson Welles, Oscar Levant, Henry Kaiser, Russel Crouse, and Howard Lindsay, one or two songwriters, and a sprinkling of amply decorated service men, he would go home and cut his throat.

Aside from his immediate relatives, Lyons knows nobody but celebrities. (Incidentally, it is about time to define "celebrity" as used in this connection. A celebrity, then, is somebody to whom a non-celebrity must be explained when introduced. You say, "Miss Garbo, this is Governor Dewey," and leave it at that, but you say, "Miss Garbo, this is Mr. Blank" with an added explanation: "Mr. Blank is my brother-in-law" or "Mr. Blank has come to measure the hallway for a new carpet.") There is no snobbishness in Lyons' preoccupation with celebrities. It wouldn't even be right to say that he prefers celebrities to other people, since he doesn't know any other people.

LYONS' column, "The Lyons Den," which appears every day of the week but Sunday, usually contains between twenty and thirty items, presented in a thousand more or less well-chosen words. The items can be roughly classified as anecdotes about celebrities and facts about celebrities. By the somewhat flexible standards of his profession, Lyons' facts are as valid as any other columnist's facts. Like the other columnists, Lyons strives to collect "exclusives"—little news items or predictions never before printed. The McNaught Syndicate, which distributes his column to seventy-six newspapers outside New York, claims for him, in its promotional material, some four or five hundred "newsbeats" a year. This means that in any one of Lyons' columns you stand a goodish chance of finding one or two predictions of events you will later see in the news columns. Some of these exclusives, to be sure, are so tiny that they slipped through the nets of the regular news-gatherers: for instance, the microscopic plots and plans of politicians, writers, and theatrical folk. Again, an item in "The Lyons Den" advising the reader to expect a revival of the League of Nations "before the Ides of March" is recognizable only to the eagle eye of hindsight as a prediction of the United Nations conference in San Francisco. Sometimes the items are worthy but highly unsensational. When, in October, 1943, General Hugh A. Drum was relieved of the Eastern Defense Command, the news confirmed a prediction Lyons had made almost six months earlier, but it is hard to imagine that this set any of his readers agog.

Personal journalism must of necessity be fundamentally unsatisfactory to whatever logical readers are still around. The only reason for a columnist's printing an item is that it's not in the news columns. And the only reason for its not being in the news columns is that it's not yet a fully matured and verified piece of news. The columnists themselves confess this when they speak of their items as later being "confirmed" in the news columns. All this is as applicable to Lyons as it is to the other columnists. Within the limitations of his medium, however, Lyons is a reliable reporter. His "contacts," the people who send him tips and anecdotes, are a variegated and indisputably august bunch. One recent day's mail, for example, brought notes from Charles Poletti, in Italy; Brigadier General Carlos Romulo, in the Philippines; Sergeant Jimmy Cannon, the columnist, in Germany; and Eddy Duchin, in the Pacific area. Lyons hears regularly from half a dozen men in the District of Columbia whose names, as the saying goes, you would know: Ickes and Stettinius, for example. He has never violated a confidence or printed anything that he thought might harm anybody; in recent years, this circumspection has begun to pay off heavily. One day, he received a telephone call from a total stranger, a lawyer who wanted to offer him some inside information about a spectacular criminal trial that was just about to start. Lyons jotted down the item, then inquired why this fellow had taken the trouble to call him. "Well, So-and-So is my uncle," this man said, naming an old gentleman in public life who is a traditional butt of columnists, "and you've always been so nice to him."

THE people who mutter that Leonard Lyons is an inaccurate reporter are usually not referring to his factual items but to his anecdotes. We are dealing with a special phenomenon here, and one which will bear some discussion. In the first place, it should be noted that Lyons is the inheritor of a fairly limited literary form, one which was established by James Boswell and prettily embroidered by the late Alexander Woollcott. It can only very loosely be called the anecdote. In the final analysis, the Boswell-Woollcottian anecdote is simply some quaint saying of, or quaint fact about, a person of prominence—or, as we say now, a name-dropping anecdote. Readers accustomed to thinking of an anecdote as a little story with a beginning, a middle, an end, and a point are now and then brought up short by a formless or pointless anecdote in "The Lyons Den." They reason that if it is an anecdote something must have gone terribly wrong. Actually, nothing *has* gone wrong. As an anecdotist, Lyons can pride himself on his accuracy. In its interest he sacrifices not only literary effect but social grace, whipping out a small black notebook and making notes of quips on the spot, like a columnist in a movie. He makes a fetish of accuracy, but he doesn't make a fetish of writing anecdotes.

Any criticism of Lyons' anecdotes must take the temporal dimension into consideration. His schedule has been violently disrupted by the curfew, but normally he stays out until half-past four or five in the morning, then goes home and writes his column. At six-thirty the copy is on its way by messenger—a devoted cabbie whom Lyons retains by the week, cab and all, for this chore—from Lyons' apartment, on Central Park West, to the *Post's* composing room. The first edition of the *Post* is on the newsstands by 10:30 or 11 A.M. and thus it happens that while the people who have stayed up late bandying witticisms are trying to choke down a little tomato juice and pull themselves together, their witticisms are already circulating in print. This is certainly the acid test of a witticism, and inevitably some of them don't sound as good, even to their creators, as they did ten hours before.

Lyons stoutly insists that ninety-five per cent of the people in night clubs are sober. It should be noted, however, that, despite his calling, he is anything but an authority on alcoholic drink and its effects. He never takes more than a glass of wine, and that only on great occasions. When he is working, he drinks coffee. It is a safe guess that by closing time, Lyons is, in the strict medical sense of the word, the only sober patron in the places he visits. In a milieu which is a vast orchestration of alcoholic overtones, such a man must invariably miss certain subtleties. Gross manifestations of intoxication, like falling down on the floor or starting to box with Ernest Hemingway, he can recognize, but occasionally he has failed to take into account the alterations of personality and purpose that are likely to set in between the third and the sixth Scotch-and-soda. Once, for instance, he saw a prosperous manufacturer at a night club in the company of a somewhat passé chanteuse. "Here's an item for you, Leonard," the manufacturer said. "The little lady's going to have her very own night club. I'm going to build a brand-new one especially for her." "Can I use that?" Lyons asked, pencil poised over his notebook. "Of course. We want you to. We want everybody to

"We'll have to stop seeing each other, Evelyn. She's getting wise to what happened to the Luftwaffe."

know!" the manufacturer exclaimed. The next day, a couple of hours after this news had been put before the public eye in "The Lyons Den," he telephoned Lyons and croaked, "My God, Leonard, what have you done to me?" "But you *told* me I could use the item," Lyons replied, sincerely baffled. In the end, as it happened, the little lady got her night club. She had so many admirers who dated back to the days when anybody who ratted on a gentleman's agreement got his knees broken with a baseball bat that the manufacturer decided the club would be a pretty good investment after all. After many changes of management, the premises now house one of the town's most garish and successful saloons. Lyons has been known to cast a depreciatory eye on its glittering façade and remark, "I built this."

Quite a few members of the stay-up-late set have publicly repudiated some quip or anecdote attributed to them by Lyons. He is plainly the butt of a wisecrack of George Kaufman's—that a certain columnist was missing so many points that the O.P.A. was after him. (This, when reported by Bennett Cerf in his column in the *Saturday Review of Literature*, aroused Lyons to a retaliatory announcement: "Well, I don't know about the points, but I do know that sixty-two stories from this column dropped without credit into Cerf's book of anecdotes, 'Try and Stop Me.' " High words followed, and Lyons now threatens to bring suit.) At any rate, in justice to Lyons, it should be said that, as often as not, when he appears to have garbled an item, he has been faithfully and accurately reporting a fundamentally garbled situation or epigram. We must ask ourselves what Dr. Johnson's reaction would have been if, while the Doctor was still in the process of recuperating from a tough night at the Cheshire Cheese, Boswell had turned up with a verbatim transcription of the evening's proceedings.

LEONARD LYONS' father, Moses Leib Sucher, emigrated from Rumania in 1896, after the death of his wife. He went to work as a vest-maker, and a year later he had saved enough money to send for his three children and his sister-in-law, Bronna Harnick, whom he married on her arrival here. They had four children, of whom Leonard Sucher, born in September, 1906, was the youngest. By the time Leonard was eight years old, Moses Sucher had worked himself to death in the sweatshops and the older children were leaving school to take similar jobs. The mother set up a candy stand, at the corner of Ridge and Rivington Streets. There her youngest had his first taste of staying up late at night, when he would sit crouched under the counter, waiting for her to close the stand and take him home to bed.

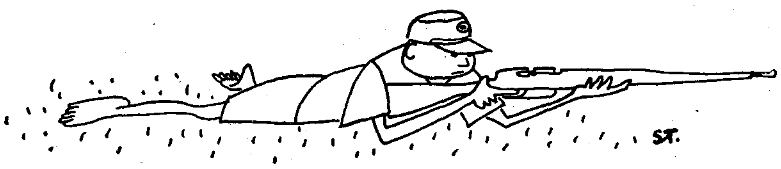
By and large, Leonard had a normal lower East Side boyhood. He attended P.S. 160, at the corner of Rivington and Suffolk Streets. He was quick enough at his studies to skip four grades, but he lost a year because of illness. Once he won an award called the John Wanamaker Medal, in recognition of his drawing ability. He sang soprano in the synagogue choir. One steamy summer his mother arranged to send him to a settlement camp in the country, but after a week of breathing the insipid air of Pleasantville and listening to the alien chatter of birds, Leonard escaped and beat his way back to the friendlier atmosphere of Rivington Street. As soon as he could, he got a job after school hours. With all the children at work, his mother was able to give up the candy stand.

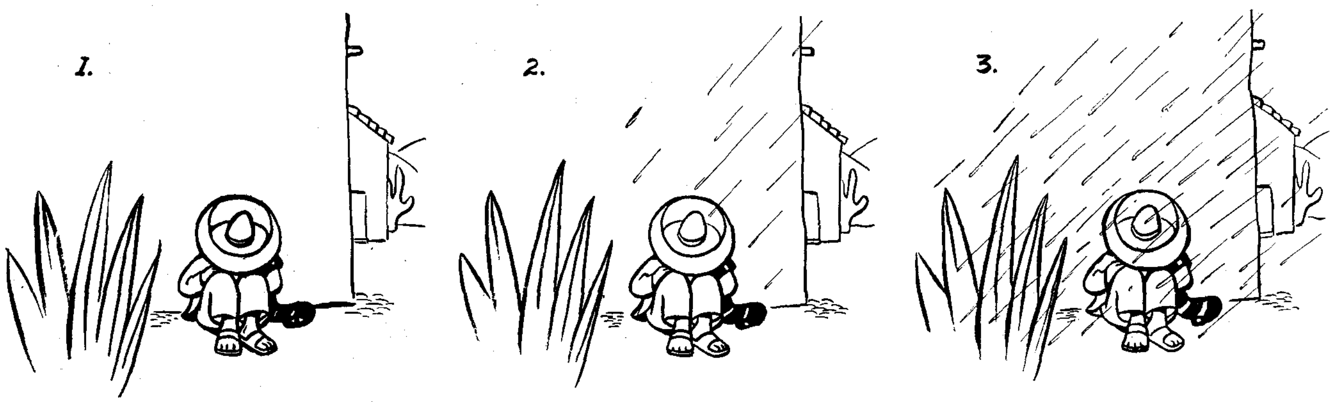
From P.S. 160, Leonard went to the High School of Commerce, up on West Sixty-fifth Street. He had intended to take the science course, but the classes were already full; accordingly, he settled for typing, bookkeeping, Spanish, and economics. Summers he worked as an office boy for the Palisades Park Commission, for which one of his older brothers was head bookkeeper. There he first met his present Stork Club friends, W. Averell Harriman and Vincent Astor, who were members of the Commission. During the school term he worked after hours for the Segal Lock people. Later, when Leonard was admitted to the bar, Segal was one of his clients. Leonard decided to be a lawyer when he got an office-boy job with the law firm of Armstrong, Keith, & Kern, who specialized in Latin-American practice. He attended evening classes at C.C.N.Y. until he had amassed two years' worth of credits, then switched to the evening session of St. John's College Law School. In 1928 he passed his bar examinations and was admitted to both state and federal bars. He remained with the firm until 1930, then became one of the thousands of obscure New York lawyers who have their own practice. And four years after that he went to work for the *Post* as a columnist.

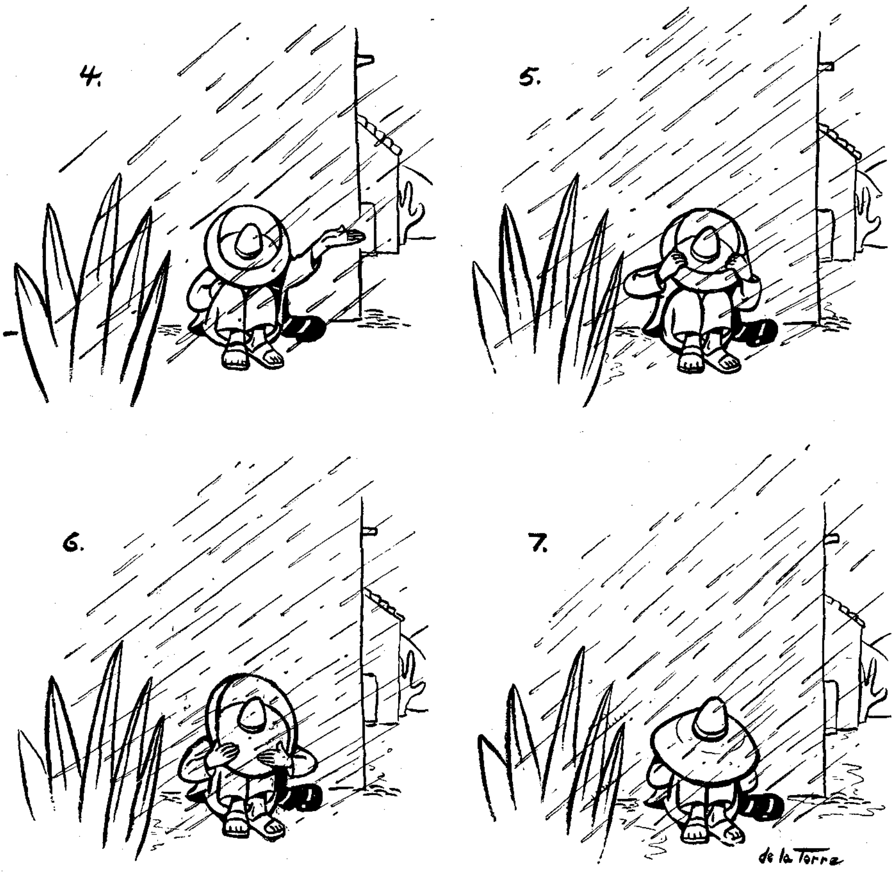
Suggesting that a young man ought to be on a newspaper because he writes such newsy letters is usually just a bit of social chitchat. Nevertheless, Leonard Lyons became a columnist because he wrote such newsy letters to a high-school girl named Sylvia Schonberger that she told him he ought to be on a newspaper. Sylvia's parents had brought her to New York from Simpson, Pennsylvania, a little town near Carbondale, when she was only three, but she had lived in a remote and relatively luxurious neighborhood, at Fifth Street and Avenue D, and she and Leonard didn't meet until he was twenty-two and the holder of a law degree. They decided almost immediately that someday they would get married.

There is in Lyons' files a letter dated June 19, 1930, which begins, "Dear Mr. Sucher: You might as well know, you know, that your nom de guerre is LEONARD LYONS. Now don't complain; these things are fated." It bears the signature of Nathaniel Zalowitz, a kindly man who was editor of an English-language section which appeared once a week in the *Jewish Daily Forward*. He had contracted to buy from Lyons a weekly column of several thousand words, for the somewhat nominal sum of fifteen dollars; some months later he made it twenty. It wasn't much of a job, or much of a salary, but nevertheless it was a feat to break into the newspaper business during the depression. The column was patterned after the then current Broadway fashion, offering quips, rhymes, aphorisms about broken hearts and electric-light bulbs, and the like. If Lyons has any clippings, he won't show them to people.

After six months, the *Forward's* English-language section succumbed to the economic blight. Lyons' law practice was bringing him in a fair living, but he still wanted to be a columnist; unquestionably, he was more eager to be a columnist than anybody had ever been before or will be again. It took him four years, all told, to find an editorial niche, and many, many times during those four years a lesser man would have said the hell with it. He







wrote regularly to every periodical publisher in New York, from the *Times* to the firm that puts out the theatre programs, outlining ideas for columns; these were rejected with unflagging enthusiasm. He spent a considerable part of his time calling on editors with sample columns and a scrapbook; the editors always told him to go away. This work was not entirely wasted, however; every time a sample column was turned down, Lyons, like a glum prestidigitator, would say to the skeptical editor, "Wait—I'll get all this into print!" Some weeks or months later he would return with a sheaf of clippings from Winchell, Hellinger, and other contemporary columnists and demonstrate that the column had indeed appeared, piecemeal, in print, with credit.

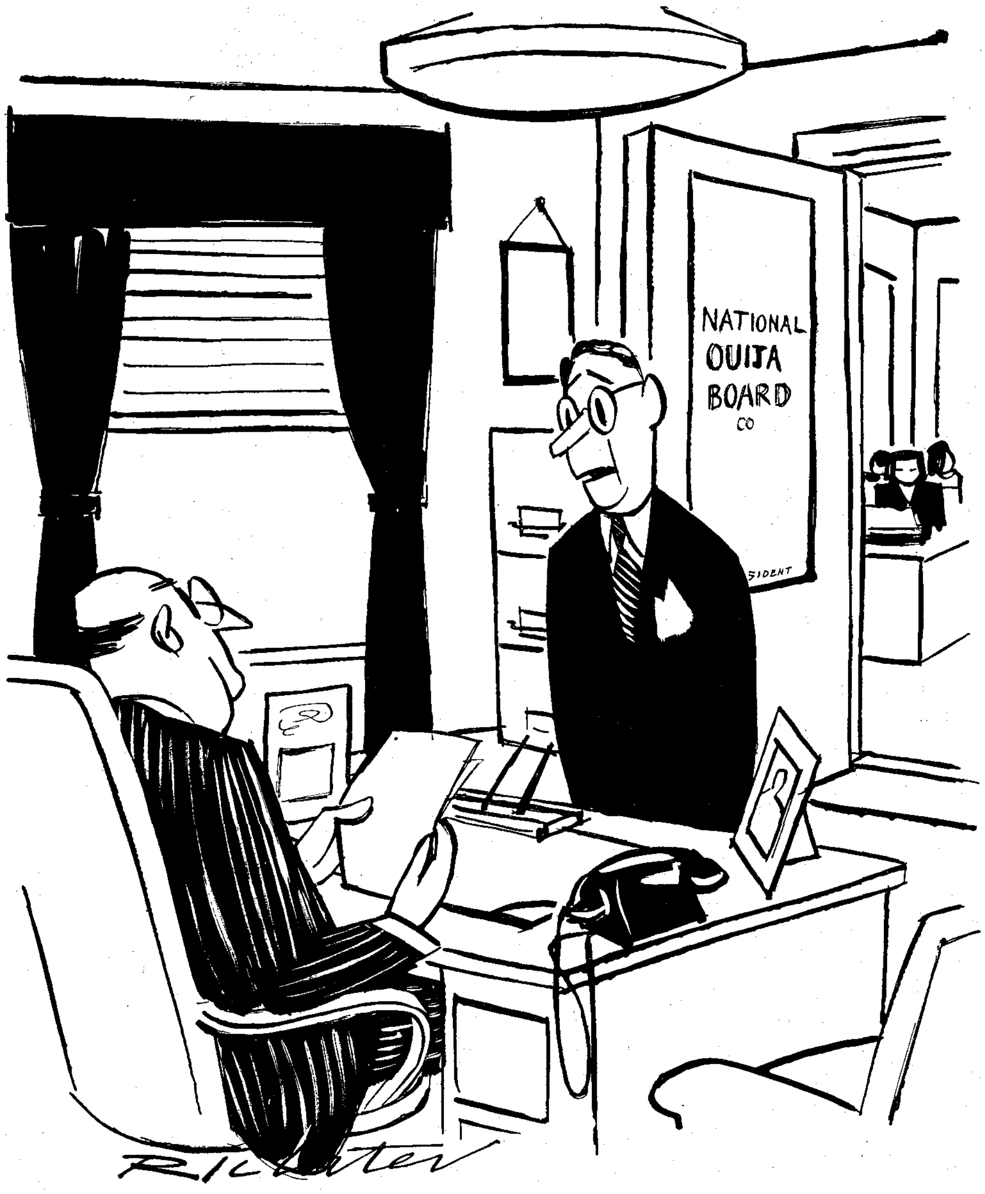
Contributing to a gossip column in those days was, for the contributor, a rather bleak experience. It was done, in the crisp phrase now current, for no. The only reward to be hoped for was a credit line. Lyons submitted a flood of rhymes, puns, topical jokes, and other trivia to every columnist in town, reaping a harvest of credit lines but no checks. One of his great benefactors among the columnists was Hellinger, who long ago graduated to Hollywood and became a producer. His specialty as a columnist was the single-shot short-short story, O. Henry style, with the surprise switcheroo ending. Thus, if you got Hellinger to accept a contribution, it meant that you contributed the entire column. Hellinger used Lyons' stories as fast as they came in. He naturally did not relinquish his own byline, but he would write Lyons' name into the narrative by way of mitigating his anonymity. "It all happened before you could say 'Leonard Lyons,' " a tale might remark, surely to the bafflement of the ordinary reader. In one especially pathetic story Lyons wrote for Hellinger, a man was sitting at his desk contemplating suicide. Hellinger slipped the author's name into this scene with what anyone must admit is a certain blunt grace: "He noticed a letter signed 'Leonard Lyons.' Who was Leonard Lyons? He didn't know." Nobody knew.

Some of the columnists awarded to their most industrious contributors their spare prize-fight tickets, second-night theatre seats, and other minor boons; sometimes there would even be a due-bill dinner at one of the night clubs. It was Lyons' unsung contributions to Art Arthur's column in the Brooklyn *Eagle* that took him and Sylvia to their first Broadway show and their first metropolitan night club—"Sailor Beware!" and the Village Barn, respectively. It would be interesting to know who was the first celebrity Lyons met in the line of duty, but he can't remember.

IN the spring of 1934 the New York *Post*, then published by David Stern, decided to take Lyons on as a columnist. Lyons remembers, and seems to attach some vague importance to, the fact that Mr. Stern reached this decision while riding in an airplane. Soberly and quietly, Lyons wound up his legal practice and went to work as a columnist, thereby establishing a pattern of life astronomically remote from anything Moses and Bronna Sucher might have predicted for their youngest.

The *Post's* new columnist had never been in a speakeasy. This got him off to a good start with the post-Repeal night-club set, which was already vaguely ashamed of having hobnobbed with the murderers who supplied them with drink, and with the columnists who had glorified the murderers. Also, Lyons soon made it plain that he was not interested in "gossip"—rumors of marriages, divorces, pregnancies, and adultery. A man of consequence who appears in a night club with the most flamboyant and obvious mistress knows that if Lyons approaches him with questions, they will concern his professional life and not his diverting companion. It all makes for relaxation and the sort of gratitude that results in worthy items. But Lyons is not looking for any such rewards; he really is a very respectable man.

Lyons' night-clubbing is done against a background of fervid domesticity. He and Sylvia were married just after the *Post* took him on, and they have three sons—George, seven; Warren, five; and Jeffrey, six months. From the birth of his first child until the curfew was put into effect, the household's sleeping hours were contrapuntal. It was Lyons' habit to stay up an hour or so after he had finished writing his column; this allowed him to chat with his wife and children at breakfast. By the time the older boy returned from school, Lyons had slept, risen, and was eating *his* breakfast. There is no business or social pressure that could keep him from spending Saturday afternoons with his children in the Park. Last Election Day, Lyons combined his philoprogenitive and his political enthusiasms by taking his son George into the voting booth with him—it wasn't strictly legal, but nobody stopped him—and making him pull the levers to vote for Roosevelt.



"I won't be in to work tomorrow. I'm going to trip on the way home and break my leg."

Every working day, at about four in the afternoon, Lyons goes down to the *Post* building, where he has an office and a full-time secretary. Here he has scrapbooks containing the three-thousand-odd columns he has written, along with a card index which serves as a guide to the files of his columns. The card index is a really impressive compilation. It runs the biographical gamut from A.A.A.A.; Aaron, Ethel; Aarons, Alex; Aarons, Ruth; Aarons, Sergeant Slim; Aarons and Hale; Aaronson, Ralph; Abarbanell, Lina; Abba, Marta; Abbandando (of Murder, Inc.); Abbé, Patience; Abbey Players; Abbott, Bud; Abbott, Eve; and Abbott, George; through to Zaharoff, Sir Basil; Zamzam ambulance drivers; Zanuck, Darryl; Ziegfeld, Florenz; Zilboorg, Dr. Gregory; Zimbalist; Zita, Empress; Zivic, Fritzie; Zog, King; Zorach, William; Zorina, Vera; and Zukor, Adolph. About fifteen thousand names are listed, some of them many times: Orson Welles, for instance, has been mentioned two hundred and eighty-odd times in "The Lyons Den," Saroyan two hundred and fifty, Leon Henderson a hundred and twenty, and Franklin D. Roosevelt a thousand and seventy-four times. Carl Sandburg is said to have once wistfully exclaimed, "Imagine how much richer American history would have been had there been a Leonard Lyons in Lincoln's time!"

All columnists get releases from press agents, hopefully marked "Exclusive for So-and-so." These are usually more or less successful attempts to combine an acceptable wisecrack with a mention of a client. It is considered unethical for a columnist to use the wisecrack without the plug for the client, which accounts for the fact that so many inexplicable people and resorts get mentioned in so many columns. Not in Lyons' column, however; he stopped using press-agent wisecracks ten years ago. No wisecrack gets into "The Lyons Den" unless Lyons himself has heard it, or thinks he has heard it. Politely, and rather unnecessarily, he sends back unusable material within twenty-four hours. More rewarding is the mail Lyons gets from the members of the Stork Club set who are expatriated by the necessities of war. Hemingway writes to Lyons; so do Thornton Wilder, Ambassador Harriman, and Alan Campbell; so do Major Frank Owen of Mountbatten's staff and two American staff officers whose names Lyons feels he must keep secret. At Casablanca, Teheran, Moscow, and Yalta, he says, he had at least four correspondents. There is certainly no reason to doubt this. He receives mail on White House stationery (though not always from the President), from Cabinet members, and from Supreme Court Justices. The psychology of the compulsion is obscure, but anybody who has ever given Lyons an anecdote feels from then on an obligation to give him more items. Even those who question his ability to get the most out of an anecdote, in a literary way, continue to buttonhole him with stories, prefacing their narrative with some such remark as "Now, write this down, Leonard, and get it *right*."

Lyons' schedule, presumably only momentarily thrown off by the curfew, is fairly rigid. He goes home for dinner. If a play is opening, Sylvia goes to it with him, but she drops out shortly thereafter and goes home. At eleven Lyons looks in at Sardi's, whose clientele is mainly theatrical. Then he goes to Lindy's, where there are more actors, and songwriters. The sportswriters are to be found at Toots Shor's, radio and big-business men at the Barberry Room, representatives of the international set at El Morocco, and the Stork Club set at the Stork Club. Other regular ports of call, whose patrons defy description, are Versailles, the 18 Club, and Reuben's. For whatever the information is worth in its unamplified form, he does not go to "21." There has been some sort of difference of opinion, which neither he nor the proprietors want to discuss for publication. Winchell doesn't go there either. The curfew has dislocated Lyons' schedule to the extent that he now spends the after-midnight hours in people's homes and sometimes even gets to bed so early that he is able to drop in, rather sheepishly, at Sardi's or the Algonquin at lunchtime. It's possible that he will soon solve the whole problem by going overseas for a few weeks on a journalistic mission for the government.

Lyons was bitterly offended when an irresponsible writer once implied that he sometimes sat down at tables without being invited. "Everybody I know asks me to sit down and have a drink," he later said, referring to this canard. "After all, they know I'm a columnist, and they know I *don't* drink." His reportorial technique, if he has one consciously formulated, is that of the "dispassionate auditor" of psychoanalysis. Pretty often he gets an item by asking questions that the news reporters have simply neglected to ask. He has a mistrust, bred of frequent disappointment, of stories volunteered by his friends. Try as he will, Lyons cannot prevent a slight glaze from coming over his eyes when somebody embarks on a story that obviously isn't going to turn into an item. He looks like a hostess listening to a long-winded guest and worrying about what is going on in the kitchen.

Some readers are likely to be flatly incredulous of items in "The Lyons Den" which offer such startling gambits as "When Tony Galento met Noel Coward at the Stork Club, he said . . ." It sounds like the sort of fakery that was so successfully practiced by the late O. O. McIntyre. However, Tony Galento and Noel Coward did meet at the Stork Club; they met because Lyons went out of his way to introduce them. This business of introducing his characters is his one journalistic trick, and it usually works out nicely. The Galento-Coward introduction was Lyons' most stupendous conception, and one that he is not likely to surpass for some time. However, he does a nice day-in-and-day-out business with William Saroyan. He has introduced Saroyan to Michael Arlen, the other Armenian; to Sinclair Lewis, who, like Saroyan, has rejected a Pulitzer award; to Moss Hart, the other ex-infant prodigy; and to Ferenc Molnár. When Saroyan was presented to Molnár, he exclaimed to Lyons, "My God, I thought he was dead!" Lyons finally talked his way out of that, explaining to Molnár that he had become such a legend among the younger American literary set that he had been prematurely immortalized. Not all of Lyons' introductions are motivated by a search for items. Once (in the Stork Club, of course), when he heard the Chinese Consul General fretting about whether he would be able to take up his old life again when he returned to Chungking, Lyons thoughtfully said, "I'll give you a letter to Dick Watts—he's in Chungking."

MOST writers faced with the necessity of turning out a thousand words a day would not delay the chore until an hour before their bedtime, especially if that hour was at dawn. Lyons has never pleaded these grisly

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

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Harry Stockwell • Joseph Buloff • Evelyn Wyckoff • Ruth Weston
St. James Thea. W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

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BANKHEAD
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FOOLISH NOTION
HENRY HULL • DONALD COOK
Directed by JOHN C. WILSON
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Book by **HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS**
Lyrics by **DOROTHY FIELDS**
Music by **SIGMUND ROMBERG**
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BLOOMER GIRL
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MARGARET DOUGLASS JOAN McCRACKEN DAVID BROOKS DOOLEY WILSON
Music by HAROLD ARLEN Lyrics by E. Y. HARBURG
Book by SIG HERZIG and FRED SAIDY
Based on the play by LILITH & DAN JAMES
SHUBERT Theatre, W. 44th St. CI. 6-5990
Evgs. 8:30. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:30

3RD *YEAR*
KISS and TELL
By F. HUGH HERBERT
Jessie ROYCE LANDIS Royal BEAL Betty CAULFIELD
BIJOU THEA., W. 45 St. Mats. Sat. & Sun.

MAX GORDON Presents A New Musical
THE FIREBRAND OF FLORENCE
By Edwin Justus MAYER & Ira GERSHWIN
Music by KURT WEILL
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EVGS. 8:30. MATS. WED. & SAT. 2:30
ALVIN THEA., 52nd St. W. of B'way. CI 5-6868

"A DELIGHTFUL COMEDY"
—*Lewis Nichols, Times*
Dear Ruth
A New Comedy by **NORMAN KRASNA**
Directed by **MOSS HART**
HENRY MILLER'S THEA., 43 St. E. of B'y. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

MAX GORDON *presents*
THE LATE GEORGE APLEY
By JOHN P. MARQUAND & GEO. S. KAUFMAN
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Janet BEECHER Percy WARAM Margaret DALE
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Based on JOHN HERSEY'S Novel
with MARGO
Directed by H. C. POTTER
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A New Comedy by JOHN PATRICK
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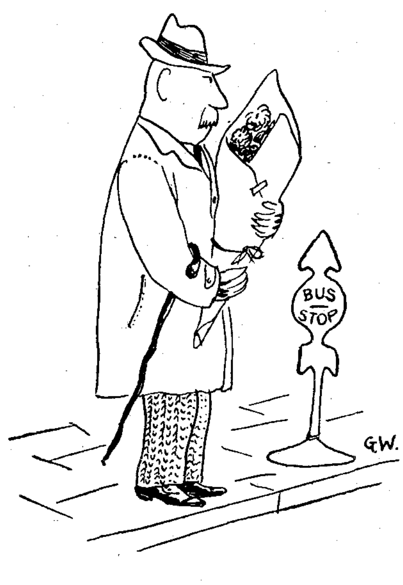
Soldier's Wife
Rose Franken's Comedy
with Martha SCOTT • Myron McCORMICK
GOLDEN Theatre, West 45th St.

working conditions as an excuse for the structural flaws that occasionally mar his prose, but he well might. An admirer gives him a last-minute bulletin on the Brooklyn-Noel Coward controversy, to the effect that Coward now introduces himself during hospital tours by going into a ward and asking, "Is there anybody here from Brooklyn?" Somebody usually says "Yes," and he then says, "I'm Noel Coward. Go ahead." Deciphering his notes by the dawn's early light, with the children beginning to wake in the next room and the taxi driver sitting in the foyer waiting for the copy, Lyons tells the readers of seventy-six newspapers that Coward goes into a ward and starts by saying, "I'm Noel Coward. Anybody here from Brooklyn?" At that hour nobody, not even a mouse, is alert enough to detect the difference in the two versions.

Lyons' first son was born shortly after one of these séances. Sylvia Lyons firmly ignored her labor pains until her husband had put the final period to his copy, then just made it to the hospital. She is a pretty, red-haired girl with a pretty wit. Once, after some bit of housewifely extravagance, she presented Lyons with an unexpected bill for a hundred and fifty dollars. "I'll pay it because I'm a gentleman," he told her, "but I could use this to buy suits." "If you *were* a gentleman, you'd say 'suit,' " she replied. Another time, after conferring with a radio agent about a deal that had been offered him, Lyons said, "This needs mature reflection." "Mature reflection means he has to ask me," Sylvia told the agent. She is one of the most consistent contributors to "The Lyons Den." Lyons is reluctant to use her name too often, so he usually attributes her latest line to some one of his night-club acquaintances. The Cerf-Lyons quarrel is complicated by Lyons' claim that several of Sylvia's *mots*, attributed to other people by Lyons, have appeared in "Try and Stop Me" with the same attributions.

Perhaps unfortunately for Mr. Cerf, Lyons is inclined to be a little stately about his legal rights. For instance, until it happened to Lyons, being barred from theatres controlled by the Shuberts was considered rather a lark. Woollcott had made a test case of the matter, the courts had upheld the Shuberts, and that was that. Winchell used to delight in sneaking into Shubert houses disguised in a false beard. But when Lyons was ostracized by Jake and Lee after printing a number of Jake-and-Lee jokes, he refused to take it lightly. First he checked on the fact that the state law had been interpreted in favor of the Shuberts, then he set about getting the law changed. One night he met a state assemblyman, Irwin Davidson, in Lindy's. Davidson agreed to introduce a bill making it illegal to refuse to admit any sober, decent ticket holder to a theatre, and did, but the measure got sidetracked and buried in committee. The stalling went on for several years, and finally Davidson got mad. It happened that he was much in demand at the state legislature's annual banquet as a teller of dialect stories. Davidson announced that the next banquet would have to get along without him unless the boys could see their way clear to passing his bill. It passed. The Shuberts instituted a test case and carried it right up to the United States Supreme Court, which gave them the coup de grâce in the form of a denial of an application for a writ of certiorari. Justice and Lyons had triumphed; everybody, now and forever henceforward, can attend Shubert productions at will.

In connection with this legal exploit, it might be noted that Lyons is the only Broadway columnist ever to be cited in a judicial opinion. In the case of David Katz vs. Horni Signal Manufacturing Corporation, the problem was whether a man could sue for infringement if it turned out that, in his patent, he had shown that he misunderstood the scientific principle on which his device was based. Judge Jerome Frank, of the Circuit Court of Appeals, wrote an opinion establishing that "It is immaterial whether patentee correctly understands how his device operates;" in a footnote he added, "Leonard Lyons reports that Marconi said of the radio he invented: 'Only one thing bothers me: Why do you suppose this thing really works?' New York *Post*, November 3, 1944." This document fell into the hands of



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DARK OF THE MOON
A Dramatic Legend by HOWARD RICHARDSON & WILLIAM BERNEY
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Anna Lucasta
MANSFIELD Theatre 47 St. W. of B'way
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Federal Judge Simon Rifkind, who wrote a verse about it:

> "What makes this gadget work?
> A law of nature
> Or some inexplicable quirk?"
> These words Marconi uttered
> As his Melba toast he buttered
> Drinking coffee with a Turk.
>
> Is this fable, fact, or fiction?
> Has it had the benediction
> Of highbrow jurist or historian?
> Oh yes, there is authority
> Without dissent by minority.
> My citation is down below;
> Lenny Lyons says it's so.

William Saroyan, in a magazine article he wrote about Lyons some time ago, said, "There is not a great deal of desperation in him—if there is any at all." It certainly is a fact that the entire Lyons family radiates a tranquillity equalled only by Longfellow's village blacksmith. Outside of a few journalistic rivals, Lyons has no enemies, which, as Saroyan pointed out, "is a tremendous circumstance when you consider that he lives in New York, usually sees people when they are drinking, and writes a column." Everyone is Lyons' friend. Not long ago two young men standing side by side in a fashionable barroom struck up an acquaintance. "Say," one of them exclaimed, after their second drink together, "I think I used to know your sister." "Oh, you do, do you?" the other muttered, obscurely insulted. "Come on outside." Lyons' taxi pulled up to the marquee just as the brother flattened his sister's old acquaintance. "Hello, Leonard," the victor said, breathing heavily. "Hello," Lyons said. The corpse on the sidewalk stirred faintly, looked up at Lyons, and spoke: "Hello, Leonard." "Hello, there," Lyons said. He nodded pleasantly at the pair and went on into the night club.

—Russell Maloney

•

Influenza.—Nearly one death in ten, in the United States, is due to an acute infection of the lungs or air passages—influenza, pneumonia, "pleurisy" or bronchitis. One would have to wipe out the whole population of Albany or Chattanooga to duplicate the yearly loss officially debited to these diseases.—*From "Plague on Us," by Geddes Smith.*

Let's go. Which'll it be?

•

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT
(FUN IN FOREIGN LANDS DIVISION)

[*From the Times*]

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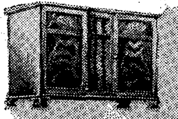

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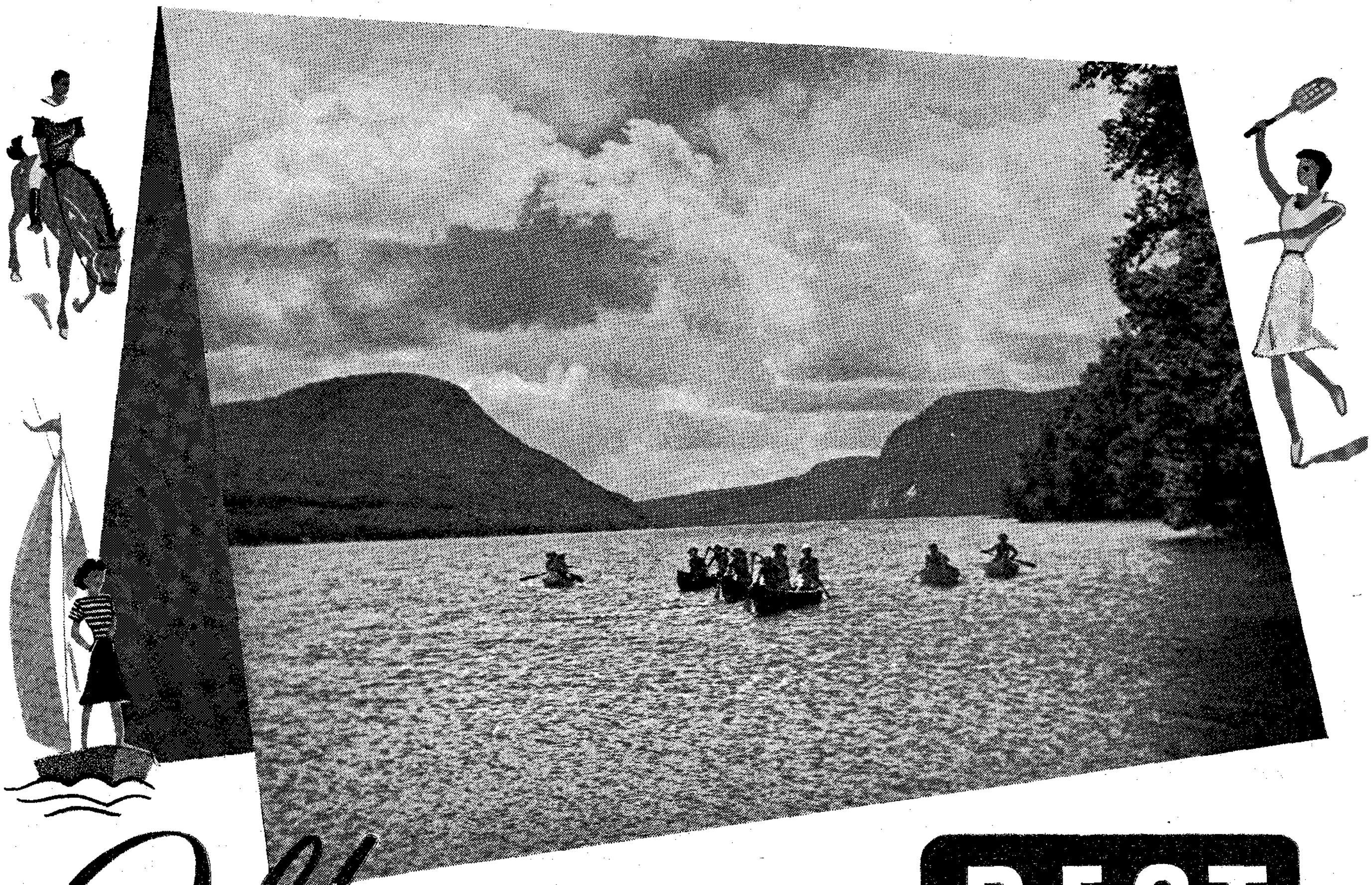

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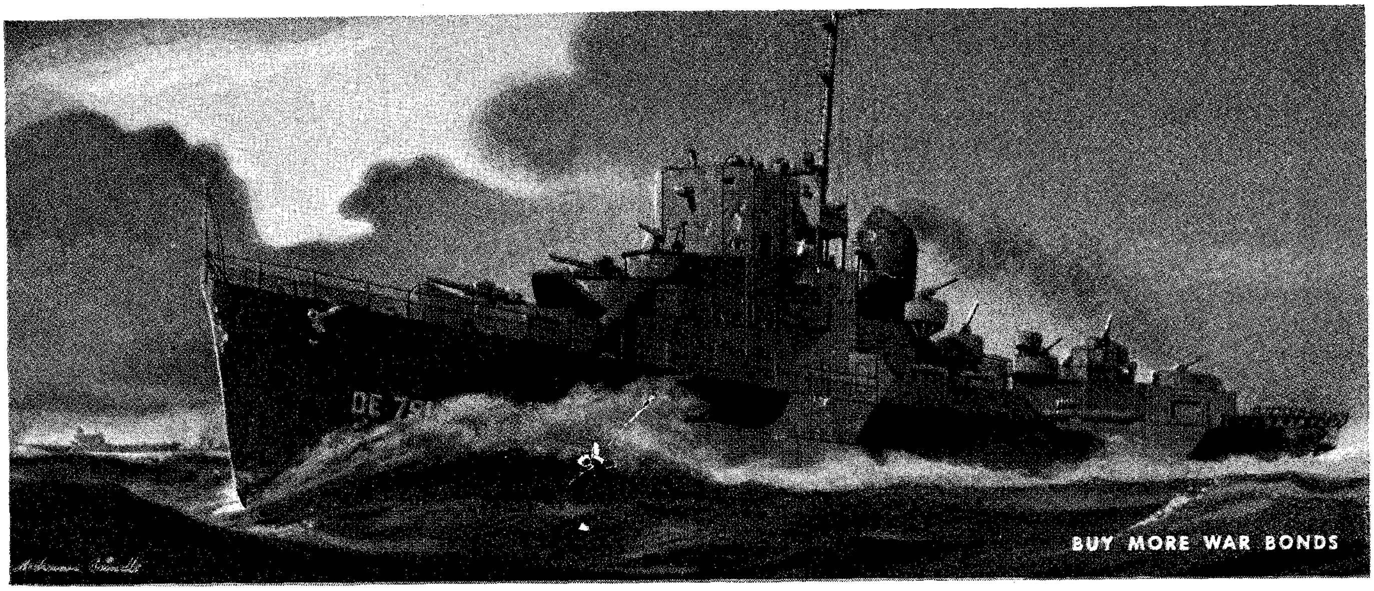

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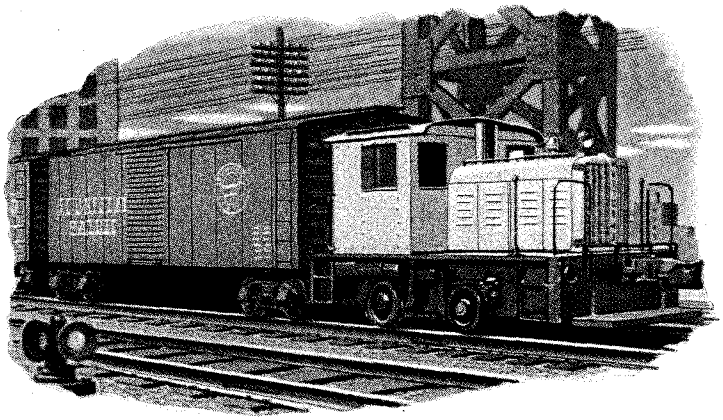

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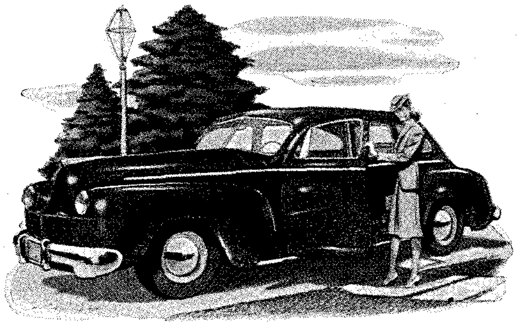

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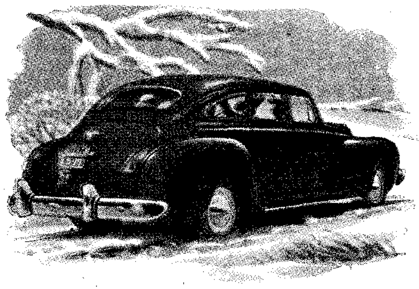

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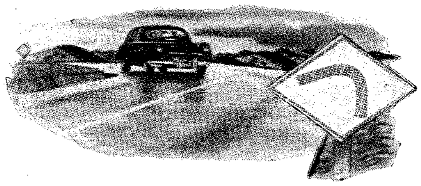

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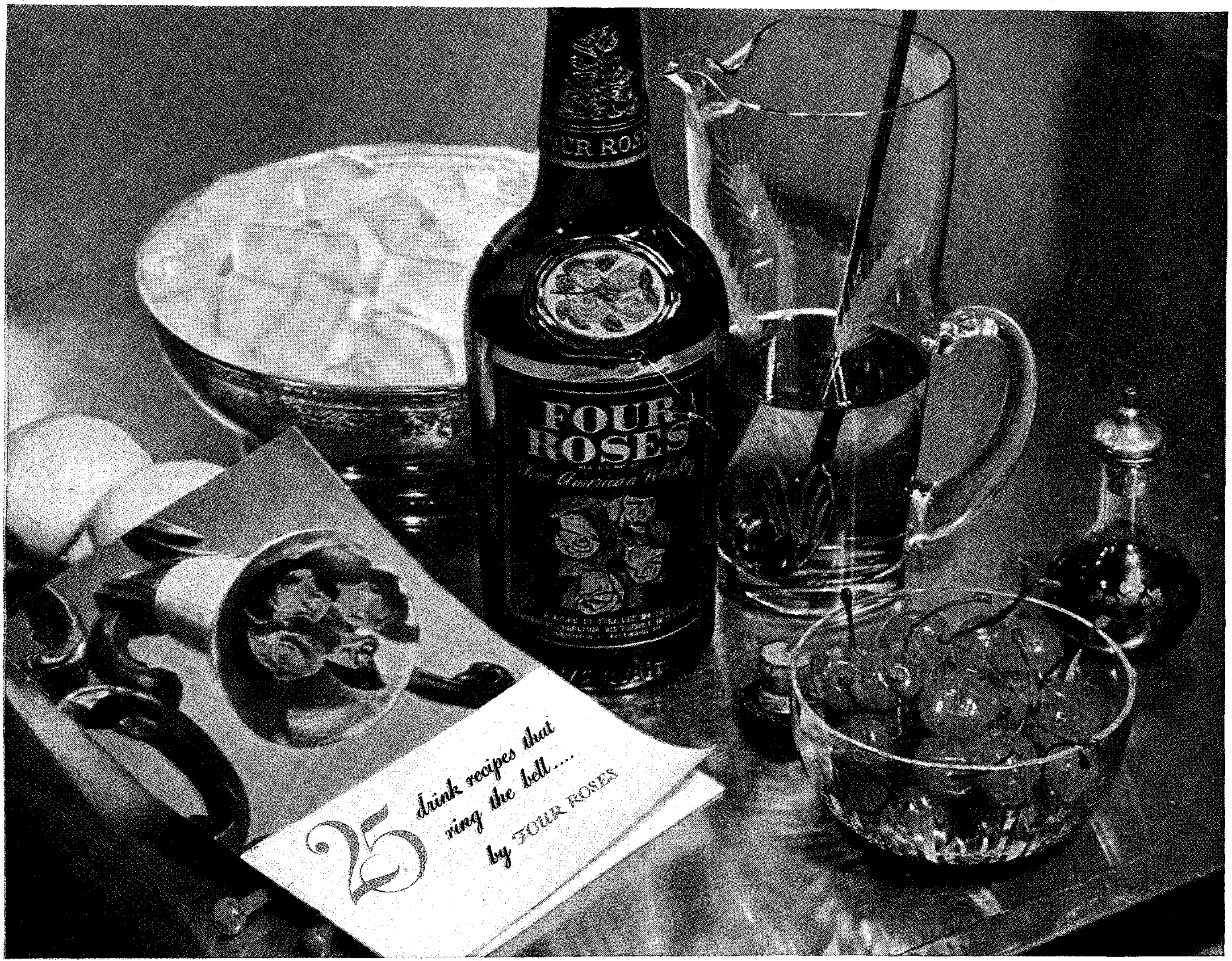

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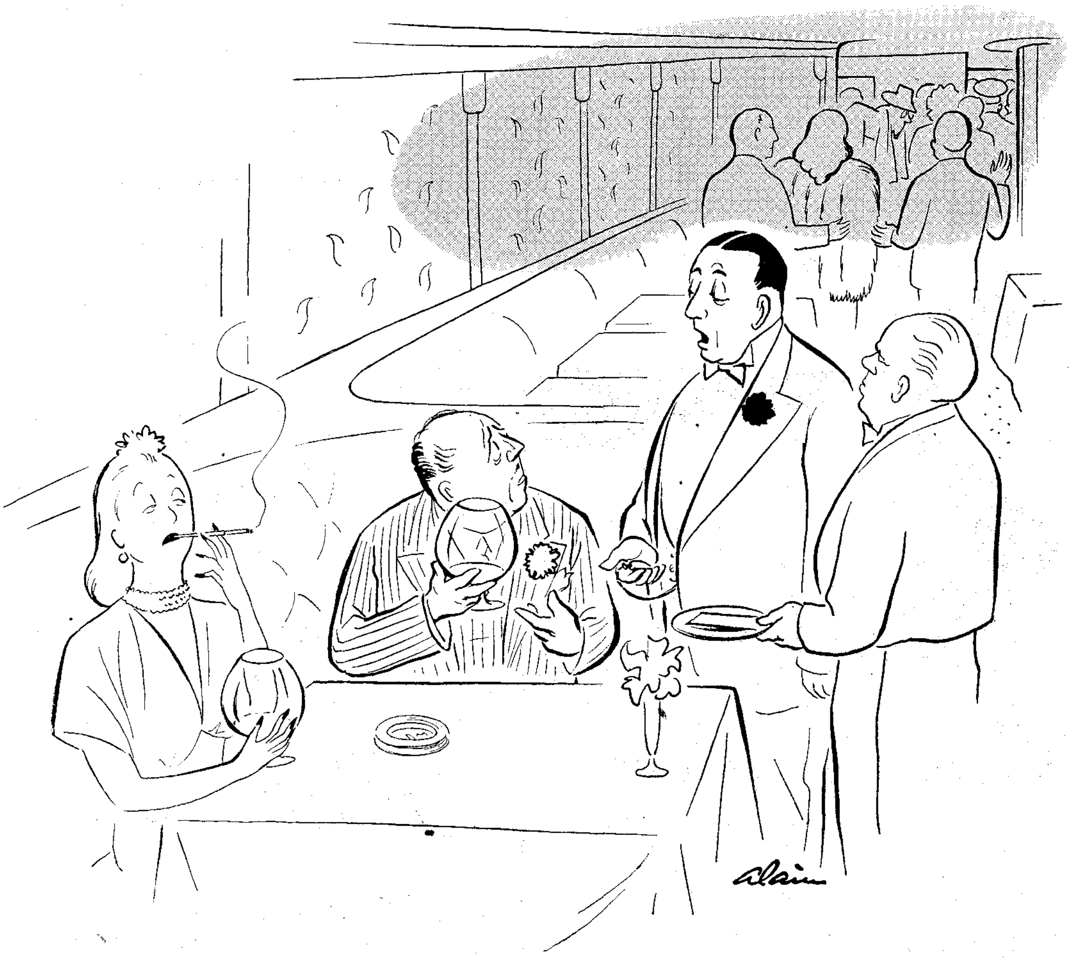
THE THEATRE

SUCH NICE PEOPLE

IN "The Glass Menagerie" (a lovely title), you will see a very touching play, made to seem even better than it is because of a really magnificent performance by Laurette Taylor. The story is simple enough in essence—a crippled girl looking for some kind of emotional release, symbolized, as you may have gathered, by a pathetic little collection of glass animals, meets a man, largely through the violent manipulations of her mother, is stirred by him to some faint sense of reality, and then watches him go off to meet another girl. Some of the implications, however, may be a little blurred. As the final curtain comes down, Eddie Dowling, who serves as a combination brother and interlocutor, tells the audience, "Here my memory ends and your imagination begins." I have applied my imagination to the probable future of the heroine, left alone with her menagerie, but the results don't seem to be very satisfactory. I can only suppose that Laura, which happens to be her name, simply retreated back into the misty half-life that had imprisoned her in the beginning. Objections like these are captious in any case, because the author, Tennessee Williams, has captured a brief but poignant period in four lives, no negligible accomplishment on any stage.

It is hard to know just what to write about Miss Taylor. The last time I saw her, I think, was as the cockney charwoman in a revival of "Outward Bound," and I thought then that she was probably just about the greatest character actress in America. This time, as a former Southern belle and a fiercely designing mother, she is incomparable. Her recollections of past glories, when she planned to marry a rich planter rather than the lineman for the telephone company who actually turned out to be her lot, are fine, hilarious parody. Her efforts to beguile the young man with her daughter's charms and then her indignation at him when it turns out that he is "going steady" with a girl called Betty rise to a very affecting passion of maternity. Throughout, she is warm, humorous, and, of course, as nearly perfect technically as a mortal actress can hope to be. Julie Haydon, as the crippled daughter, plays with all her usual ethereal charm. It might be said that her deformity, so vehemently stressed by the other members of the cast, looked too slight to me to really handicap her emotionally or socially—in fact, there were times when she appeared to forget to limp at all—but it may be that too much emphasis on an affliction is not advisable in the theatre. Mr. Dowling, doing triple duty, since he directed the piece, along with everything else, is offhand and Irish and altogether admirable. Personally, I can get along without characters who stand on one side of the stage explaining to me what is going on in the middle (on the theory that a really sound play is capable of explaining itself), but if there has to be such a man around, my candidate is Dowling. Anthony Ross, who breaks one of Miss Haydon's little animals (we won't go into the significance of that) and even persuades her to dance a step or two, is not, perhaps, quite up to the competition, but he gives a sensible, attractive performance, surely good enough, in view of all the other riches on display.

Altogether, I think you'll admire "The Glass Menagerie." There are certainly times when things get a little vague and confused, and Mr. Williams and Mr. Dowling do not always seem to be precisely sure what is on each other's mind, but they have a lot of appealing things to say and their play is unquestionably superbly acted.



"Sir, I know that 1896 Armagnac should be sipped, but you got off to a late start."

JUST about the only thing to tell you about "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" is that Katharine Cornell is back in it, with a good part of her original cast, and she is still the only actress I can imagine in such a part. The play itself, for which I had no particular enthusiasm the first time around, strikes me now as even more implausible as literary history. Played by McKay Morris, Edward Moulton-Barrett is a figure so monstrous that I can't believe that even his curiously dispirited family would have put up with him for a minute, and Browning himself, Brian Aherne, never quite convinces me that he could write a quatrain, much less "Pippa Passes."

AT this writing, "You Can't Take It with You" is presumably still at the City Center, featuring a good part of the Stone family. I missed this one because of conflicting engagements, but the reports are that the cast is more energetic than, if not quite so gifted as, the original. I guess you know about the play.

"LADY IN DANGER" is, or was, one of those jobs in which dead men keep falling out of closets. Among the cast, I saw Helen Claire, Alexander Kirkland, Vicki Cummings, and Clarence Derwent. I doubt that the notices amused any of them.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Raleigh (N.C.) Times*]

SOCIAL CALENDAR

Tuesday

8:00 p. m.—Miss Betty Otstot is hostess at bridge at her home, 2507 Kenmore Drive, for Miss June Johnson, bride-elect.

Wednesday

8:30 p. m.—Mrs. Graydon Preddy entertains at bridge at her home 2207 Circle, honoring Miss June Johnson, bride-elect.

Friday

7:30 p. m.—Miss Margaret Hairston gives dinner party at the Country Club for the Miller-Johnson wedding party and out of town guests.

9:00 p. m.—Miller-Johnson wedding rehearsal at the Hayes Barton Baptist Church.

10:00 p. m.—Dr. and Mrs. A. W. Peede and Mr. and Mrs. William Byrd of Lillington give cake cutting honoring the Miller-Johnson wedding party and out of town guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Johnson, 2505 Kenmore Drive.

Saturday

1:30 p. m.—Miss June Johnson gives luncheon at the Colonial Pines Hotel for her wedding attendants and out of town guests.

9:00 p. m.—Miller-Johnson wedding takes place at the Hayes Barton Baptist Church.

Rogers Peet Quality unchanged by the War

Feminine eyes understand!

FEMININE eyes understand and appreciate fabrics, style and tailoring.

Indeed, if a woman advised every man there would be a still greater demand for clothes by the *modern* Rogers Peet.

Perfect fitting is another experience you will enjoy here.

Rogers Peet Company

Makers of Fine Clothes

In New York: Fifth Avenue *at* 41st Street | 13th Street *at* Broadway | Warren Street *at* Broadway | *And in Boston:* Tremont St. *at* Bromfield St.

NEWS! Designs by Lucile Blanch on Place Mats

Gay fruit series, painted specially for the table by this distinguished artist. Beautifully reproduced in pastels — durable, heat-resistant, non-buckling, linen saving. **And with the very new scallop edge.** Napkins of WESLEY SIMPSON fabric in harmonizing colors — lemon yellow, chartreuse, or cerise. **Grand gift!**

Box of 6 mats, $4.95; with 6 napkins, $9.70

Napkins in one or assorted colors . . . Postpaid—no approvals

MOSSE 659 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22

OF ALL THINGS

EISENHOWER is now in a position to offer excellent service to members of the Wehrmacht who wish to leave the war. He has nine big armies over the Rhine, all ready and willing to usher customers to the nearest exit.

•

Our invasion of Okinawa is a grave threat to the Japanese homeland, but the government is meeting the crisis manfully. The clever little fellows have replaced their old political organization with a new one called the Sure Victory Party.

•

The German people are becoming aware of still another serious domestic problem. The omniscient Nazi founding fathers seem to have neglected to set up a ministry in charge of asking for peace.

•

Delegates to the San Francisco conference are warned that they must not expect sumptuous banqueting. There will, however, be enough food at the quick-lunch counter to satisfy the inner delegate.

•

Argentina's declaration of war against Germany and Japan has presumably advanced the cause of hemispheric solidarity. The Buenos Aires government is to be congratulated upon getting to the show before the curtain falls.

•

The Congressional committee appointed to investigate food shortages got in touch with the problem with commendable promptness. At the first committee lunch in the House restaurant, the members found practically nothing on hand to eat.

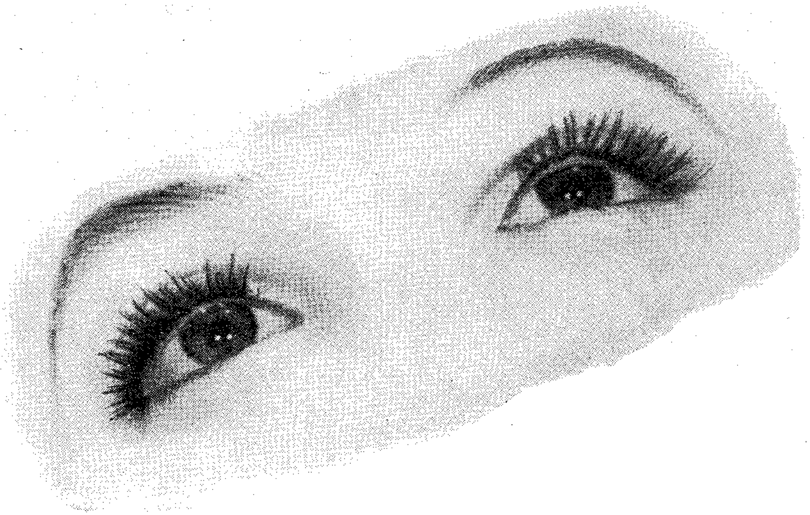
•

The Treasury says that more than five billion dollars in bills of large denomination seem to have dropped out of circulation and it wants to know where they are. It will probably turn out that somebody left them in a taxicab.

•

There is reason to believe that many Nazi leaders have moved to Bavaria. Evidently these war criminals feel that it is better to hang around the Alps than to hang in Berlin.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



Madame . . . your eyes are showing!

Your eyes *can be* beautiful *but* betraying.
So *encourage* all that beauty with Helena Rubinstein
glamor touches. But be sure to *anticipate*
any "betrayals" by keeping the area around them
"smooth as youth"—the eyes bright—
the lashes long, dark and luxuriant.

Each night, fingerprint SPECIAL EYE CREAM to the sensitive area around your eyes. This blend of fine oils and rich emollients helps to keep it smooth and supple. 1.00, 2.00, 3.50

When you have tired or "over-used" your eyes—saturate cotton with EXTRAIT—apply to your eyes and relax. The look of fatigue will have vanished—your eyes seem wondrously "awake." 1.25, 2.25, 5.00

For glamor-strategy! A mere swish of Helena Rubinstein's WATERPROOF MASCARA—your lashes look longer, more luxuriant, darker, instantly. Black, brown, blue. 1.00

Plus tax

Helena Rubinstein

$70

A cool summer print in
smooth rayon crepe with
a neatly tied midriff.
Also in solid black,
brown or navy for $60.

IMMEDIATE WEAR SALON

Hattie Carnegie

42 EAST 49th STREET, NEW YORK 17

LETTER FROM PARIS

MARCH 30 (BY WIRELESS)

HANNIBAL'S crossing of the Alps with elephants is the only military transportation miracle which, to historical-minded Parisians, seems comparable, in its exciting strangeness, to our Allied amphibicaerial feat of crossing the Rhine with glider scows in the sky and ocean boats assembled on the land beneath. *Le Canard Enchaîné*, the boulevard's favorite satiric gazette, rushed into print with a cartoon showing a goggle-eyed Rhineland grasshopper—"*les sauterelles*" was occupied-Paris slang for the Nazis who laid waste the French land—peering in terror at the parachute-filled spring clouds and exclaiming, "*Tiens!* It's raining men!" In keeping with the extravagance of the good news, the paper-starved Paris newspapers began spreading themselves onto two tabloid-size sheets instead of the standard one tabloid-size sheet, or onto a single, old-style big page; or they added a picture section showing Nazi prisoners, hands held high, springing through the concrete dragon teeth of their invincible Siegfried Line. The Paris journals acted as though they were drunk on ink; no two headlines agreed on what town the Allied troops were closest to. It was as if the editors had shut their eyes and blissfully pinned a tail on the donkey—Kassel, Münster, Nuremberg, Danzig, Vienna—*qu'importe?* To Paris, the prodigy of Allied speed—part victory, part gasoline—was breathtaking.

The German radio, once an occupied necessity and now a joy, also made Parisians gasp. Until recently, the Cologne, Stuttgart, and Vienna stations were the three biggest the Nazis had. After the Americans had taken Cologne and the Russians had closed in on Vienna, those two stations were combined, and if you dialled one you got either—meaning neither, geographically, since doubtless the new transmitter was in heaven knows what sheltered area. Thus, on the Tuesday Cologne fell, the Cologne station was still emitting soothing German waltzes. Last week, during which the Allies advertised that they had dropped eighty thousand tons of bombs on dilapidated Germany, the *Köln-Wien* station intermittently informed whatever German listeners were still able to hear it over the deathly uproar that "there are only weak enemy fighter groups over the Reich." However, after the Allies crossed the Rhine in their Noah's Ark company of buffaloes, alligators, and ducks, the German radio moved rapidly from alarm to self-pity to treachery against the *Partei*. One weekend commentator moaned, "Somebody has failed at his duty. The fact that so many depots of oil, food supplies, and munitions fall intact into the enemy's hands proves it." The most treacherous statement, for which a month ago the Germans not only would have cut the commentator off the air but would have cut his voice from his shoulders, was what purported to be a quotation from the *Völkischer Beobachter*, Hitler's and the Nazi Party's own newspaper. It went as follows: "It has become very difficult to feel like a National Socialist and to profess that one is one. We have no illusions about this." From disillusion to democracy will doubtless take no more time than will be required for the *Völkischer Beobachter* editor to turn his coat.

ALREADY France's Third Republic is worrying about Germany's coming democracy. As a salty, salutary editorial by Vladimir d'Ormesson in *Le Figaro* puts it, the more the Germans are defeated, the more we'll all hear about the democracy of their spirit, customs, and institutions. "In addition," he goes on, "to whatever degree certain democratic measures have already prevailed across the Rhine, it must be said, because it is true, that they have worked against us. It must not be forgotten that the first conception of German unity, in 1848 . . . had a democratic character. And it must also not be forgotten that one of the first acts of the German Socialists, when they took power after the defeat of 1918, was to advocate the *Anschluss*. In both cases, the German democratic spirit only prepared the way for Prussian domination." D'Ormesson adds that the last time Germany tried democracy, under the Weimar Republic, it was in the unpleasant climate of defeat, and that conditions will be even worse this time. If we encourage Germany toward democracy now, he asks, "won't we disgust her with it for all time? On the other hand, could anyone but a lunatic prefer her natural authoritarianism?" D'Ormesson extricates himself from this vicious circle by concluding that peace will be maintained not by establishing a democracy across the

Rhine but by the German realization that a new war will mean an immediate defeat. Indeed, he thinks that there is no point in bothering now about the future form of government in Germany. For, whatever the Germans turn Germany into, he prophesies bitterly, "it will take a long time, a very long time, before Germany, even miraculously converted to true democracy, can be permitted to live on an equal footing with other nations."

JUST before the German rout in the Rhineland, the announcement was made here, in small type, in the newspapers' daily *épuration* columns, that *l'instruction* of the preliminary admission of evidence for the trial of Marshal Henri-Philippe Pétain had been opened. In any purge trials for treason held after May 1st, there will be no death penalty. Even the trial, a fortnight ago, of Admiral Jean-Pierre Esteva, resident general of Tunis and chief of the Mediterranean fleet that, on Pétain's orders, did not aid us in our invasion, resulted only in life imprisonment and—what must have been worse for the palsied old hierarchialist—the loss of rank with dishonor. The treason trial of General Henri Dentz, chief of the French army in Syria that also took its disobliging invasion orders from Pétain, is on the docket for around April 15th. Thus the question of the colonial administrators'—the Army's and Navy's—guilt of obedience will, illogically, be determined before the guilt of the man whose orders they obeyed has been established. Until Germany began crumbling, it was supposed that the Marshal would be tried *in absentia*, in a *procès* in which there would be neither accused nor defense nor even a witness—nothing but a judge, two juries, a *greffier* to read the charge, and a locked wooden trunk, the size of a carpenter's tool box, filled with personal papers the Marshal, and the hurried Germans who accompanied him, left behind in Vichy's Hôtel du Parc. This trunk will be opened, like Pandora's box, at the Marshal's trial, which will be in Paris. There is a rumor that the French Rhine army may cut across Baden to Sigmaringen, where the old man still dwells, too feeble to have followed Laval to Garmisch, Salzburg, or wherever the journals choose to place him. At any rate, Sigmaringen and the Marshal are in that German zone which comes under French control upon Germany's official defeat. Thus the trial of Pétain may not be *in absentia*, after all. He may appear in person, *non grata*. —GENÊT

"I'M SPEECHLESS"

. . . said the Congresswoman

Roaster-fresh coffee made right in the cup

Roaster-fresh because *in Nescafé* all the fresh flavor of newly-roasted coffee is *sealed in* by added carbohydrates.

"WHAT *I'M* LOOKING FOR," said the Congresswoman, "is a cup of *full-flavored* coffee." "Well, here it is! . . . made *instantly*, too," said a Senator, handing her a cup of Nescafé. And for the first time in her life she was *speechless*. It was *that* good!

You'll agree. For here's how Nescafé brings you a real high in coffee enjoyment. In a way that only *Nestlé's* knows, an extract is made from fine coffees fresh from the roaster . . . *then instantly its flavor is sealed in! You* release this locked-in freshness by just adding hot water.

So easy to prepare . . . no coffee maker to get ready or clean up . . . no grounds. A teaspoonful of Nescafé makes a cupful—for only about 1¢. No waste . . . you make exactly the amount you need—and just the strength you like.

The only Army-Navy "E" award in the soluble coffee field is held by the Nestlé's plant at Sunbury, Ohio. Temporarily the Armed Forces are taking all the Nescafé we make. Soon, we hope, Nescafé will again be available at your grocer's.

A teaspoonful in a cup
Add hot water it's ready

NESCAFÉ
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
A COFFEE EXTRACT COMBINED & POWDERED WITH ADDED DEXTRINS, MALTOSE & DEXTROSE
NESTLÉ
PREPARED BY NESTLÉ'S MILK PRODUCTS, INC. NEW YORK U.S.A.
NET WEIGHT 4 OZ.

NESCAFÉ (PRONOUNCED NES-CAFAY) IS A NESTLÉ PRODUCT, COMPOSED OF EQUAL PARTS OF SKILLFULLY BREWED SOLUBLE COFFEE AND ADDED CARBOHYDRATES (DEXTRINS, MALTOSE AND DEXTROSE) ADDED SOLELY TO PROTECT THE FLAVOR ★ ★ ★ NESTLÉ'S MILK PRODUCTS, INC., NEW YORK, U.S.A.

THERE IS ONLY ONE SURE WAY TO TELL A GOOD *Bottleneck* FROM A BAD ONE

There are good bottlenecks and bad bottlenecks.

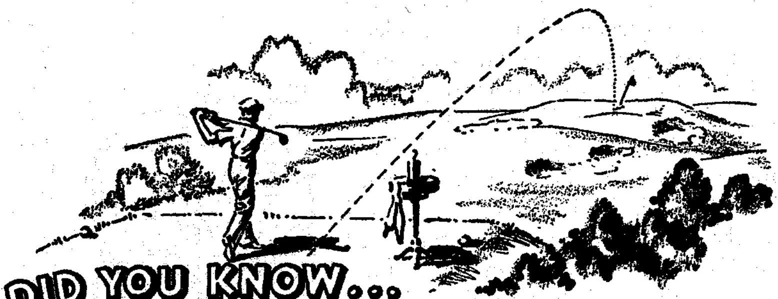
To form a perfect seal, the thread of a bottleneck and the mating thread of the closure must conform. By inspecting the thread contours of the bottlenecking mold and the closure, with a Jones & Lamson Optical Comparator, the accuracy of both is assured.

Forming Dies for plastic caps, and Seaming Rolls for metal cans are also inspected with Jones and Lamson Optical Comparators.

If your inspection department is a bad bottleneck, it will pay to investigate the possibilities of inspection by optical projection with Jones & Lamson Comparators. There is an experienced Jones & Lamson inspection engineer near you, ready to study your inspection problems—call, write or wire him without hesitation.

Beyond a
SHADOW
of a doubt

This book "Beyond a Shadow of a Doubt" will tell you more about our Optical Comparators and what they are doing.



DID YOU KNOW...
THAT GOLF BALLS MUST BE PERFECTLY ROUND TO BE TRUE? THEY ARE INSPECTED FOR CONCENTRICITY WITH **JONES & LAMSON** OPTICAL COMPARATORS

JONES & LAMSON
MACHINE COMPANY
Springfield, Vermont, U.S.A.

Manufacturer of: Universal Turret Lathes • Fay Automatic Lathes • Automatic Double-End Milling and Centering Machines • Automatic Thread Grinders • Optical Comparators • Automatic Opening Threading Dies and Chasers.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

PERSIAN GULF COMMAND

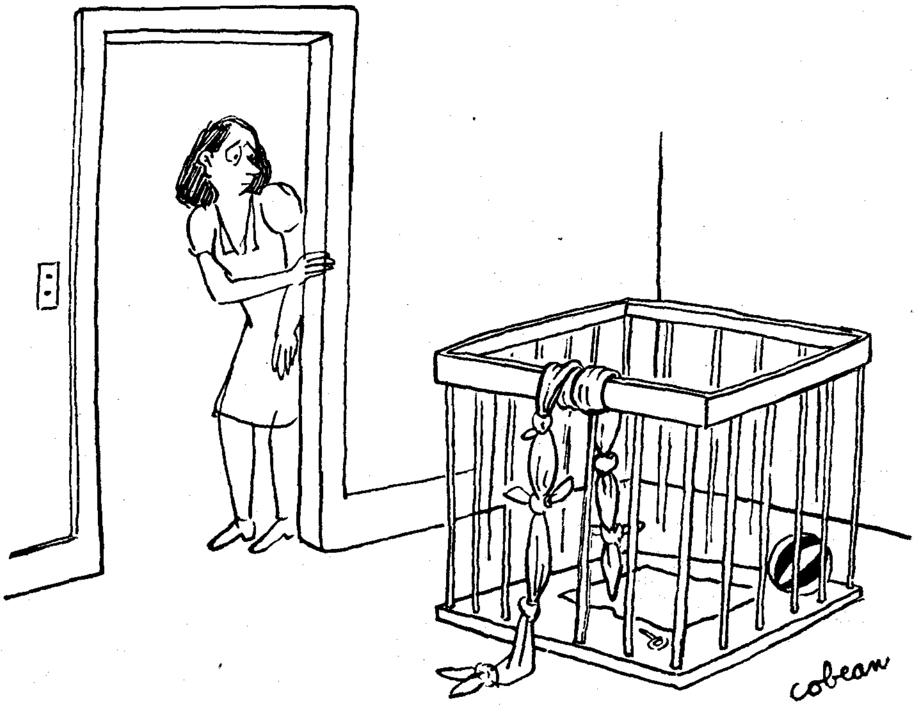
IV—YOU DON'T FOOL AROUND WITH A RAILROAD

DURING the first year of its existence, the U. S. Army's Persian Gulf Command, which has just wound up its second year of delivering vast quantities of American supplies across Iran to the Red Army, was known as the Persian Gulf Service Command. Many of its personnel chafed and fumed under the word "Service." Some of the Command's ablest gripers felt that they could detect in it an implication of general housework. So, in the Era of Good Feeling that followed the Teheran Conference, the Persian Gulf Service Command was rewarded for its magnificent work by having its badge of shame removed. As the Persian Gulf Command, it could thenceforth perspire more cheerfully. This silenced the gripers until they heard that K.P. duty among the Russian troops in northern Iran was performed solely by women, a number of them, it was reported, straight from the front line of the Moscow ballet. The Command was immediately swept by a new gripe wave.

Gripes or not, the supplies never ceased to flow from the ports in the Persian Gulf across the desert and over the mountains to their destinations, and the boys never once failed to top their monthly tonnage quotas, which were called "targets" and were always being increased. The hauling was done over the Iranian State Railway, run by the Army's Military Railway Service, and over a roughly parallel truck route run by the Army's Motor Transport Service. This double flow was sound logistics; if the railroad had ever been bombed out of action—which seemed more than a possibility when blueprints for the Command were being drawn up four months after Pearl Harbor—the Motor Transport Service could have kept at least some of the stuff rolling. However, the railroad never was bombed. The P.G.C.'s railroaders got a terrific jump on its truckers at the start, because the road the truckers had to use was then in frightful shape. Altogether, the railroad outhauled the trucks about four to one. Indeed, there were guardhouse Eisenhowers who would show you how the work could have been done entirely by its railroaders and dockwallopers, thus eliminating the whole Motor Transport Service and the elaborate layout with which the Ordnance maintenanced it and all the painful labor the Engineers had had to put in on seven hundred-odd miles of desert and mountain highway. But then there are guardhouse Eisenhowers who will show you how the Normandy beachheads could have been established by the Finance Department. Once the truckers got rolling, they did wonderful work, particularly last summer, and, in all, they accomplished more than ninety-seven million route miles of hauling. Nevertheless, the P.G.C.'s railroaders—almost a hundred per cent of whom were professionals—would have told you before they left home that they would haul rings around any competing truck lines that might be set up. With the possible exception of big-time circus people, American railroaders, from board chairmen to wheeltappers, are probably the proudest and most self-assured group in our national life. Deep down in their hearts, real railroaders believe that any man worthy of the name who does not work for a railroad must be cursed by Fate, and that any man who would not care to work for a railroad, given the chance, is a man by courtesy only. A sergeant engineer named Bill Leppert, whose run with his ninety-ton MacArthur locomotive was between Teheran and the holy city of Qum, once tried to explain to me the feelings that true, working railroaders have. "Many a time at grade crossings on the B. & O.," he said, "I've seen millionaires look up at me from their limousines with envy in their eyes."

With no disrespect for the Eagle of the Pacific, all railroaders call MacArthur locomotives "Mikes," because the type was originally designed for Hirohito's grandfather and was called the Mikado. Hence "Mick," hence "Mike," and, war or no war, they still are called Mikes, though they were renamed for the General shortly after Pearl Harbor. Army railroaders are conservative men, professionally. Renaming the Mikado the MacArthur, by the way, seems to be the nearest Americans have come in this war to those star-spangled variations of the last, during which we renamed sauerkraut Liberty cabbage, and German-fried potatoes Pershing-fried potatoes.

Of the crews that cowboyed the freight trains day and night from the ports up to Teheran and back, the conductors and engineers were sergeants, the firemen corporals, and the brakemen, if G.I., privates. Often a brakeman would be a native inherited from the Iranian State Railway. Whatever they were, they all worked sixteen or twenty hours at a belt in the early days. Just for laughs, one fireman corporal on the mountain run, on which the emergencies and wrecks were most frequent and the hours therefore the longest, kept a careful time book, as though he were still working at union scale back



14 Kt. Natural Gold Lady's pencil-shaped Lighter. Beautiful engine-turned design. $30.

Shown Actual Size Federal Tax Included
3 letter monogram $.75 additional

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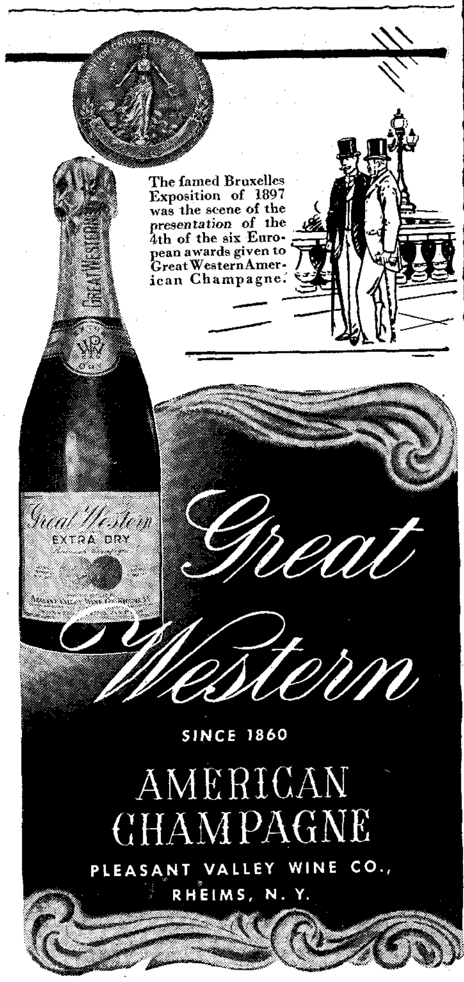
Saint Louis
JEWELERS TO AMERICA FOR 115 YEARS



The famed Bruxelles Exposition of 1897 was the scene of the *presentation* of the 4th of the six European awards given to Great Western American Champagne.

Great Western

SINCE 1860

AMERICAN CHAMPAGNE

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.,
RHEIMS, N. Y.

home, and soon he was earning more hypothetically than his colonel was actually. Once he made himself feel bad by figuring out how much income tax he would have had to pay on his imaginary earnings. In the Military Railway Service, the majority of the enlisted men were youngsters, but among the officers—former yard superintendents, trainmasters, maintenance-of-way men, and the like—there were lots of bald heads and upper plates and even a few snowy pates. Some of the officers must have been railroading when Pullman cars were still illuminated with gas lamps and the porters passed through at dusk lighting the lamps with long wax tapers. Standing behind a group of P.G.C. railroad officers bent over their wash troughs, you would notice chewing-tobacco sacks in quite a few hip pockets.

THERE was abundant bravery in the Persian Gulf Command when it was required, especially in the early days, before things were going smoothly. When disaster threatened, there was usually an officer or a man or a whole battalion to rush in and grab hold of it and never let go until it was conquered. Because this bravery was not the combat sort of bravery that gets written up in the papers, nobody thought of it as much more than part of the day's chores.

The construction of the Iranian State Railway, completed in 1938, after twelve years of labor, was, because of the mountainous terrain, one of the most spectacular engineering feats in history. The Iranian people are justly proud of it, and of the fact that it was built without the aid of foreign capital, its cost of $160,000,000 having been paid out of the proceeds of a government monopoly on sugar and tea. The road is single-tracked, which was ample for its peacetime traffic—a light passenger train every other day and a freight train of Middle East proportions once a week. Then our boys began to roll the Russian supplies over it around the clock. With long strings of loaded cars going north and long strings of empties coming south on the same single track, some very delicate dispatching had to be done. Everything would work out perfectly until a train ran away, which happened from time to time, and then a delightful afternoon or evening would be had by everyone on board and everyone all along the line.

Corporal Harry Slick was the fireman on a train that ran away. His Mike was pulling a train that had eight siding stops to make on its run through the Zagros Mountains. Slick was a quiet, well-spoken young soldier from Youngwood, Pennsylvania, whom everybody liked. Before joining up, he had worked on the Pittsburgh division of the Pennsy. One spring day in 1943, his train was made up of twenty-one cars, loaded with a thousand tons of supplies for the Russians. Ten of the cars were tankers filled with high-octane aviation gasoline; the eleven others were boxcars containing ammunition and explosives. There was no caboose, and the conductor, a soldier of Scandinavian descent, was riding in the cab with Slick and the engineer. Slick had just turned twenty-three; the two others were oldtimers and seasoned railroaders. The brakeman, who was as surefooted as anyone I've ever seen strolling up and down the tops of moving boxcars, was an Iranian. The engineer had brought along a can of those little G.I. alleged sausages, the kind nobody in the Army ever eats twice if he can help it, and shortly before the train started down its first long hill the conductor was kidding him about them. The mountains of the Zagros range are higher than our Rockies in a number of places, and in going through them the railroad ascends to more than seven thousand feet. Slick's train started to run away when it was going down a grade which dropped twenty-five hundred feet in forty-two miles, and the track down it was full of wicked curves. The engineer tried to shut off steam, but the throttle broke. It was as though, driving a car, your accelerator had stuck halfway to the floor and there was no way of turning your ignition off. As soon as the engineer realized that something was wrong, he applied his airbrakes. Air brakes were scarce on the railroad in those days; only twenty per cent of the cars on this train were equipped with them. The engineer applied them, but it did no good. He whistled to the brakeman to start putting on all the hand brakes. On the next curve the three men in the cab leaned out and saw the wheels spitting great sparks under every car, but the train kept going faster. When Slick's Mike reached the bottom of the hill, it, with two and one-fifth million pounds of gas and ammunition and explosives behind it, was going ninety miles an hour.

The train slowed down to between sixty and seventy in the valley, but the engine was rocking so violently that the conductor lay on his belly on the engine deck and clung to the tender rail. The three men in the cab knew that there were southbound trains coming toward them over the single track. Twice the engineer tried to reverse the engine but couldn't. When the runaway tore past the first station it was supposed to wait at, a sergeant dispatcher named Seth Hood took one look at it and phoned down the line in time to get four trains cleared onto sidings and out of its way. As the runaway train roared through station after station, the three men were amazed that there was no collision; then it came to them that Hood had saved them, and when they were safely past the seventh station they bellowed at each other in delight. They knew that there were no trains beyond the eighth station at this time of day and they assumed that the one they were supposed to meet there would be on a siding. The Iranian brakeman waved from a boxcar at a gaping track gang. In literal-minded devotion to duty, he had faithfully sung out, from his car top, the name of each station the train had crashed through. Then the train rounded a blind curve and in the distance the three men saw the eighth station. Beside it they noticed three columns of smoke rising. To them this meant only one thing: there were three trains in the station—one on the main-line track and one on each of the station's two sidings. The engineer made one desperate last try at the reversing mechanism. Nothing happened. He jumped, and bounced ten feet into the air after he hit. The conductor waited until the train reached a fill and then jumped into the soft earth.

Slick stayed on the train. A few minutes later the train reached the station. To his amazement it rushed through unharmed. Two of the three columns of smoke, it turned out, were from a double-header—two engines pulling one train—on one siding, and the third was from an engine on the other siding, so the main track was free. Slick hadn't known this, of course, when he took over. He just stuck there and kept on trying to reverse the engine. Thirty-five miles beyond the station, he finally stopped the train. He was always very modest afterward, insisting that the dispatcher deserved the real credit. When you tried to get him to explain why he hadn't jumped, the most he would say was "Well, you don't fool around with a railroad."

After the train stopped, Slick suddenly felt starved, and when an emergency squad arrived on the scene he was found dazedly hunting around the

LISTEN: APRIL 7, 1945

Bob Hawk of *Thanks to the Yanks* spoke 380 words into a CBS microphone Monday night, March 12. It took him 94 seconds to speak the words. The words asked listeners to send him extra decks of playing cards that were unused around the house, so that he could turn them over to hospitals for wounded service men. Within 8 days mail bags containing 228,000 decks of cards were trucked out of CBS for distribution to the hospitals. 90% of the decks were new, representing a retail cost of at least $115,000...That is the simple direct power-for-good in the spoken word, if you have something to say.

★

A woman in Indiana just wrote to ask "How do you get the wonderful ministers for your *Church of the Air?*"

Answers:

1. Women in Indiana and the other 47 states keep nominating their own favorite clergymen;

2. Our 147 affiliated stations often broadcast sermons by their local clergymen;

3. We have a competent scout who goes up and down the nation looking for exceptional pulpit talent;

4. Finally, the *Church of the Air* has a board of consultants representing 11 denominations who not only make suggestions, but who must first approve every minister before he can speak on the program.

This method makes it hard to overlook the best man each denomination has to offer.

★

When the George Foster Peabody 1944 annual radio award for public service went to WTAG, Columbia's affiliate in Worcester, it made it pretty unanimous. For only a few weeks before both the duPont award for community service and *Variety's* "showmanagement" plaque went to the same station, thereby making WTAG the only station in the history of broadcasting to win three major awards for public service in one year.

On March 25 WTAG broadcast the final program of its series *Worcester and The World* in which, for a period of six months, it brought the citizens of central New England into direct radio contact with the peoples and habits of 21 of the United Nations. WTAG shared a Peabody award with its sister CBS affiliate, WIBX, in Utica, which was recognized for a program series called *Cross Rhoads,* originating each week from the Rhoads General Hospital, housing hundreds of wounded and disabled veterans. In addition the Peabody committee gave special citations to two other CBS affiliated stations: KOIN in Portland, Ore. and WFBL in Syracuse; and to KMOX, the network's own station in St. Louis.

Among the Peabody, duPont and *Variety* awards we counted 17 CBS stations which were honored during March for competence, ingenuity and enterprise, and of the total, three were cited twice and one three times. To them all CBS offers its proud congratulations.

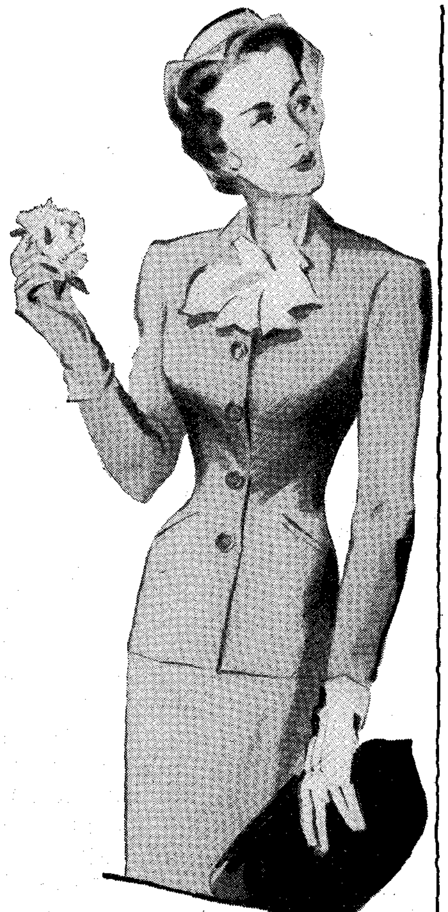
★

On *Big Town* the other night, *Steve Wilson,* the crusading editor, unmasked a swindler trying to raise funds for the relief of veterans and their families. To the National Association of Better Business Bureaus, the program was more than entertainment. The BBB wrote this to writer-producer Jerry McGill and his cast:

"You are to be congratulated for your exposure of fake charity racketeers... In these times, when money is more easily obtained, this scheme has grown to huge proportions."

★

This is
CBS
the COLUMBIA
BROADCASTING SYSTEM



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You'll look so trim in an exquisitely tailored Flexaire bra. Designed for firm, uplifted beauty . . . Flexaire molds your bosom in smooth, youthful contours, yet leaves you feeling free-as-air. Just ask your corsetiere.

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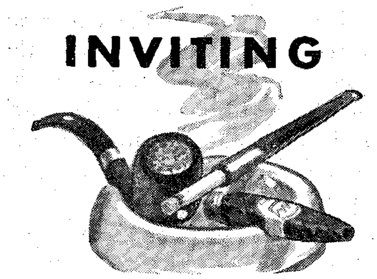
cab for the little sausages the engineer had brought. The engineer's skull and some of his ribs were broken, but he recovered after a year in a hospital. The conductor, who had missed a culvert by inches in his jump, was merely bruised. He had done some skiing and knew about falling. Slick received the Soldier's Medal, the award given by the Army for gallantry in noncombat areas, and the Russian Order of the Red Star, which entitles him to a monthly pension and free rides on all the common carriers in the Soviet Union, if he ever gets there. The last time I saw him, he was working on a pusher engine in the mountains and was still a corporal.

Soldier's Medals were also won by several brakemen who stuck with, and saved from disaster, strings of cars that had snapped off other trains on the way up mountains and rolled back downhill. The couplings on the Iranian State Railway were then of the obsolete link-and-hook variety, which would make an American safety inspector blanch.

BESIDES its fleet of Mikes, the P.G.C. eventually had a flotilla of about a hundred Diesel locomotives. Among the railroaders there were the usual squabbles between proponents of steam and those of Diesel power, but even the steam diehards had to admit that the Diesels saved the railroader's life in the tunnel sections. In one part of the mountains there were a hundred and thirty-three tunnels in a hundred and ten miles—forty-seven miles of tunnels. These were all unventilated, and when the long ones were filled with smoke and steam from the Mikes the temperature rose to 180 and it was impossible for the engineers and firemen to stay in their cabs. They would have to slow the trains down and get out and walk beside them, which did not speed up the service. Then one day the Diesels arrived and took over in the tunnels, and the torture ended. When you rode on one of them, all you needed was a big cigar and a Tom Collins to make you feel like the president of the system. At a little station called Safid Dasht, which was the railroad's highest point in the mountains, every Diesel would stop for a breather after its climb, and a couple of soldiers would get out a fire hose and wet it down, as though it were a circus elephant after a hot August parade.

Most of the P.G.C.'s railroaders were quartered at posts, large and small, along the line, but little groups of them also lived in isolated tar-paper shacks in remote spots in the desert and moun-

INVITING



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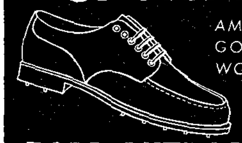

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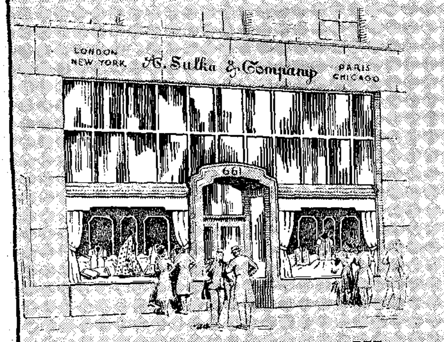

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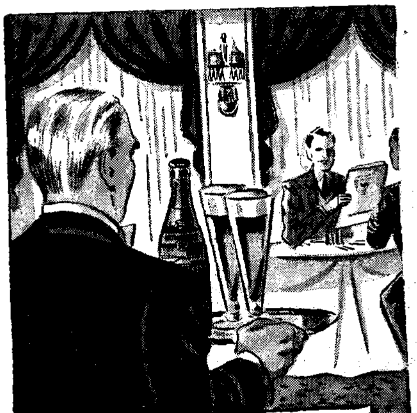

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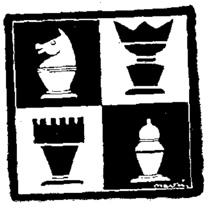
and-chain. Up and down the docks rolled the fork trucks, little electric vehicles equipped in front with a four-tined mechanism that would slice under a pile of boxes and lift it to flatcar or truck height, thus saving incalculable sweat and sacroiliac.

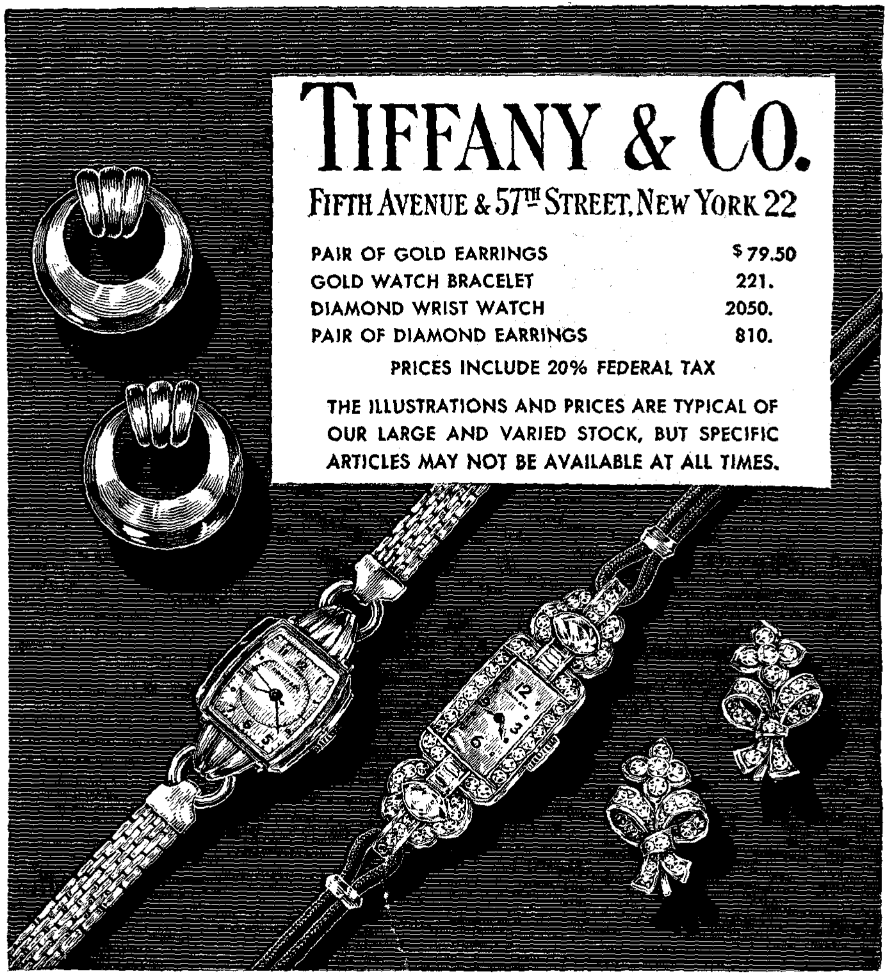
The unloading at Khorramshahr was done by two battalions, one white and the other colored. The white boys and their officers were nearly all pros who had been in stevedoring and longshoring and lighterage on the Pacific Coast and in the Gulf of Mexico, but many of the colored boys had never even seen a ship before they got in the Army. There was a great rivalry between the two outfits over which could handle more tonnage, and every month the winner was given possession of a flag. The colored boys got so good that they held the flag much of the time. In addition to their competition with the other club, the colored boys kept up a considerable inter-company competition among themselves. More than five thousand dollars in bets were laid by this battalion's noncoms on which company would handle the most stuff during one month in the summer of 1943. It is very hot in Khorramshahr in July —120 in the shade nearly every day—and down in those holds it was often 140 at midnight. The race was close right up to the end, and when the top kick caught one of the sergeants working as a coolie to insure his bet there was a slight scuffle. Then another company, in a single twenty-four-hour period, took off nine hundred and eighty long tons of mixed freight, which is 2,195,-200 pounds. This staggering piece of work was later surpassed by companies in both battalions, and eventually the white boys broke the world's record for unloading a Liberty ship. A Liberty holds ten to fifteen trainloads of cargo. In December, 1942, when the P.G.C. arrived in Khorramshahr in force, Liberty ships were waiting there as long as sixty days before they could be unloaded and start home. The Command's Engineers immediately enlarged the town's two docks and rapidly built five more, and it was not long before the Liberty ships were empty and starting home a week after their arrival. The two port battalions became so skillful that at its 1944 peak Khorramshahr, in tonnage handled, was the world's third largest port.



Off duty, as well as on, the boys of the colored battalion furnished many surprises. In hundreds of letters submitted to them for censoring, the battalion's officers were startled to read of the dreadful battles the letter writers had fought with the flower of the Japanese Army. "Dear Wife," a typical letter would run, "The Japs is sure ben bad this week . . . but I jump into my fox hole and tuck my little old machine gun and mow them down." Certain sections of Khorramshahr were off limits and sternly policed. One night a pair of M.P.s noticed two tall, dark men in white burnouses walking through one of these areas. Coal-black Moslems are not rare in that part of the world, but there was something funny about these two. The M.P.s stopped them, backed them against a wall, and addressed them first in English, then in M.P. Persian. There were only shrugs and timid smiles in return. Each man wore the golden rope on his headcloth that bespeaks great importance and carried in his hand a string of prayer beads. Thinking that they had made a mistake, the M.P.s were about to apologize and let them go when one happened to glance down and see, peeking from under a burnous skirt, the unmistakable toe cap of a G.I. shoe.

FUNCTIONING in rhythm with the ship unloading was something called "C.M.T.," which stood for Cased Motor Trucks. C.M.T. tonnage was tabulated separately from the tonnage of the other freight handled in the Command and was not counted in the total. As a logistics device, C.M.T. is one of the prettiest and most effective ever contrived. It is used in our other theatres, of course, but I doubt if it has ever been made to work as brilliantly anywhere else as in the Persian Gulf Command. In the desert there were two truck-assembly plants run by our officers and men and staffed by natives, most of whom were barefoot and dressed in rags. I should say Orientals rather than natives; some were Iranians, but there were others from almost every Eastern country west of China. The two plants employed over five thousand of these poor, hopeless citizens of the Backward Races, and they were so shiftless and unteachable that they could do no better than learn how to turn out trucks at the rate of one every five minutes. This is what used to happen in the Persian Gulf Command: the four cases containing a dismembered truck would be fished out of a hold down at the port and hauled to an assembly plant; there they would be broken open and the contains, sometimes under a sergeant and sometimes not. They were dispatchers, station agents, and repair and inspection men. Every so often a train would laze up and drop off food, water, beer, mail, and laundry. The engineer and fireman would swap gossip with the shack-dwellers: "You know Finnegan up in the roundhouse at Qum? Well, the wife writes me his kid sister Rosie's going around with an elevator operator. Howdaya like that! An elevator operator! Finnegan better send his mother a V-mail air-mail to beat Rosie's behind good and lock her up." Since they never saw an officer for months on end, the shack-dwellers would let their whiskers flow and save up their beer for a good bust every month or so.

Of course, if it hadn't been for the P.G.C.'s dockwallopers, the railroaders and the truckers would have had nothing to haul. Khorramshahr, which many P.G.C. officers and men will go to their graves pronouncing "Combshyer," was the largest of the Command's three ports on the Persian Gulf, and it would have made you proud to watch the port battalions there unload the Liberty ships. It was a fine sight, with the winches humming and clanking above every hold, paying out steel cable and taking it in again, and the big hoisting booms rising and falling and sweeping their loads over the sides. The small stuff, like boxes and barrels and sacks of flour and tires, would travel from hold to dock in what the boys called "floats"—slings made of netted rope. If the stuff was small enough to drop through the chinks of the net, a palette board, which was a grid of light planks, would be put across the bottom, and this would give off a housewrecker's crash when the float landed on the dock floor. Bulkier stuff—small and medium tanks and cased, knocked-down motor trucks—was lifted by gigantic tongs ("some calls them claws and some calls them dogs," one Negro corporal said) fastened to the ends of the boom cables. To land the real whales, such as Sherman tanks and Diesel locomotives, the ships would run up a nearby creek, where there were eighty-ton cranes among the palm trees along the shore. Cargo was moved off the dock floors on flatcars pulled by little engines and in trucks and their huge trailers. These trailers, which were known as "lowboys," were just steel rectangles mounted on rubber-tired wheels, and you put six cases of knocked-down trucks crossways on one and fastened them down with a boom-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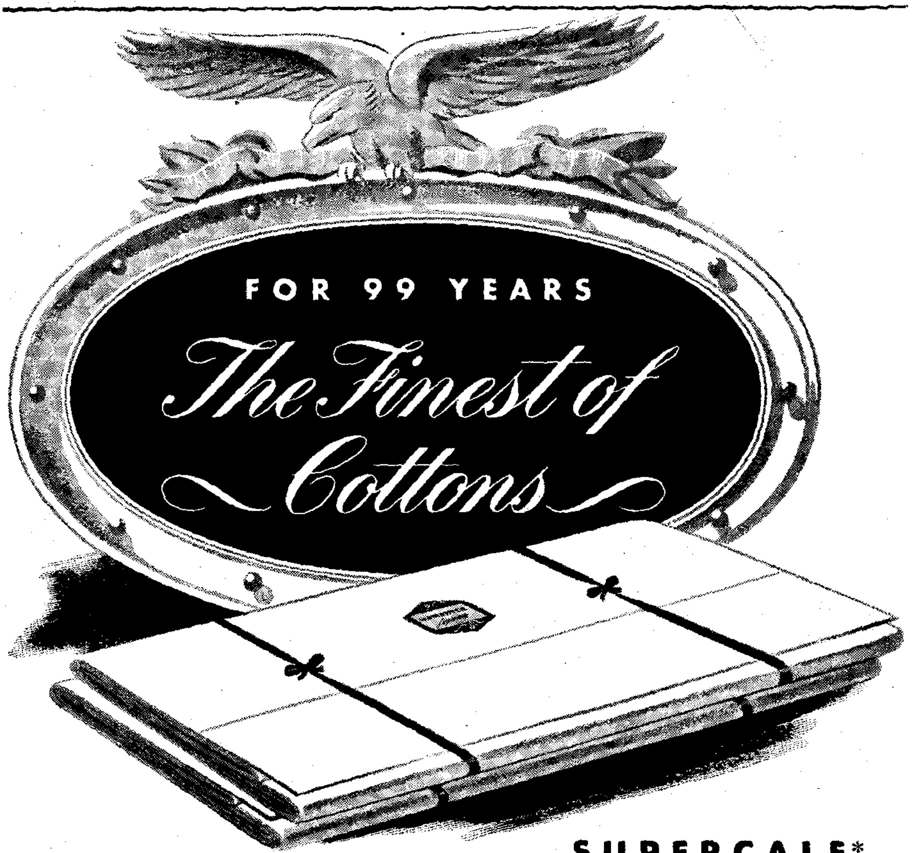

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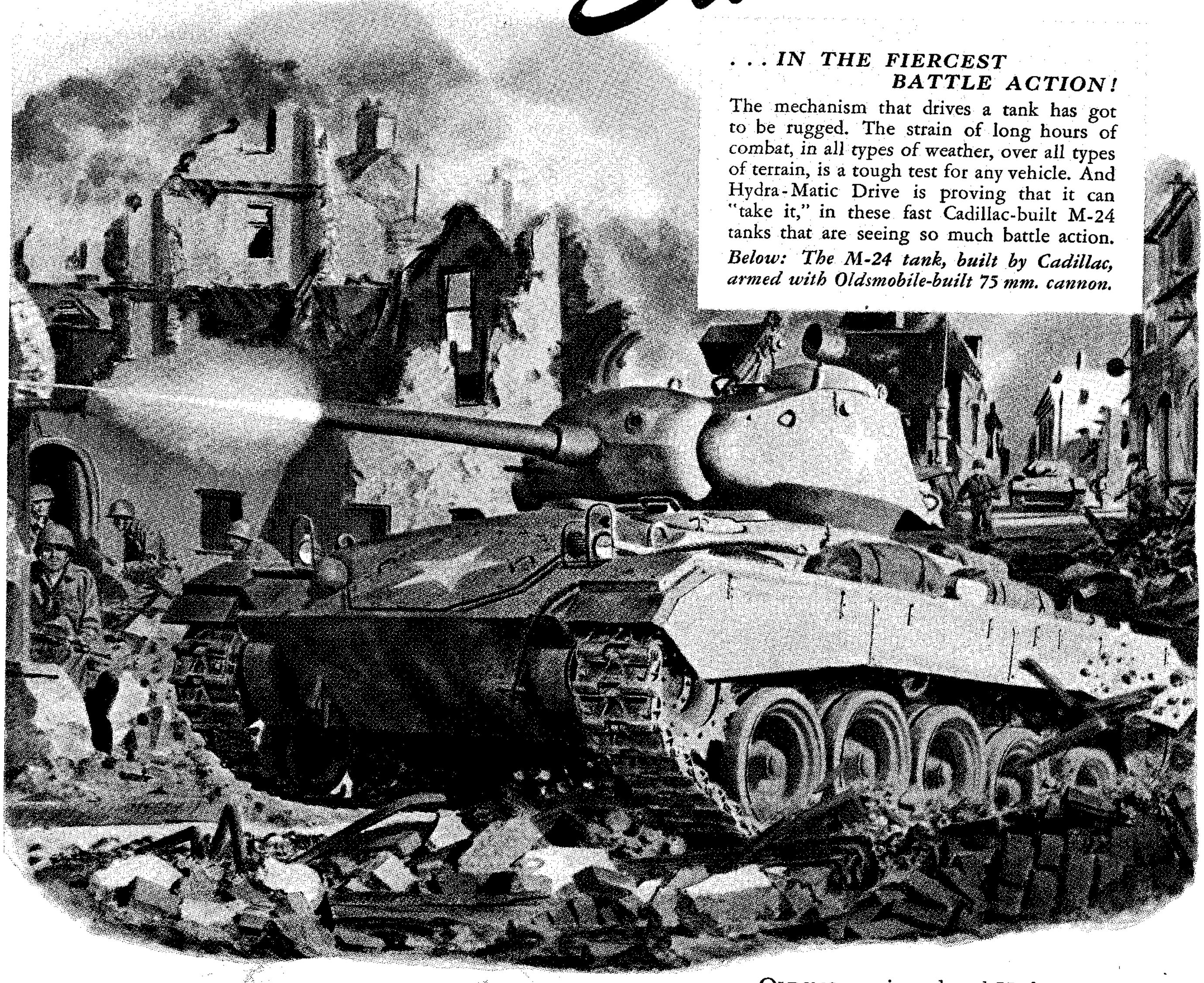

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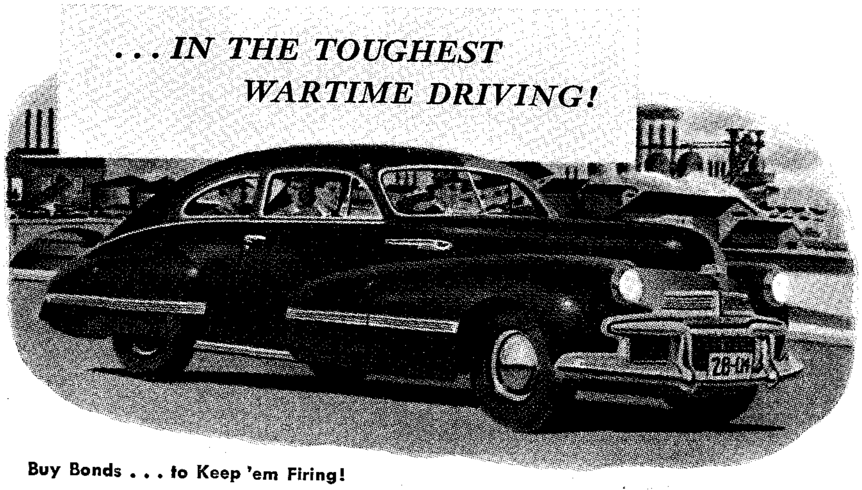
***Below:** The M-24 tank, built by Cadillac, armed with Oldsmobile-built 75 mm. cannon.*



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tents would be put together, inspected, and tested. Then the living truck would roll to a dump, be loaded with supplies from the ship that had brought it over dead, and reach Russia before the ship that brought it had left Khorramshahr. By that time the wood of the cases would probably be on the roof of a new wing at the Command hospital.

When the P.G.C. took over the two plants, which had been erected for it out in the desert by General Motors, the Russians thought it would be dandy if they could have two thousand trucks a month. The two plants together averaged seventy-five hundred a month—to say nothing of jeeps and command cars, of which they assembled large numbers—and some months more than eight thousand trucks were turned out. In two years this added up to a hundred and forty-three thousand vehicles. All this helps explain the Red Army's mobility, which began astounding the world back in the summer of 1943. Every make of American truck you ever heard of was assembled in these plants, including huge, opulent Diesels, but the one you saw most frequently on the road was the Studebaker 6x4—six wheels, four of them tractive. When you look at a photograph of Russian troops entering another enemy city, you might notice the trucks they are riding in. If they are American, as they are almost sure to be, it is a good bet that they were run up by the P.G.C.

The C.M.T. technique was also used in the assembly of fighter planes. The Russians asked for a hundred a month, but again the P.G.C. far exceeded expectations, this time by setting up a plant and turning out P-39 Airacobras, P-40 Warhawks, AT-6 Texans, and B-25 Mitchells by the thousands. In addition to these, many A-20 light bombers, which the Russians loved to use, were flown into the Command from the United States by our A.A.F. pilots. After they had been serviced and their white stars had been painted red, they were turned over to the Russian fliers. The plane-assembly plant, incidentally, was in one of the three places in Iran that claimed to be the Hottest Town on Earth. I visited all three of them often, and I would give the title, confidently, to the one where the planes were assembled.

"HOW do you suppose this army ever won its previous wars without movies three times a week?" a P.G.C. colonel once asked sadly. There were generally enough pictures circulating around the Command to take

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care of nearly all posts, but far too many were Grade-B Westerns and far too few were Betty Grables. The Special Services Division, which supervised the Army's show business as well as its sports, solidly agreed that the railroaders were the most critical. Other outfits might jeer a Western, but they would sit through to its final clinch. The railroaders would watch it awhile, iron-faced and silent, and then as one man—colonels, privates, everybody—simply get up and walk out. Showing live talent at a railroad post was likely to be even more hazardous. Somehow, whenever a doubtful coloratura reached the middle of "The Bell Song" from "Lakmé," down the aisle would come a master sergeant hollering, "Rafferty, Koischwitz, Appleyard, Hosenfinger, and Jones, report to the tool car immediately," and he would keep roaring names and orders until he had the whole wreck-train crew up and out into the night. If the wreck, or the coloratura, were bad enough, the entire audience might disappear. This would sorely gravel the Special Services officer, who would then have to square things with the talent.

The Command was entertained by several Russian troupes—some Red Army, some civilian—always to the uproarious joy of all who saw and heard them. Each civilian troupe carried a first-class juggler, and the singing of the Red Army glee clubs was magnificent. As for the comedy dancers who came with them, we have never seen anything Russian in this country even remotely comparable. There was one group of a dozen, dressed as sailors, who in the climax of their act seized and whirled one another in airplane spins. The railroaders didn't walk out on that.

Various virtuosi from our own stage, movies, and radio played the Command, among them Lily Pons and André Kostelanetz. From the P.G.C.'s dockwallopers, railroaders, and truck drivers, Kostelanetz recruited a forty-eight-piece orchestra, rehearsed it a week, and then took it on a triumphal tour of the Command with Miss Pons. A company of "This Is the Army" also played the P.G.C. To me, however, the most engaging American talent ever to visit the P.G.C. was the four men who made up U.S.O. Troupe 99. They were Gene Emerald, master of ceremonies, baritone with guitar, and "comedy pantomimist;" Basil Fomeen, a Russian-American accordion player who formerly had a band in New York; Joe Tershay, a magician of Syrian descent who had taken up the black arts when he was a printer's apprentice in San Francisco; and Jack Cavanaugh, lariats. Cavanaugh played younger brothers in the early William S. Hart pictures. He is an old man now, with white hair, but he can still turn lightning flips and do a nice buck-and-wing. For the finish of his act in the P.G.C., he always fastened four wire rods to his belt, two in front and two behind, so that they stuck out horizontally from his body, and from each rod he suspended a small lariat loop. He held a full-length lariat in each hand, and there was another one of moderate size fastened to the spike of a helmet he put on for the wow in place of the conventional ten-gallon hat that went with his white silk cowboy suit. While Fomeen played "The Stars and Stripes Forever" on his accordion, *fortissimo*, Cavanaugh made hootchy-kootchy motions with his torso, causing the small lariats fore and aft to twirl, he rotated his wrists in opposite directions, producing larger and larger loops, through which he sprang alternately, then simultaneously, and at the same time he gyrated his neck so that the spiked helmet twirled an enveloping loop about his shoulders. It was the damnedest thing ever seen in Persia.

THE British opposite number to the P.G.C. was called the Persia and Iraq Force and it, too, labored nobly on Russian supply. Its heaviest operations were concentrated in Iraq and those in Iran lay mostly outside the zones the P.G.C. functioned in, so the two armies did not see much of each other, professionally or socially. In remote districts, where British and American posts were near one another, the British troops would attend our movies and our soldiers would visit them and drink their ale. Last year the P.G.C. even entered several teams in the Britons' soccer league, although they knew they didn't stand a chance of winning a game. The British were in charge of security in Iran and maintained it chiefly with regiments from their Indian Army. In Teheran the Ghurkas' bagpipe band was greatly esteemed, and once an aggregation of bearded Sikhs, each wearing the conventional bracelet on his left wrist and with his hair done up on the top of his head in a little bun, beat the whey out of the best volleyball team of the P.G.C.'s Camp Amirabad.

There were also lots of Russians in Iran—running truck convoys and handling stuff over the railway from Teheran to the Caspian—and there was a great yearning on the part of many members of the P.G.C. to get to know them. The language barrier was cursed countless times. Furthermore, their enlisted men had evidently been forbidden to fraternize with ours. It usually took a half hour's arguing in sign language between an American soldier and a Russian one before a swap of cap badges or collar devices could be effected, and if a Red officer came in sight during the negotiations, the Russian soldier would instantly flee. But of course there were meetings around corners and on trains when no officers were present, and then there was much swigging out of the same vodka bottle. This always ended in the Russians' being made to pull up their shirts or trouser legs and show their wound scars. The Americans always wanted to see the wounds and the Russians always had the wounds to show, although they were invariably bashful about it. Service in Iran, we gathered, was for them the equivalent of a stay in a rest camp. They loved chewing gum. Last year some Russian soldiers entered a P.G.C. boxing tournament and several won their bouts. There were a number of operations in which the P.G.C. and the Red Army worked together: in freight yards and at various other points along the railroad, in dumps, and at flying fields where fighter planes were tested. Almost without exception, this was the experience of the P.G.C. officers and men who did the actual shoulder-to-shoulder work: at first the Russians would try to run over you, but if you let them know at once that you were tough, too, from then on everything went fine. Since the P.G.C. was honeycombed with toughness, the shoulder-to-shoulder relations were excellent. Perhaps there is a lesson in statecraft in all this.

The Red Army, as the Americans saw it in Iran, was cocky. Why shouldn't it be? It was part of an outfit that had licked the best army in the world. Many of the Russian officers, especially the younger ones, seemed determined not to be impressed by anything American. I remember a Russian lieutenant's being shown a monstrous juke box which had just arrived in the Command. It was a super-special model with atrocious five-color scenic effects floating along on a ground glass frame behind the records while the music played. Clearly the Special Services officer who was putting it through its paces regarded it as the epitome of American culture. The Russian lieutenant watched and listened deadpan, then took his cigarette out of his mouth, knocked off the ashes, nodded, and said,

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"Not bad. We have much bigger in Moscow." There was something wonderful about the Americans, who have annoyed the whole world with their horn-blowing, being slightly annoyed at the Russians for the same thing. It was Macy's being miffed at Gimbel's. But, on the whole, Russian-American relations could hardly have been better, and anybody who got invited to a Russian party considered himself in luck. The Russians are talented party throwers. The Red Army had occupied the north of Iran, from the Caspian down to Teheran. You could not enter this zone without a pass, and a pass was difficult to get. But last spring there was a washout three hundred yards long on the section of the railroad the Russians were running, and they called on the P.G.C. for help. The Military Railway Service was combed for personnel of Slavic descent who could fake a little Russian. This detachment did a fine job, swiftly laying a stretch of emergency track, known as a "shoofly," skirting the washout, so that service could be promptly resumed, and then replacing the damaged line. The Russians were very pleased, and as soon as the task was finished, they gave the P.G.C. railroaders a series of sensational blowouts. Our railroaders were fascinated to discover that the Russians had painted the wheels of the American locomotives they were using silver and that they had fitted up club cars on their trains for chess players.

NOW that supplies are being sent to Russia through the Dardanelles, as well as by the Pacific and Murmansk, the Persian Gulf Command's mission is practically finished. Last December, when the P.G.C.'s commanding officer, Major General Donald H. Connolly, left Teheran, he rode through five miles of Allied troops drawn up at present arms. There was much cheering. His officers and enlisted men are beginning to come home. If you see a fellow wearing a green shoulder patch with a red scimitar and a white star in it, you had better buy him a drink. He did well by all of us. —JOEL SAYRE

(*This is the last of four articles on the Persian Gulf Command.*)

•

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[*From an adv. in the Retail Bookseller*]

A major novel of extraordinary literary merit—the drama of a passionate young woman who found sex her most dynamic weapon in fighting fascism.

THE INQUEST
BY ROBERT NEUMANN

THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Sun Never Sets

THE title of the new British film, "Colonel Blimp," is, of course, taken from the celebrated series of cartoons by Low, and this may be unfortunate, since a good many people are apt to get the impression that the picture is only a sort of animated comic strip, akin in spirit to "The Better 'Ole." Actually, it is a rather touching and dramatic biography of a professional British soldier who has been serving his country since the Boer War. In a great many ways, Colonel Blimp—or Clive Candy, as he is called in the film—is as absurd and limited as any member of a purely military caste, but he is unquestionably a brave and honest man and there is considerable pathos in his growing recognition of himself as an anachronism.

The picture, made in Technicolor, opens with young Candy on furlough in Berlin. As the result of a series of somewhat elaborate circumstances, he finds himself involved in a duel with a uhlan officer (there is quite a fine satire in the scene on the Continental punctilio governing such matters), is wounded, but forms a lifelong friendship with his late opponent. Here, too, he falls in love with and loses the first of the three girls (all, rather confusingly, portrayed by the same actress) who play important parts in his life. He turns up next toward the end of the first World War, when he emerges definitely as Colonel Blimp, a standard product of the playing fields of Eton.

He acquires a young wife (it is a curious feature of this picture that nobody seems to age except the protagonist) and settles down for the twenty years of peace that his nation apparently accepted so trustingly. During this period, incidentally, he shoots a greater assortment of wild animals than anybody since the elder Theodore Roosevelt, and the gradual accumulation of their stuffed heads on the walls is one of the minor humorous triumphs of the screen. In the present war, when time and makeup suggest that he is a man of at least seventy, he is finally persuaded to join the Home Guard after it gets to be only too clear that he is not adapted to what has come to be called total warfare. It is a simple story, I guess, made important largely by the fact that it epitomizes all the qualities that have made the Empire ridiculous and exasperating and great.

Since the names of English moving-picture actors are not likely to convey much to American readers, it probably isn't necessary to cover the cast in much detail. Roger Livesey, possibly a victim of rather too ingenious make-up toward the end, plays the hero with just the right mixture of nobility and stuffiness; Anton Walbrook looks like a German without that touch of von Stroheim caricature which is so apt to creep into such things; and Deborah Kerr, as three women, is always beautiful and energetic.

TO turn you over to the hired help: "In 'Practically Yours,' Fred MacMurray, an aviator in the Pacific, broadcasts a theoretical last message to the other members of his combat group. 'I wish I could walk with Peggy through Central Park again and kiss the tip of her nose,' he says. His friends naturally assume that he is talking about a girl, but it turns out that Peggy is a little dog, of a somewhat passionate disposition. In the end, Mr. MacMurray finds himself obliged to settle for Claudette Colbert. The only really funny sequence is when a self-inflating boat inflates (maybe somebody can dig up a synonym) in the subway. . . . 'The Affairs of Susan,' with Joan Fontaine and no less than four leading men (Walter Abel, George Brent, Don DeFore, and Dennis O'Keefe), seems to be Hollywood's idea of a light, sophisticated comedy. It is light, all right. Miss Fontaine, in the rôle of an actress, is about to marry a solid businessman, but when he learns that she has had a husband and two lovers, or whatever the euphemism for them is, he asks them all to dinner and they tell their stories of their lives with Susan in a series of flashbacks. The heroine finally decides to go back to her husband, Mr. Brent, though Don DeFore looked by far the best bet to me. It is one of those pictures in which a beautiful girl temporarily slicks her hair back and puts on horn-rimmed spectacles, for no reason you can exactly figure out."

—W. G.

•

Dining at Schrafft's Saturday night was Clifton Fadiman, author and popular M.C. of "Information Please." Also seen there was Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

—*The Villager.*

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WATCH OUT!

FRIENDS of friends are the most dangerous people in the world to have dealings with—especially, my wife and I have found, business dealings connected with the subletting of an apartment. So many people are now subletting other people's apartments that I think it only fair to warn them of what happened to us in Paris just before the war and to tell them, "Watch out for the friends of friends!"

The Ciliers were friends of our Parisian friends, the Petits; that was how we learned about the apartment they were willing to have us sublet, out near the Parc Montsouris. A beautiful apartment on the third floor of a modern coöperative apartment house, the Petits said, with a fine, two-story studio and a bathroom that was just like one in a first-class hotel. The Ciliers owned the place—it had been part of Madame Cilier's *dot*. Monsieur Cilier was a painter and, the Petits explained, he and his wife were about to leave Paris for a six months' painting trip in Greece, so we could have the apartment from May through October if we wanted it.

The Ciliers told the Petits we could take a look at it any afternoon, and one day we went out. Nobody was home, but the concierge, a friendly woman, showed us around. We were delighted with everything. Such a light, airy studio. Such nice old provincial furniture and such nice old rugs in the little living room. Such a peaceful bedroom, its walls all draped with hangings of a restful color. The rent wasn't low, but the place was exactly what we wanted. That evening we told the Petits we'd take it and the next day the Ciliers came to see us at our hotel.

They were a charming couple. The four of us talked about the Petits and then came to speedy and easy agreement. We sealed the bargain by signing a couple of simple papers; that is, I signed a check for six months' rent and Monsieur Cilier signed a receipt for six months' rent. Three months' rent in advance is customary in Paris, but we did it this way because the Ciliers were friends of friends and because they were going to be in Greece. We were to take possession May 1st, and on that day, Monsieur Cilier explained, there would be one more document to be signed, on the premises, in duplicate—the inventory.

It turned out to be an inventory rather different from what we'd expected. Indeed, the transformation that greeted our eyes when we arrived at the apartment with our luggage was quite startling. Where was the provincial furniture? Where were the mellow rugs? The little living room off the studio was now carpeted in cerise and contained a set of modernistic furniture upholstered in cerise-colored velvet. The hangings had been taken down from the bedroom walls, revealing a hideous wallpaper—Chinese motifs in red on a black background. The Ciliers, who welcomed us cordially, were astonished by our lamentations. "*That* old stuff? That belonged to the former subtenant, the one who just moved out. These things of ours are so much nicer and gayer, don't you think?"

It was the first we'd heard of the recent tenant. "You haven't been living here yourselves?"

"Oh, no. For the past year we've been staying on the next street with Madame Cilier's parents, economizing for our trip to Greece. Surely the Petits told you that."

No, the Petits hadn't told us that. And when we telephoned them that evening—our first telephone call from our new home—they were even more surprised than we had been. It was true that the Ciliers' telephone number had been changed to another number in the same exchange about a year before and that they themselves hadn't been entertained by the Ciliers during the past year, but they hadn't known anything about the Ciliers' having previously leased their apartment. Odd, but what of it? We'd signed the inventory anyway, we'd wished the Ciliers *bon voyage* and *bon travail en Grèce*, and we'd tipped the smiling concierge and decided to feel *chez nous*. It being May 1st, the manager of the hotel we'd just left had gallantly sent my wife a bouquet of the traditional lilies of the valley as a *porte-bonheur*. "Good luck and return soon," he wrote on his card. A shrewd fellow, that manager.

IT was quite pleasant living in the Ciliers' apartment during May and June. We had been lucky to get, as *femme de ménage*, Madame Yvonne, who had worked for my wife when she had been living in France some years earlier, before our marriage. We engaged Madame Yvonne now to come in and get us breakfast and clean up, and to come back sometimes in the late afternoons to get us dinner. She grumbled a good deal about the concierge, of course; *femmes de ménage* always do that. We bought an icebox and tipped the iceman whenever he filled it, because it represented a special exertion for him. (We were the only people on the street who took ice and our concierge refused to let him use the elevator.) We gave some parties and everybody thought the cerise furniture very funny. The cerise carpet was even funnier. It began to turn white in places. When we examined it, we discovered that these places were badly worn—worn down to the warp, in fact—and that somebody, probably Monsieur Cilier, had touched them up with excellently matched cerise paint. Now the paint was wearing off and the carpet was beginning to look rather moth-eaten. But we enjoyed the place. The duplex studio was nice and the bathroom was perfect.

Perfect, that is, up to July 1st. It was on that date that a little sign was tacked up in the elevator. "During the months of July, August, and September, there will be hot water twice a week, on Mondays and Thursdays." This was annoying. Nobody had warned us about this. "Plenty of hot water, I suppose," my wife had said to Madame Cilier. "Oh, plenty, Madame. Plenty." Well, apparently there was going to be plenty on Mondays and Thursdays only.

The concierge shrugged when we complained about it. "What can I do, *Monsieur et Madame?* It was agreed on by the owners of the apartments at the quarterly meeting May first. It was voted as an economy."

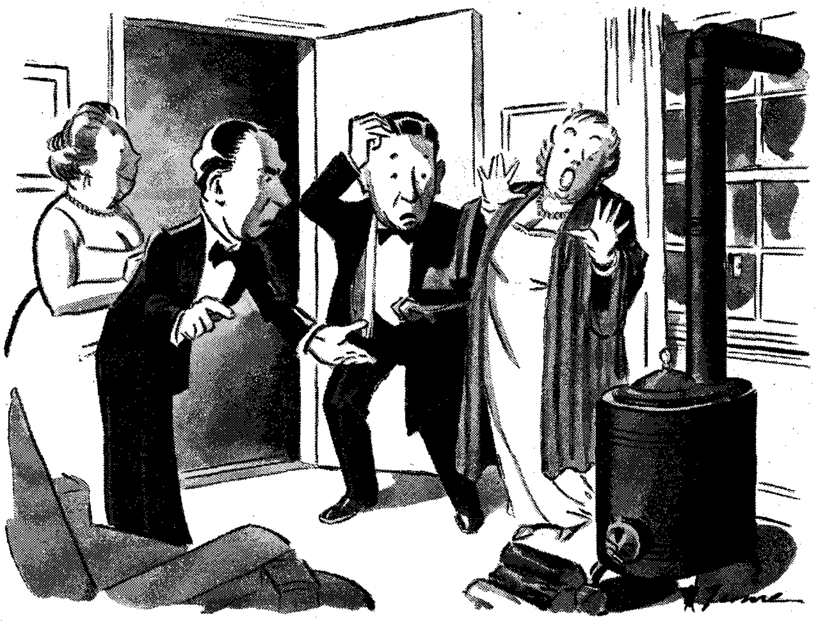
"May first? Then did the Ciliers attend?"

"*Mais bien sûr, Monsieur.* Certainly they attended, though I don't know how they voted."

However they'd voted, they'd kept mum about it.

A spell of sticky, humid weather struck Paris in July and it was a damned nuisance to be without hot water. It was worse than a nuisance after we'd been in a wild taxi smash over near the Cimetière du Montparnasse and were told to soak our aches and bruises in "*de l'eau presque bouillante.*" Easier said than done at the Ciliers'. The concierge cynically advised us to write to the *gérant,* the manager of the apartment house, and we did, but nothing came of it. "So many of the French owners are away from Paris for the summer months," he replied, "that it would not be worth while to heat the water any more frequently than at present. We regret the inconvenience caused the *sous-locataires.*"

About this time the concierge began



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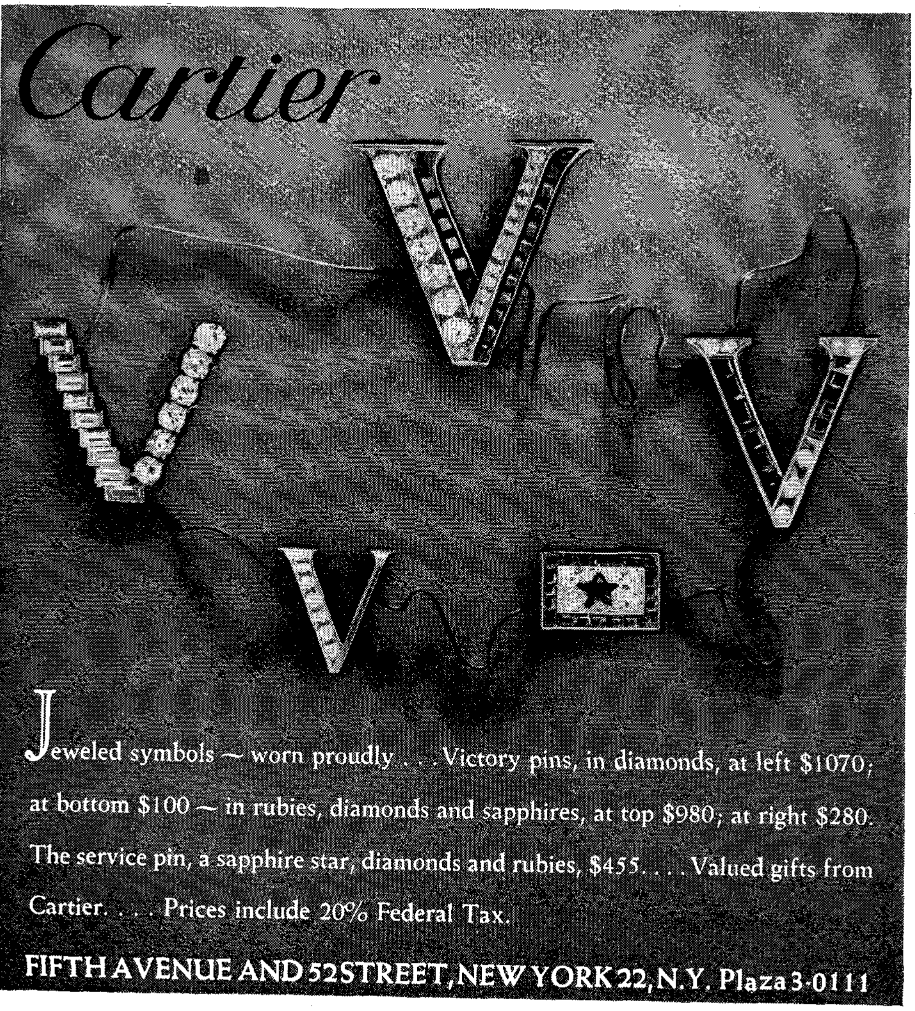

Cartier

Jeweled symbols — worn proudly . . . Victory pins, in diamonds, at left $1070; at bottom $100 — in rubies, diamonds and sapphires, at top $980; at right $280. The service pin, a sapphire star, diamonds and rubies, $455. . . . Valued gifts from Cartier. . . . Prices include 20% Federal Tax.

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to strike an equally chauvinistic note. “That *chameau* told me today that even if it weren’t for your accents, she’d know you weren’t French,” Madame Yvonne told us after one of their rows. “She says you don’t know how to act and have no consideration for others.”

We all knew what was on the concierge’s mind. In part, it was our icebox, which she had come to resent because she claimed it was a source of *humidité* in the house. (Actually, she disliked it because the iceman sometimes left wet footprints on her stairs.) And in part it was the bats.

Because of the hot weather, we’d moved our beds into the high studio, where there was a lot more air than in the bedroom with the red-and-black wallpaper, and one night recently we’d been awakened by a couple of bats flitting over our faces. I’d chased them out the window with a broom and told the concierge about them the next day, asking whether there was a window screen which we could use to prevent their return. Of course there wasn’t. “A screen, Monsieur? You will not need a screen. There are no bats in this quarter of Paris. The ones which visited you last night undoubtedly came from some distant part of the city. You will not be troubled again.”

The next night, when several bats swooped in as we were reading in bed and skimmed and circled and sent my wife flying into the bathroom, saying she wouldn’t come out until they’d gone, I went downstairs and knocked at the concierge’s *loge*. Her husband, a distinguished-looking, bearded gentleman whom one seldom saw, appeared in his nightshirt. “I’m sorry to disturb you,” I said, “but the bats have returned and I need some help.”

“Bats, Monsieur? There are no bats in this quarter of Paris. That is well known.”

It took a little arguing to persuade him to get a broom and come up with me. Together we chased the bats out and I felt foolishly triumphant when he admitted they were the real thing. “I’d feel much better if we had a screen,” I said. “It looks to me as though bats have built a nest in the garden of this apartment house, right under the window here.”

I had no idea then whether bats built nests and still haven’t, but, in any case, it was an unfortunate thing to have said, and I realized it the minute the bearded gentleman in the nightshirt looked at me. He didn’t say very much, but in his few words and on his face a sense of injury and a feeling of utter scorn were equally well conveyed. “A nest of bats, Monsieur, in the garden of *this* apartment house?” There was the faintest of smiles, a bow, a murmured good night. It was quite masterly. The concierge never forgot my slander and she never let Madame Yvonne hear the last of it. “Bats in my garden!” she muttered whenever she had a chance. “In *my* garden! *Ha! Ce n’est pas bien, ce qu’il dit de moi, votre patron!*”

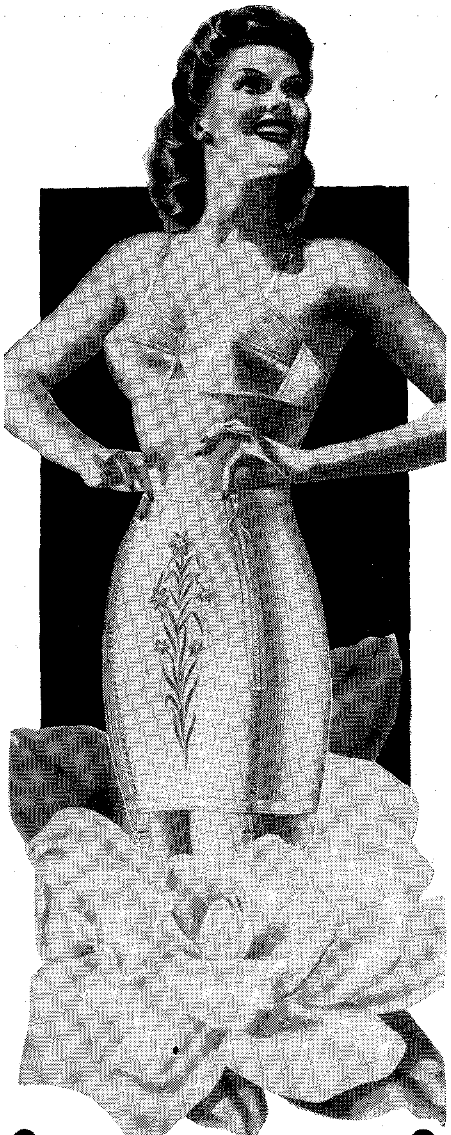
There was nothing to do about it, and the bats kept flying in. We were about ready to sacrifice the rest of the rent and move out.

THAT was how things were going when we made our discovery. Coming in late in the afternoon, one day toward the end of August, we saw through a window of the *loge* that a man and a woman were talking with the concierge. There was something familiar about them, but they quickly moved away from the window, as though to avoid us. We looked at each other. Was it not Madame and Monsieur Cilier? The Ciliers, back from Greece earlier than planned? I knocked at the door of the *loge* and stepped in. It was the Ciliers, all right. We greeted each other with the greatest politeness. “When you have finished talking with Madame,” I said, “would you mind coming upstairs? There are a couple of things we’d like to ask you about.” They agreed. There was a certain tenseness in the air, which the concierge was clearly enjoying.

Upstairs, the Ciliers were decidedly ill at ease. Had they enjoyed Greece? Nothing disagreeable had happened, I hoped, to bring them back so soon. No, nothing—nothing disagreeable. As a matter of fact, they had never got to Greece. Their plans had changed. Instead of going to Greece, they had visited relatives. Ah! Relatives in the country—in Normandy, perhaps, or Brittany, or the Loire? No, not in the country, in Paris. In fact, the relatives were Madame Cilier’s parents, on the next street. They had just been living there quietly. We’d been getting along all right? They had always meant to call, to drop in and see us, but somehow . . . Had the concierge known where they were living? Oh yes, yes.

I ought to have given up, of course, right then and there, but, as the concierge had remarked to Madame Yvonne, I didn’t know how to act. “Now, about this hot-water situation,” I said. “There seems to have been some misunderstanding. I thought—”

It was exactly at that point that



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Madame Cilier gave her scream—quite a loud scream. She jumped to her feet and pointed to the white spots in the cerise carpet. "Moths!" she cried. "Henri! Our beautiful carpet, ruined by moths!"

Much as I disliked doing so, I had to call in the Petits. I invited the Ciliers to be seated while I made a phone call and, rather reluctantly, they sat down on the edge of their own cerise couch. Fortunately, the Petits were still in Paris and at home to answer my call. They came right over and the conversation lasted well into the night. I didn't understand all the French that the two couples cast at each other, but I know that the Petits did a good job. Damned good, considering the people they were up against. Our paid-up lease still had two months to run, but if we would move out quietly now and not demand any refund for the hot baths we hadn't been able to take, the Ciliers would refund one month's rent and promise not to bring suit against us for the damage done the cerise carpet. I'll always remember Petit's shamefaced look when he finally transmitted us that offer. I don't think he's ever realized quite how grateful we were.

The Ciliers came back the next evening and we went over the inventory. The Petits were there to support us, so, to keep things even, the Ciliers insisted on having the concierge and her husband come in, too. The gathering had an air rather different from that of some of our previous parties. We deposited with Petit, as a kind of referee, a few hundred francs to cover telephone and electric bills, and we exchanged receipts with the Ciliers. Then we loaded our luggage into a taxi and moved back to the hotel whose manager had sent my wife the lilies of the valley.

The next day a box of flowers came to our room, addressed to my wife. For a moment, before opening it, we hoped it might be from the Ciliers. It would be rather fun, we thought, to get a bunch of dahlias or gladiolas in exchange for a month's rent, a lot of hot baths, and a series of sleepless nights spent chasing bats. But of course it wasn't from the Ciliers. It was from the gallant hotel manager. "Welcome back," the card said. "And stay longer this time, won't you?"

—FRANCIS STEEGMULLER

◆

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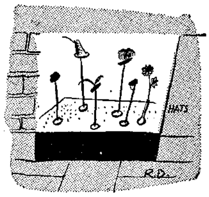
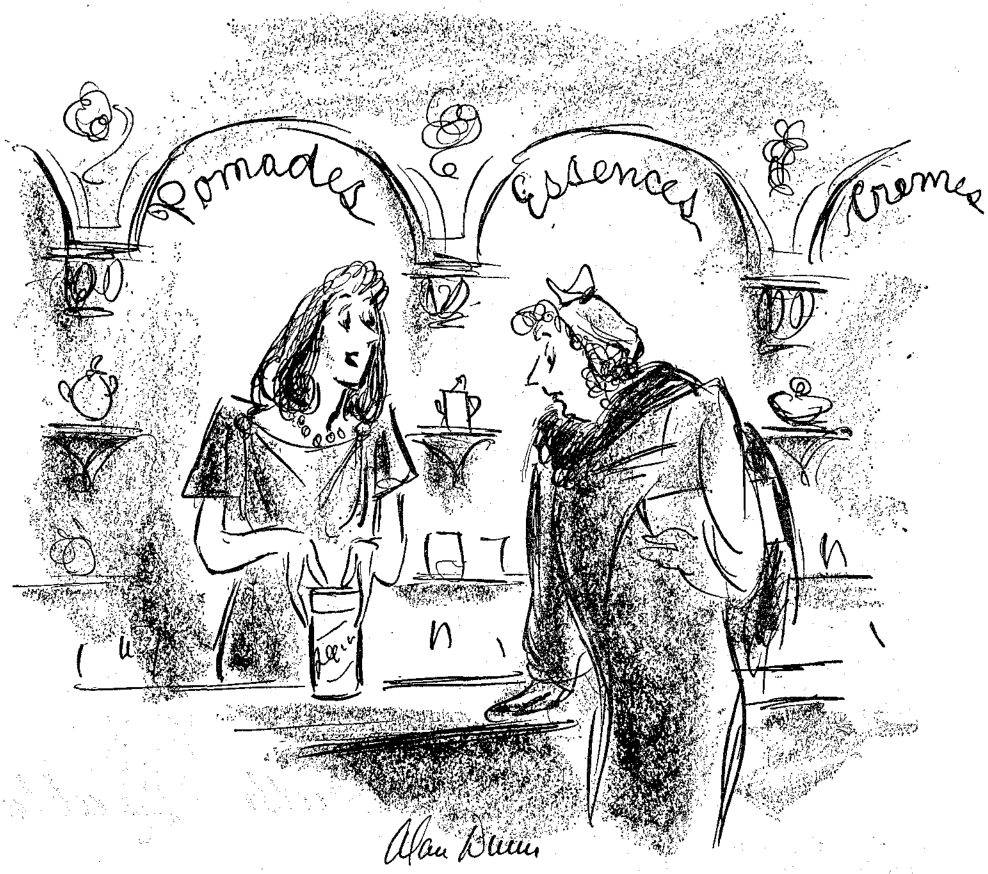
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



OUR precocious spell of summer weather seems to have caught a lot of women completely off guard and set many of them to scouring the town—unsuccessfully, for the most part—for that navy-blue outfit or that dark or printed costume we have all come to rely on when the weather gets warm in New York. Good ready-to-wear clothes, or even clothes that are just passable, are becoming rarer and rarer, no matter what price you pay. This week's little essay, therefore, will be in the nature of a guide to some of the shops with the easygoing sort of clothes that can be worn blithely from city to country and from lunch on through dinner.

In De Pinna's Spectator Sports department, you can find printed rayon crêpe dresses at from $22.95 to $45.95. One of them, in an exclusive Vertès design of green leaves and orioles on a turquoise ground, is a two-piece dress with a peplum. This material is also used in a more tailored one-piece affair that has a matching sash. Another, in a pink rayon crêpe that has a pattern of black daubs, buttons from neck to hem in the style that so many of us dote on for hot weather, and its wide tailored belt is black grosgrain. A delicate gray rayon crêpe is printed with bowknots and white ribbons; a black one has a V-mail-letter design in black and white, and "I Love You"s scrawled all over it, but delicately and more prettily than you'd guess. . . . Lily Saportas, 388 Park Avenue (54th), has a small, ladylike collection of clothes. Prices range from $29.95 on up; there's a good selection at between $40 and $50. The turnover here, as in most little shops, is rapid, but at the moment (I hope) she has a fine group of black-and-white printed rayon crêpe dresses and suits, several of which have boleros designed to conceal a shoulder-strap summer-dining décolletage or a more moderate daytime one. She also can show you good long evening dresses. Some of them are rayon crêpe prints in pastel or vivid floral patterns; others are starkly plain rayon crêpes and have high, collarless necks and skirts draped toward the side. All ages get attention here. For mature women, she has a trailing black rayon crêpe with a contrasting rayon faille jabot cascading down the back; for young things, there's a plaid tissue rayon taffeta in soft colors, made with a voluminous skirt and a shoulder-strap décolletage. . . . Madame et La Jeune Fille, at 30 East 54th Street, is another small shop which has a small and nicely varied stock of smart-looking clothes. There is an unusually nice navy sheer, a tailored, simple dress that has a high, round neck sporting a half collar of peppermint-striped rayon satin and a bolero jacket with three-quarter loose sleeves; it's $70. And there is a suit in navy-and-white silk surah printed with a small check which has a jacket with a small, rolled collar. The bottom of the jacket is turned up to make long, horizontal pockets. There's a gored skirt, too. It all adds up to $105. Then there are scroll-printed black-and-white rayon crêpe dresses that have narrow black patent-leather belts and split capelet sleeves ($35, just to show you that not everything here is expensive), and pale-blue rayon sheer dresses in a horizontal print with a black Egyptian frieze pattern. . . . The Mannequin, at 791 Lexington Avenue (62nd), which was opened not long ago by some former Powers and Conover models, has California clothes in sizes eight to eighteen. The things are calculated to show off a willowy figure to the best possible advantage—you know, broad shoulders, slim hips, fitted diaphragms, and a luxurious look that is not for introverts. The prints are unusual and what is often called dramatic. In one, wreaths of softly colored flowers appear on a black rayon crêpe ground. A dress of this has a long bodice, long, tight sleeves ending in points over the wrists, and a peplum descending in the front and back. It's $39.95, an average price here. The same dress is done in an enormous acacia-spray print with a black ground; the material is worked so that a huge spray of acacias is poised at each shoulder to make it look ever so wide. There is an evening business in this print with a cowl neck, sleeves that are tight from wrist to elbow, where they turn into huge dolman affairs, and deep, looped drapery at one side of the skirt. Modified dolman sleeves appear on a white rayon crêpe day or dinner dress that has a long torso and a set-in waistband that ties in a bow in front. There are hand-sewn collarless and sleeveless blouses, made to order (a couple of weeks), in



"And the result is a really scientific mud."

COSTUMED BY JO COPELAND OF PATTULLO

THE SATURDAY EVENING
POST

A thorough understanding of a world-at-war and the problems of the peace-to-come can best be furthered by balanced reading. Opinions of world leaders . . . reports by trained observers . . . stories that take you inside the lives of other men and other nations . . . unfold each week on the pages of The Saturday Evening POST.

a white piqué with a small leaf pattern; $8.50. Gloves to match are $3.50. Among the other custom sets are fuchsia wool crêpe caps (they tie under the chignon in the way mannequins adore), short slipon gloves, and ascots.

IT should surprise no one that the dresses at Martha West, 444 Madison Avenue (49th), are as good as they are beautiful. Miss West has black spun rayons that look like linen and are splendid for town—fly-front numbers with white bindings on the collarless neck and cap sleeves, buttoned-down dresses with vestlike points on the set-in belt and a red carnation on the tailored collar, and other items that have a huge green leaf appliquéd on one hip. These are $25 and $29.95. Next, there are black rayon shantung tailored suits, with three-quarter sleeves, at $39.95. Other tailored suits, in black rayon faille, are collarless and have scallops across the front of the jacket; these are $49.95. Among the cotton dresses are such treasures as a wraparound job in a pastel color with a dark overcheck; self bindings trim the collarless surplice that fastens at the waist. Pastel spun-rayon sun dresses are accompanied by short-sleeved lumberjack tops. And don't forget the Martha West blouses. Tailored rayon sheer ones, which have short sleeves and bows at the throat, come in black and navy as well as in white and pastel colors; $8.95. Instead of gilets, you might look at her new "doublets," which go on over the head and have open sides and a sash to tie in front or in back, as you like; $14.95 in striped rayon crêpe, $29.95 in printed silk. . . . Rosette Pennington (she was calling herself Chez Rosette up to a little while ago), at 10 East 56th Street, also has some attractive summer dresses, priced from as low as $10.95 up to $39.95. At the lowest price, there's a honey in a linenlike spun rayon—fly front, rolled collar, bows on the chest, and sleeves formed by extended shoulders. It comes in navy, coral, turquoise, and so on. A heavy rayon linen dress has a high, turnover collar in front and a surplice V closing in back that makes everything look hindside-to but also very fine indeed. A sun dress with a bolero jacket is around here in the same fabric. A Mexican cotton, in harlequin checks, goes into tailored, fly-front dresses that have a red leather belt, and the same stuff, in multicolored stripes on a brown ground, goes into dresses with waistcoat fronts. A tailored dress in confetti-patterned balloon cloth has a fold low in front to give the effect of a tunic. The place has dresses of that linenlike raw silk that has lately been prominent in so many of the custom salons. A tailored one with pearl buttons down the front comes in heavenly colors—Shocking or dusty pink, Kelly green, gold, and so on; $45. . . . The Sportswoman, at 25 East 53rd Street, is still another small shop where there isn't a touch of gingerbread and where you'll encounter that shirtwaist summer dress that used to be a staple in every well-dressed wardrobe. There are cotton dresses in alternating wide and narrow blue stripes on a white ground. These have set-in belts knotted in front and they cost $19.95. There are also striped shirtwaist dresses that have long sleeves with studs at the cuffs and horizontally striped bosoms, in the good old classic style; $22.95. In the same category are rayon crêpe tailored blouses with turnover collars, long sleeves, and trimmings of multicolored stitching. Prices for these are $15 and up.

THE custom hats at Laddie Northridge, 1 West 57th Street, are unornate, aristocratic, and Right. There is also versatility in the design. For simple cotton or shantung dresses, there are large tailored sailors in hydrangea-blue leghorn (he shows lots of leghorn) bound with cocoa-colored grosgrain ribbon. These have rather square crowns and can be worn straight across or off the face. Then there is a large cream-colored shantung straw that has a peaked brim, grosgrain bindings, and flat gold discs on the grosgrain band around the crown. Northridge likes jewelled bands on his simplest hats, and he is infatuated with ribbon of all kinds. You'll see masses of varicolored bows —Shocking, lavender, purple, and green (the man doesn't know what fear is)—around the crown of a chartreuse straw hat with a Renoir influence. He shows elegant horsehair mushroom sailors in toast color with masses of ombré veiling in tortoise-shell colors around the brim. And, since nobody can resist flowers this season, quantities of them appear on the brims of both small- and wide-brimmed sailors. Many are humble flowers, many are flowers only botanists (or Mr. N.) have ever heard of. Prices start at $35. . . . James Joel, at 749 Madison Avenue (65th), presents custom millinery in the bohemian tradition, with imagination running rampant, sometimes even a bit too rampant. But you may be entertained by, say, his Three-in-One hat, made of a moss-green rayon jersey in the form of a small, boat-shaped bonnet with pointed ends and trimmed with

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DE PINNA

650 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

tiny green grapes, blue currants, blue roses, and forget-me-nots. Ribbon in two shades of blue appears on the practically non-existent crown. It can be worn, as you have undoubtedly guessed from the name, in three ways—straight across the head, off the face like a bonnet, or back to front, with the currants or the grapes dipped over one eye. Another model is inspired, as they say, by Swiss festivals, whatever Swiss festivals are. It has a mesh veil crown, trimmed with miniature rosebuds and lilies of the valley, and small clusters of flowers on each side of the upturned, rough straw brim. Picasso is supposed to have influenced a cockscomb affair of red straw cloth trimmed with towering swirls of black-dotted white organdie, but I doubt that anyone has told Picasso yet. Things start here at $28.50.

BODILY REPAIRS BUREAU: Revlon has opened a bandbox of a salon at 745 Fifth Avenue (58th), with a pink, turquoise, and strawberry background as décor and de-luxe manicures ($3) and pedicures ($4.50) as merchandise. Expensive, but there is no tipping, which makes a difference. Stretched out in a chaise longue, you get a relaxing hand, arm, foot, and leg massage, as well as attention to your nails and cuticle. The treatment takes about an hour and the pedicure makes you feel as feather-footed as Mercury. . . . Dorothy Gray's competent salon, at 683 Fifth Avenue (54th), is doing something about the fact that women age most rapidly around the eyes and at the throat. Her remedy, rather arbitrarily called the "throat treatment," costs $5. It includes shaping the eyebrows, a facial and lots of massage around the eyes and on the throat, and a makeup for the finale. . . . Miss Madeleine, at 133 East 60th Street, is where your old friend Mme. Louise Berthelon can be found these days. Permanents given in the shop are $10 and up; in your own home, $20 and up. The place is game for anything from the old-fashioned spiral type to the most newfangled cold wave. The people here take requests for hand drying or drying in the sun in their stride, too. —L. L.

•

THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

Reich Marshal Hermann Göring, September 9, 1939:

I do not consider it necessary to evacuate Berlin. I understand, of course, why the British evacuate London, but if they knew how many cannons I have here they would understand why I do not evacuate the German capital.

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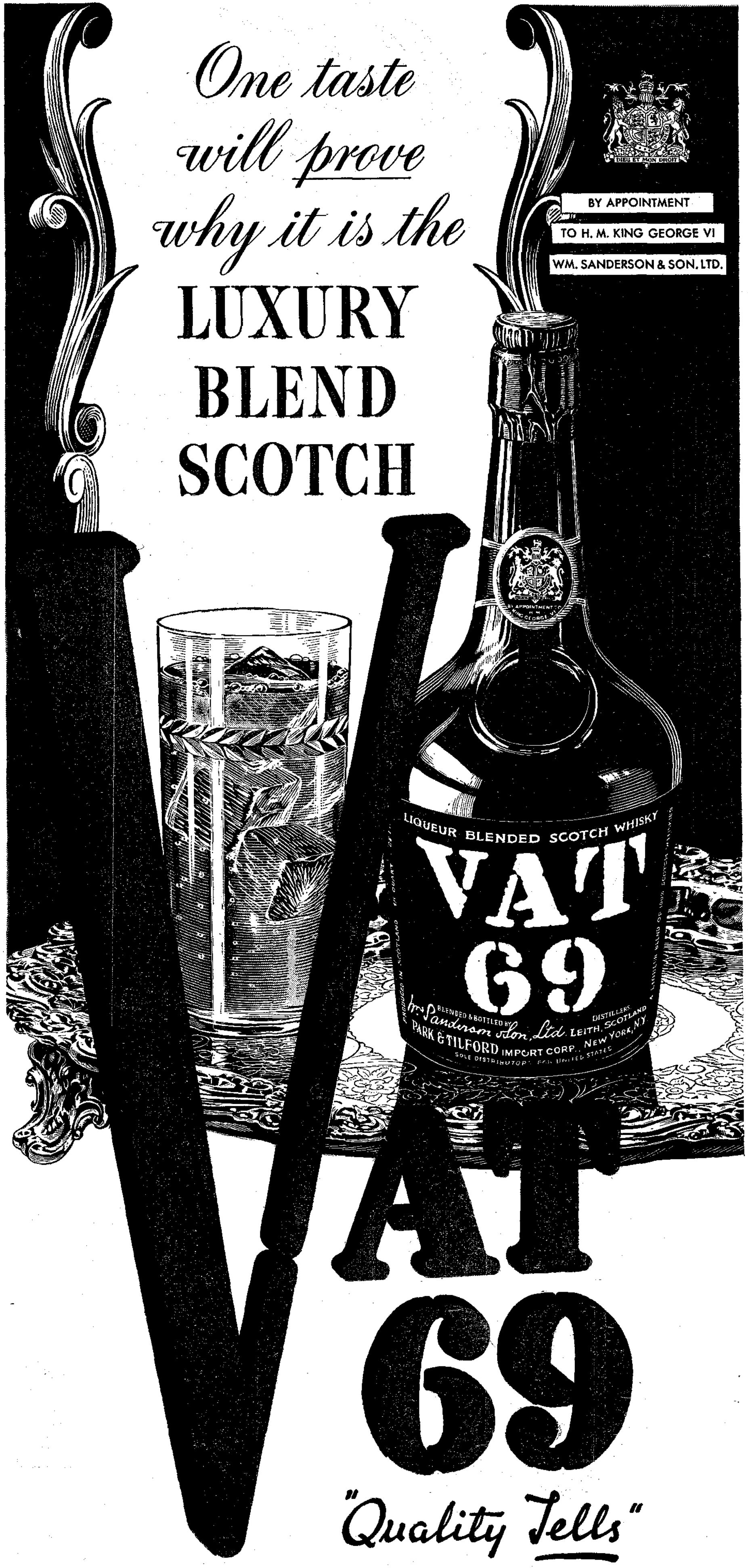
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PISA AND POLICHING CRIM

RECENTLY I received two rather remarkable small publications from far-flung members of our armed forces. I am indebted to a lieutenant (j.g.) stationed in Italy for "Pisa: A Rapid Look Around the Town: Short Guide Book and Faithful Souvenir for You." A pfc in France has sent me "Petit Manuel de Conversation Français-Anglais," printed in Senlis in the 3d Trimestre of 1944 and designed to acquaint French people with English, or rather American.

"Pisa" is a sad little affair, published last year, and written in what its author, I am sure, had no doubt was the English language. It begins with a historical sketch of the city and explains that it became a great commercial center because "its merchants plaied very much in Oriental markets." Throughout the booklet the great figures of medieval art and science are for the most part referred to simply by their last name and first initial, for example: G. Galilei, B. Lorenzi. The author, in speaking of what he insists on calling The Chatedral, remarks, "The columns are very old and imposing in the nudity of the stone . . . The pulpit is at present in safety and hidden by sand sacks." I happily misread this at first. I thought it said "sad sacks" and pictured the pulpit surrounded by devout, frustrated G.I.s. But alas, in this one place where a misprint could have produced something really engaging, none was made.

On the southern wall of the Chatedral hangs what, if one is to believe the "Faithful Souvenir," must be one of the world's most fascinating, if somewhat cryptic, works of art. It is "Triumph of the Death. (Orcagna) Three scenes: a) Ladies and knights amusing themselves are stopped by a king's corpse and St. Macario admonisches them. b) Anchorite's life. c) The poor and sick men asck for the death, that instead of them kills the ladies and knights amusing themselves into a delicious wood."

This sad note is sustained throughout the volume in such utterances as "At present many frescoes are squandered by burning of the ceiling produced by a grenada." And a truly pathetic paragraph at the end of the "Souvenir" states that "By the sides of the Arno are many famous palaces but no one of them is intact, everyone was ruined by German mines. . . . The walls are populated by gracions statues, and spires by Giovanni Pisano's School. Must be satisfied with these few visits to the principal monuments: at present it is not possible to go everywhere by mines and ruins; but these are the principal and characteristic monuments of Pisa."

THE "Petit Manuel" is a more cheerful work, consisting mostly of everyday conversations featuring soldiers, shopkeepers, hotelmen, railway clerks, and so on. The phonetic system employed in it is really masterly. It enables a Frenchman to speak English so that he will be understood, but guarantees that he will speak with the strongest imaginable French accent. Meeting a friend in the street, this Frenchman says, "Haou do iou dou? Aï aime note ouel. Goud baille." Sometimes the phonetics suggest Chinese, for example: "Kaen iou tchainge me ouone tousennd fraencs?" This is followed by "Ouill iou give mi ouone kilo of appeuls?" An unexpected New England note is introduced in a restaurant scene, in which one of the characters asks for "fiche quéks." (Really means fish cakes, too.) At a hotel a man asks for "a bad room" (bât roume).

Some of the outstanding phonetic jobs are "Dou ïou ouiche somme cigarette pépeur?," "E complite aoutfit for mi?," "Ouat dou ïou desïr, seur?," "A rénne cot," "E goude téleur," "Voud ïou laïk voumen chou'z?," "Ouï also have laecez, poliching crim, chou-horne, chou-tri, haïeur hil'z, doub'l sole," and, all of a sudden "socks"—just like that.

Army rank is thoroughly gone into, from "Are ïou é prïvet? Prïvet fœrts classe" on up to "dgeneraeI" (general). I was surprised to find, though, that "lieutenant colonel" is pronounced "left'nant kernel," while a full colonel is a "kôernel."

I fear that the *braves gars* who read the proofs for the Imprimeries Réunies de Senlis got a little tired before they reached the last page. In the section devoted to weather, we get, for "It is snowing," "It iz onowin," and "What is the temperature?" comes out "Ouat' iz thé tim'fieraflour?"

The booklet ends on a cynical note. The next-to-last phrase is "E doll'r iz ouorth fifti franks."* The last is "How mutch iz it?"—FREDERICK PACKARD

*Don't ask me why it isn't "fraencs," as in the rest of the book.

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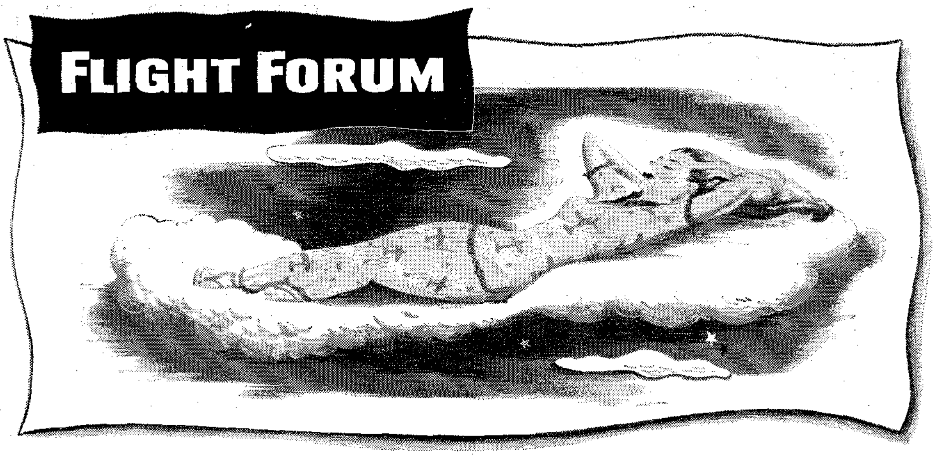
Duncan also made a phone call to Shirley Walker, a stenographer in his office, saying either that he was going to kill her or had already done so.—*Los Angeles News.*

Scatter-brained sort of customer, isn't he?



FLIGHT FORUM

A local pajama designer is through with aviation. He was hard at work on a brilliant idea and then somebody told him. His idea was pajamas for millions of air passengers, pajamas with cloud and plane designs, to wear over Iowa at 10,000 feet. But the sad fact is no sleepers fly today. Berths gave way to extra seats for war travel.

• • •

In future Cyclone-powered fleets, few planes will be sleepers. Speeds make trips short and pajamas as useless as in a taxi. Only long-range flights leaving about midnight will be sleepers. Also, many persons buying bonds for future vacations want daytime travel for scenery.

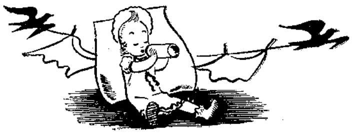
• • •

At all speeds, though, there's time for food aloft. Meals take about 100 to 150 miles of flight, but may run 300 miles on long ocean trips. Most foods are unaffected by altitude, but if there's any question are flight-tested in advance. Just don't ask for whipped cream or meringue pie. Both fall flat at altitude.

• • •

At meal times, you sit in the highest of roof gardens, with a 100-mile view outside, while a slim hostess brings you a thick steak. Or maybe it's chicken. Anyway, it's free, gratis, on the house. You feel like a guest of the airline vice president of traffic.

Probably the most grateful for food service are mothers of young babies, since airline chefs will mix feeding formulas in advance and put bottles aboard to heat in flight. One mother summed it up neatly, after a Kansas City to New York trip. "Look", she said, "the idea of a 1200 mile trip with a baby was a nightmare. This way it was two bottles, two diapers, two naps."



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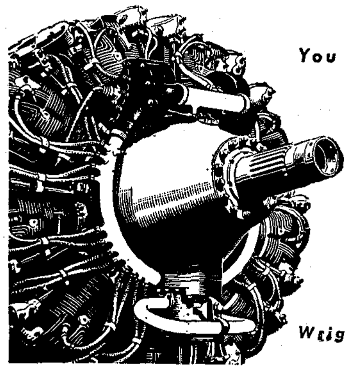
As for flight pastimes, many politicians write speeches. Altitude may inspire lofty words. Many women knit. Passengers can chat in low tones, due to the quietness of flight. Reading and dozing are popular, with the drone of Cyclones conducive to siestas. Ferry pilots, as passengers, hold all records for napping. Even on short flights, they're nodding before the takeoff. Delivering bombers all over the world, they've seen the scenery.

• • •

Most bombers use Cyclones. So do most commercial transports. And while you may never buzz a bomber, if you make all your trips on transports you will find Cyclone-powered flight the fastest, most comfortable and easiest way of travel. Try it on your next trip.



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LETTER FROM LONDON

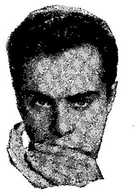
April 1 (by cable)

THIS year the joyful Easter promise of a resurrection of life seems startlingly applicable to temporal affairs. Every dazzling headline is a promise that the hard, dark years are nearly over and that at any moment now the incredible word of Victory may come. The oddly touching impression one is apt to get here—of a city struggling toward a gaiety in which it still hardly dares believe—has perhaps been heightened during these last days of perfect weather and perfect news by the fact that everybody who isn't carrying a paper seems to be carrying a bunch of flowers. Last September, when many people believed that the end of the war was within touching distance, the street hawkers did a roaring trade in Allied flags to hang out. This spring, with more justifiable confidence, Londoners are, instead, buying Cornish daffodils, violets, or forsythia from the heaped corner barrows. Even the shabby, peeling window boxes in the woefully down-at-heel residential streets are sprouting little green plants again for the first time in years, as though the owners had felt suddenly that some gesture was required.

If it were not for these impulses to carry something bright and to spruce up one's home with something fresh, no one would know that people here expect to wake up any morning and find that the war in Europe is all over. There was more visible exhilaration during the extraordinary, keyed-up days right after Dunkerque. Now that the end is practically at hand, the supernormality of the English is surprising. While there was considerable excitement and a good deal of relief when the British Second Army swept into Germany at last, London is far from being in a mood for wild celebrating. For one thing, it is still possible that the Germans may send all they have in known and unknown forms of air attack against this country as a final gesture of despairing malice. Increasingly few people hold this gloomy view, however. It is simply difficult for Londoners to forget that they will be under some sort of fire right up to the last minute.

THOSE who remember the hysterical armistice scenes of 1918 do not think that there will be any repetition of them this time. The official plans for V Day have not been announced, but the papers have semi-officially stated that a national holiday probably will be proclaimed, with radio addresses by the King and the Prime Minister. The event on the expected program which all Londoners will celebrate most enthusiastically is the end of the dimout, because the darkness has become a symbol. In villages throughout the country, children have begun gathering fuel for the Victory bonfires that will be lighted on the greens and housewives are tramping to whist drives and similar functions that have been organized to raise welcome-home funds with which to give the returning boys a party and possibly a bit of spare cash. Everybody has probably worked out his own plans for celebrating the big day. One woman said recently that she intended to crawl into bed with a supply of clean handkerchiefs and turn on the radio. There are many who share her feelings. To sleep for a week is a V Day goal frequently mentioned by dog-tired Londoners. Most people think that only the young will feel impelled to shout, wave flags, and generally cut loose, but a lot of the adults may surprise themselves by going mad and yelling for a week when the time comes. Nevertheless, the past may easily seem too near and too sad and the future too shadowed with the wreckage of the last six years of destruction in Europe to make the day anything but a deeply emotional one.

LONDONERS whose war jobs took them out of the city or who could afford to move their children out of bombing range are now beginning to return to town, and, as a result, the prices of London property are starting to show the same alarming upward curve they developed after the first World War. Depressed couples in search of a small family house in which to settle down as Londoners once more are finding that the good things are prohibitive in price and that the moderately priced houses appear to have received a little too much attention from the bombers. The new government limit on house repairs is ten pounds, so the problem of getting a dirty, leaking house into habitable shape is a difficult one. However, some amateur house-decorating help is available. For example, the charwoman's husband, on leave from the Navy, may oblige with a little distempering, or a friendly air warden may come



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around in off-duty hours and do a bit of carpentering.

The returning middle-class people, who normally could afford a neat little house in Kensington or Chelsea, are discovering that today's abnormal prices are beyond them and wondering whether it will turn out that they are a forgotten group for whose needs the government housing program will not provide. It is still not satisfactorily clear how fully or how soon the government will be able to provide for even its most important customers, the fighting men, many of whom may be freed before long to come home and ask tiresome questions about such matters. As in every European country, shelter and food will be the big primitive questions of the immediate future and it will be against a background of the government's success or failure in answering them that the people will go to the polls to decide the color of the next chapter in England's political history.

There is really, of course, only one big question among Londoners right now, and it does not concern shelter or food. People feel that everything can wait until after that almost unbelievable hour when the lights go on again, when the sirens scream for something which will not be an air raid, and when everyone can express in his own way, with tears or embraces or Scotch or silence, his own version of the Te Deum.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

UNDER THE W. H. GREENWOOD TREE

[*Adv. in the Fort Worth Star-Telegram*]

(2 ACRES, COZY SPANISH VILLA) O my pretty Senorita! What a keene snow white Spanish Villa for your swella biga fella! (5 years old) 5-room, solid brick stuccoed, garages attached; huge steel casement windows, sunken living room, base bath, oak floors, wood fires, lights, gas, telephone (redecorated), barbecue pit, brick driveway, 14x18 barns, giant shade trees; 2 acres fine soil ready to plant. Overlooks the town, vast open spaces all around. Go south on Wichita at 5 blocks south of narcotic farm buildings to Grady St. $5,850 cash, vacant, open. Here's to bees, peas, peaches, roses, posies, eggs, cream, butter, chicken suppers, dogs, horses, hogs. Rain or shine can make and save dollars to dimes; never a lull in having plentifuls; exact $38 tax. Mrs. Kraft weeps to leave her sweet little palace for standing room in noisy Dallas. She is now waiting here at her door for some lucky guy to buy. There'd be hundreds late what want to cry. Whoopie for a lovely Spanish Villa in the city's nearby beautiful countryside. Hurry! Hurry! W. H. Greenwood.

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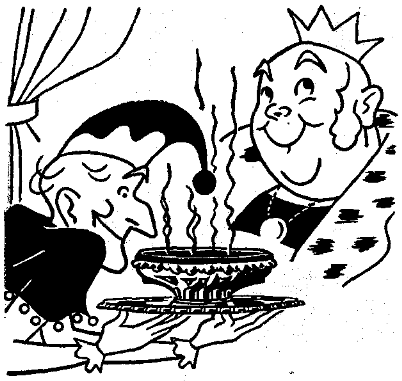

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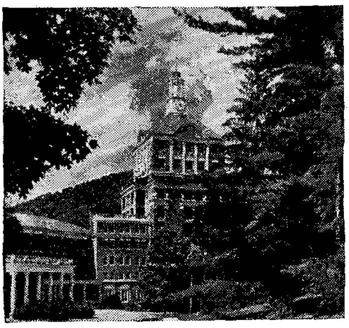

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DEPT. OF CORRECTION AND AMPLIFICATION

PORT-AU-PRINCE, HAITI
MARCH 24, 1945

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

I REGRET to tell you that *The New Yorker* is in the doghouse here as a result of its recent article on Haiti. It may help matters to discuss the piece in detail.

The article opened with the suggestion that Haiti was taking things easy in the war. I wonder if *The New Yorker* has heard of Haiti's wartime export of sisal, an essential fiber. The export of this commodity used to average two and a half million kilograms a year; in the fiscal year 1941-42, Haiti was able to ship eleven and a half million kilograms, and in the following year she did almost as well. The entire output was placed at the disposal of the United States government. In another war project, President Elie Lescot leased approximately one hundred thousand acres of Haitian land to the Rubber Development Corporation of Washington for growing the Cryptostegia vine, which yields rubber. Few Americans outside Haiti are aware how much political courage this act required. The Haitian peasant is almost fanatically attached to the land he owns. When so large a tract was leased to the United States, thousands of peasants temporarily lost their holdings—and, in effect, their independence—and were forced to work for daily wages. Some reluctance was encountered, but no real difficulty. After twenty-two months, the Rubber Development Corporation declared the program a failure and closed down. That Cryptostegia grandiflora did not grow well enough to produce rubber in sufficient quantities, or at a permissible cost, was not the fault of either the Republic's government or the Rubber Development Corporation; the United States was nearly destitute of rubber and Cryptostegia had been worth a gamble. It certainly can be argued, though, that the Corporation's expenditure of some six and a half million dollars in less than two years—a flood of money in this country—helped to generate the inflation that has since been upsetting the peasant economy.

SISAL production and the Cryptostegia experiment are only two of Haiti's contributions to the war. She has also offered her troops to the United Nations and her pilots have long flown

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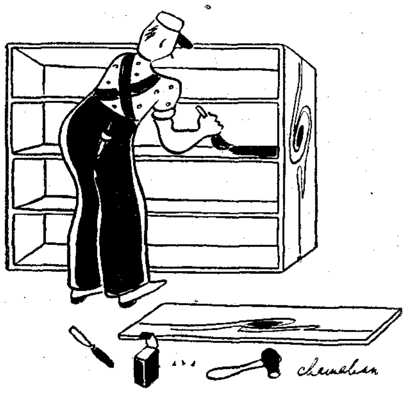
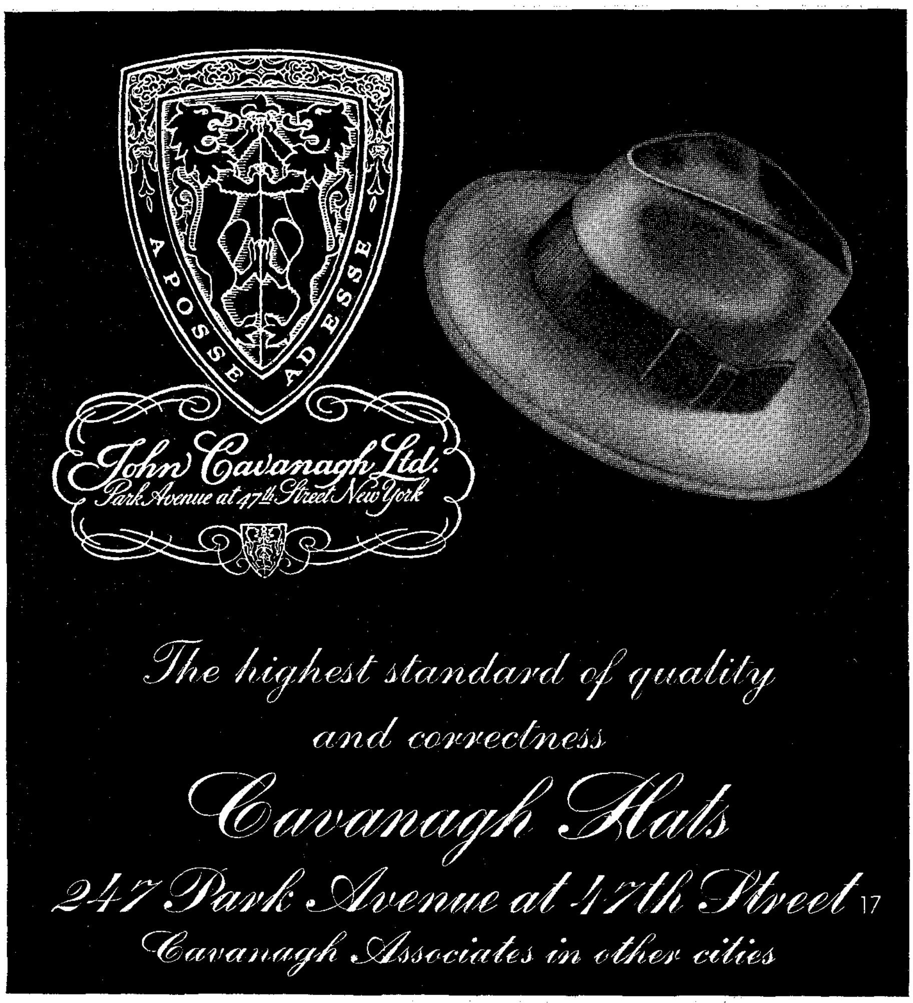
submarine patrol in the Windward Passage, the main shipping artery between the Atlantic and the Caribbean; the Haitian Red Cross has been active in collecting money; the United States has had unqualified use of air and marine bases in the Republic; and on every letter a Haitian mails he pays a one-cent stamp tax for the United Nations War Relief Fund.

OTHER statements that caused the local hackles to rise:

"Among the majority of Haiti's three million citizens it is no disgrace to be convicted of one of the milder crimes, largely because a prison sentence is a guarantee of three meals a day." This is as ridiculous as it is untrue. Some eighty per cent of Haiti's citizens are peasant farmers, who have land to till and who work hard. This nation, like any other, has its share of vagrants who can't seem to stay out of jail, but for the majority of the population a tangle with the law is as shocking and disgraceful as it is in Vermont or Ohio.

"In spite of their poverty, however, large numbers of Haitians manage to attend Port-au-Prince's movie theatres. . . . The films are usually American with French subtitles. The fact that most patrons can neither understand the English spoken by the actors nor read the French subtitles appears to have no effect on attendance." Movie tickets in Port-au-Prince cost from twelve to sixty-six cents. The moviegoers are drawn not from the peasants but from the capital's commercial class (importers, exporters, shopkeepers, and their employees), the lawyers and doctors and plumbers and boss carpenters, and the fairly substantial body of government employees. In the past, the films were usually French, but these have become increasingly hard to get, and perhaps fifty per cent of the offerings now are American. Probably only twenty per cent of the audience understands the English spoken in American films, but certainly ninety-five per cent can read

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the French subtitles (and, for that matter, the novels of André Gide and Colette).

"There are many European refugees living in the country now, among them a large number of Austrians and . . . Syrians." A prominent Austrian tells me that there are about thirty of his countrymen in all of Haiti. None of the Syrians here are refugees. Syrian colonies have been established in the capital and all the outports for at least fifty years, dealing in cloth and a miscellany of commodities. Most of the Syrian businessmen are Haitian citizens and most of the younger generation were born here.

FINALLY, farmhouses in Haiti are not colored "milk chocolate and lime green, French blue and tutti-frutti pink, and black, white, and salmon pink." They are white or ochre. And they don't "vary in design as much as they do in color." On second thought, it can be admitted that they *do* vary in design as much as in color; that is, hardly at all. The houses of the farmers—the primitive, peasant agriculturists—are of one or two rooms, roughly square, one story high, and built of wattle and thatch. The country women seldom wear black Mother Hubbards; black is for mourning. Their dresses are either blue denim or some cheap white material like unbleached muslin. Their hats are generally *latanier*, rarely sisal. You'd go a long way in rural Haiti to find a man in shirt and trousers of "violently contrasting colors;" peasant males likewise wear blue denim or white. Furthermore, in the five years I've lived in this republic I've never seen a child dressed in "hand-me-down convict stripes." Of course, there may be one, but the prison authorities assure me that they don't give the convict his stripes to carry home when his term is completed.

Sincerely,
William A. Krauss

•

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—*Headline in the Times.*

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For nylon lacks the glimmer,
And silk the strength, of steel.

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You beat your swords to plowshares,
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—Richard Armour

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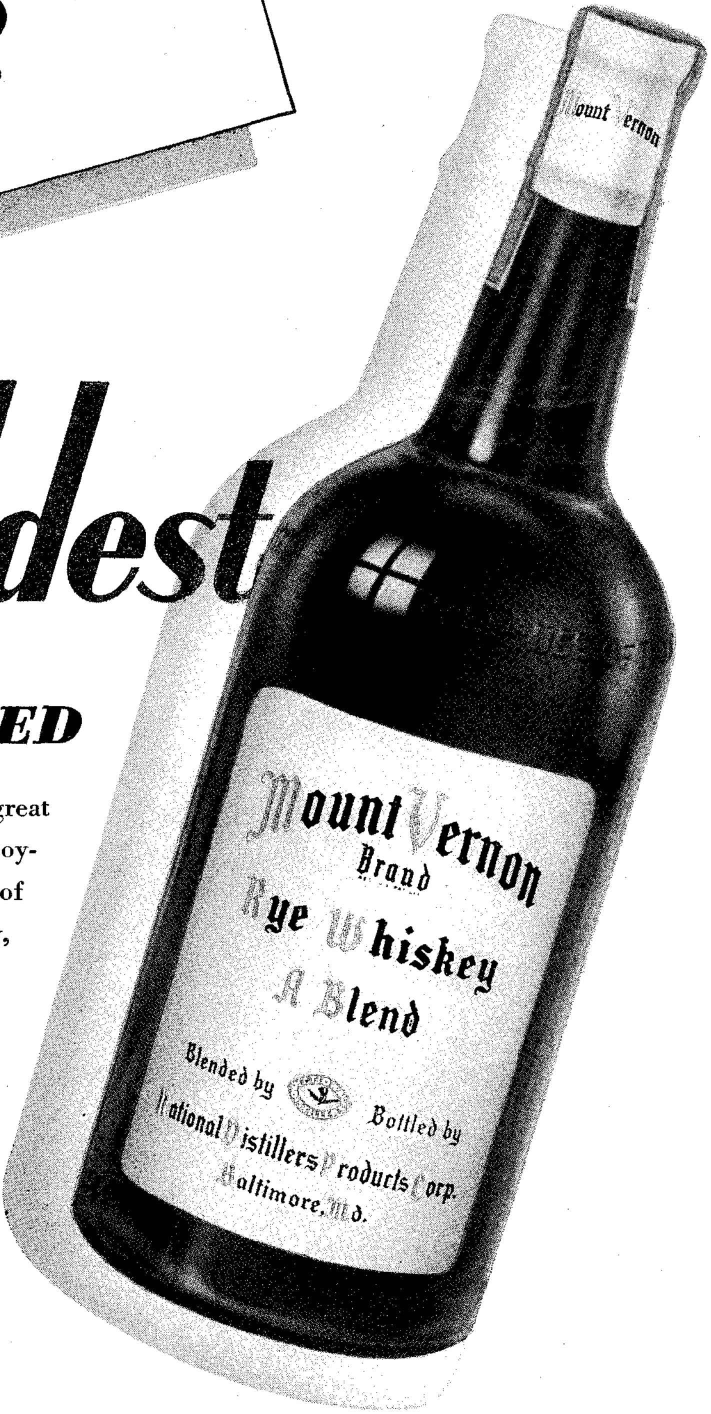
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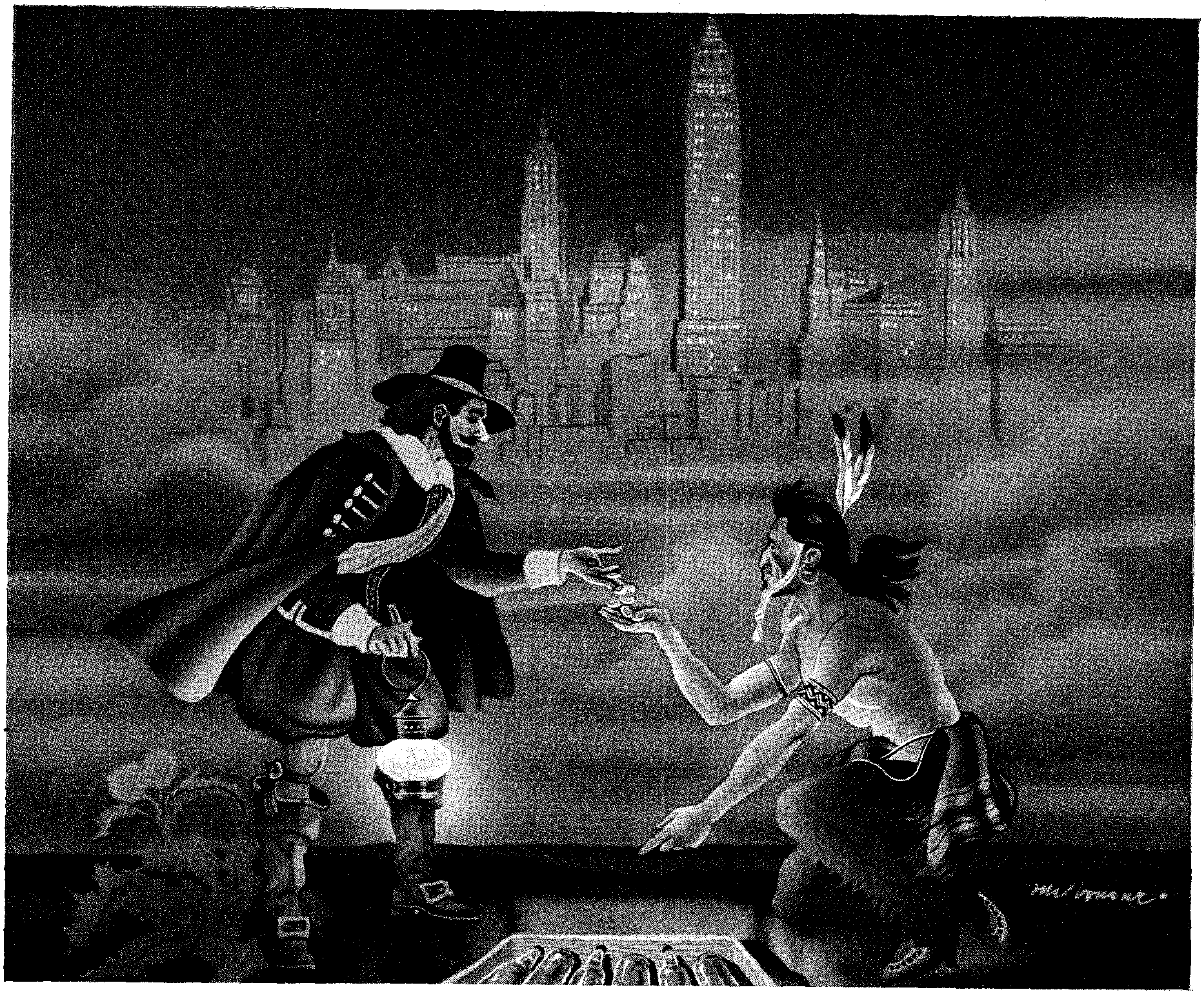

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Annuals

WAGNER'S "Parsifal" had its annual Metropolitan performances last week, and it is pleasant to report that this season's production was considerably more interesting than last year's. For one thing, the conductor, Emil Cooper, drew more animation from the music, and, for another, there seemed to be more drama. While it was not a model "Parsifal," it had enough euphony and plausibility to place it well on the credit side of the Metropolitan balance sheet. The Parsifal for the first of the season's two performances was Emery Darcy, who sang the rôle last year for the first time. I didn't hear Mr. Darcy then, but in his latest appearance he lived up to the acclaim he earned in 1944. His voice had the right "ring" for this music and he sang with point and conviction. The acting required of the character is difficult because the tenor has to make the hero seem naïve without making him appear silly. Mr. Darcy handled this problem with good sense and credibility. His principal associates were Kerstin Thorborg, Herbert Janssen, Alexander Kipnis, and Walter Olitzki, all experienced "Parsifal" people and all in good voice. There was a little high-note trouble here and there for some of the cast, but not enough to disturb the musical scheme seriously. The six solo flower girls in the garden scene were candidates for the pin-up department, although their ensemble singing was hardly something you would care to remember.

There was a diverting mechanical complication near the end of the second act when the magician, Klingsor, tossed the spear at Parsifal. The wires on which the weapon travelled were too high, and it sailed merrily over Parsifal's head, so that the traditional bare-handed catch couldn't be made. However, before the spear could make good its escape, it collided with a handy bit of scenery, and Mr. Darcy was able to retrieve it and go on with the performance. It was touch and go for a moment there, though.

THE Philharmonic-Symphony's presentation of the complete Bach "St. Matthew Passion," under the direction of Bruno Walter, has, like "Parsifal," become a local annual. It is done in two parts, separated by a forty-five-minute intermission for rest and maybe refreshment. As in other seasons, many of the listeners brought their own music with them and followed the performance from the score, and the management thoughtfully left the hall lights bright enough. Mr. Walter's current interpretation didn't differ materially from his earlier direction of the work. It was a sound, fluent job, and there was a helpful brightness of pace in parts which are sometimes too dolefully drawn out. The choirs sang effectively and the vocal soloists were, on the whole, efficient. Matters were aided by the use of the English text by Henry S. Drinker, whose translation is smoother and simpler than the words you find in older editions.

THE first annual George Gershwin Memorial Concert, which was presented at the Metropolitan Opera House under the sponsorship of the B'nai B'rith Victory Lodge, introduced the winner of the Lodge's thousand-dollar prize, Peter Mennin's "Symphonic Allegro." It was a lively and well-scored opus, but the chances are it isn't the most distinctive work we will hear by this young composer. Leonard Bernstein conducted eighty-four members of the Philharmonic-Symphony at the concert, and they also performed compositions by Schuman, Copland, the conductor himself, and Gershwin. The high spot in execution, I thought, was the singing of Jennie Tourel in the finale of Mr. Bernstein's "Jeremiah" symphony. There was also an original performance of Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" by Mr. Bernstein as piano soloist, but the "Rhapsody" would undoubtedly have been more cohesive if he hadn't had to double as maestro from the keyboard.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

•

Q. If I draw lewd pictures, can I be prosecuted if I give them away but don't sell them; or if I draw them from imagination rather than from life?—IMAGINATION.

A. You can be prosecuted if you even distribute lewd pictures free, or sell them. The fact that they are drawn from imagination will not enable you to elude lewd picture penalties. Probably your imagination is lewder than any model would be.
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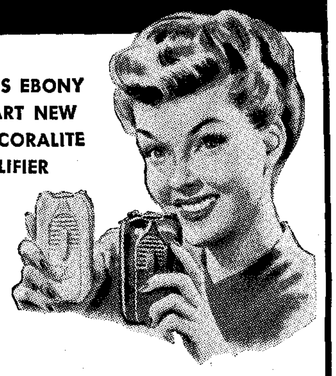

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BOOKS

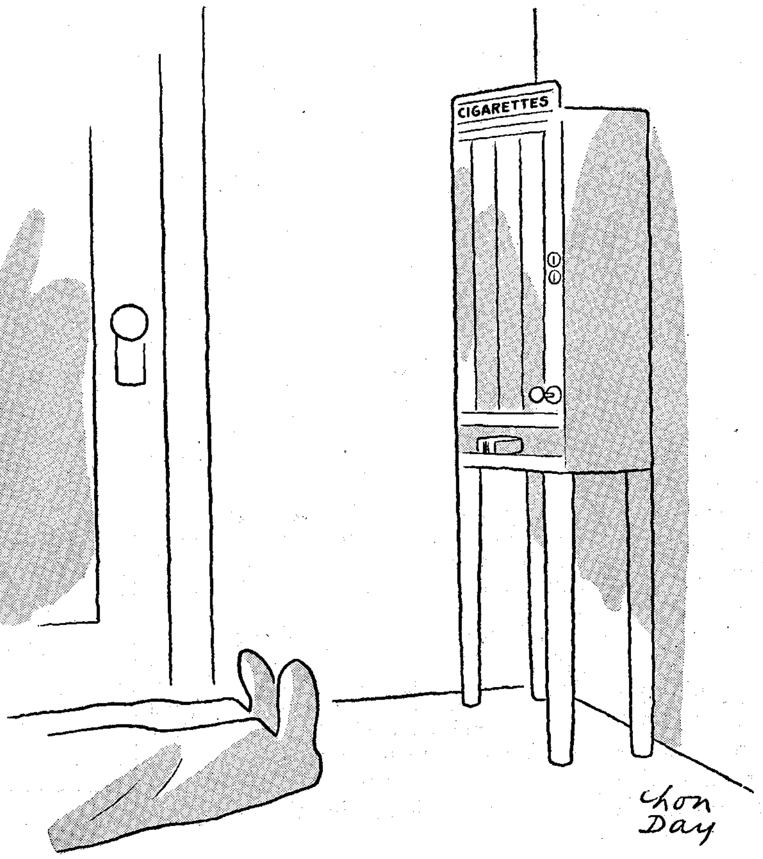
A Strong Woman and Two Weak Utopias

MISS ROSAMOND LEHMANN'S new novel, "The Ballad and the Source" (Reynal & Hitchcock), tells the story of a beautiful and talented Edwardian lady, Mrs. Sybil Jardine, whose instinct for domination, along with an extreme degree of self-centeredness, troubles several lives. Before the book has even begun, Mrs. Jardine has left her husband, who is a middle-aged British diplomat, and their daughter, Ianthe, and run off to France with a young artist. She becomes an actress, writes some outspoken novels, gains a divorce and a considerable amount of notoriety, and finally marries an elderly Englishman, Harry Jardine, who has a château in France, a country house in England, and a weakness for alcohol. Mrs. Jardine, to whom we are introduced when she is middle-aged, is still anything but happy. The worm under the leaf, or under all these leaves, is the fact that she has never been able to get possession of Ianthe; her first husband, out of hatred for his wife, took steps to make this impossible. The drama of the book revolves mostly about Mrs. Jardine's unceasing efforts to get control of Ianthe, now married herself, and, when this proves impossible, to bring Ianthe's three children under her own domination. What happens from then on is Miss Lehmann's story, and I shan't bother to tell it. I have summarized this much of the book merely to indicate its close resemblance to the fiction of Henry James. Her approach is also Jamesian, and her book is full of those psychological undertones we associate with the novels of James, and what she has done (or tried to do, since I do not think she has been altogether successful) is to write a novel about the complexity of human relationships—a theme that runs through all of James's work and which, in the preface he wrote for "Roderick Hudson," he discusses at some length.

"Really, universally, relations stop nowhere," he explained, "and the exquisite problem of the artist is eternally but to draw, by a geometry of his own, the circle within which they shall happily *appear* to do so. He is in the perpetual predicament that the continuity of things is the whole matter, for him, of comedy and tragedy; that this continuity is never, by the space of an instant or an inch, broken; *and that, to do anything at all,* he has at once intensely to consult and intensely to ignore it." It is this "continuity of things," more than anything else, that Miss Lehmann has tried to catch, and I am sure there will be those who will think she has done so. ("My God," the publishers quote Mr. Christopher Morley as saying, "how Henry James would have been thrilled by this thing, but Henry could never have done the miracle she has achieved.") I put down the book, however, feeling that it came to little more than another portrait of another disagreeable woman. It's a good portrait and an interesting book, but I wouldn't go so far as to call it a miracle.

Miss Lehmann tells her story the hard way. Everything is seen through the eyes or heard through the ears of a young girl named Rebecca, who, when the book begins, is only nine. I don't like to keep harping on Henry James and I don't want to give anybody the idea that Miss Lehmann has written in slavish imitation of him, because she hasn't, but it happens that James, in "What Maisie Knew," put a child in a rather similar rôle. In his preface to that book, he gives his reasons for doing so: "The one presented register of the whole complexity would be the play of the child's confused and obscure notation of it. . . . To that then I settled—to the question of giving it *all*, the whole situation surrounding her, but of giving it only through the occasions and connections of her proximity and her attention, only as it might . . . touch and affect her." This is an excellent, though fancy, statement of purpose, and James, in "What Maisie Knew," turns the trick successfully enough. The idea, in the case of Miss Lehmann's story, presents certain obstacles, which she overcomes only by making use of almost every convenience known to fiction. The child, as "the one presented register of the whole complexity," must always be in certain places at certain times, over a sizable stretch of years; she must read letters intended for other persons; she must have the gift of listening for hours on end; all sorts of people must confide to her things they have never told anyone and discuss matters, such as adultery and incest, that are not generally talked over with a nine-year-old—all of which, in the end, places as much of a strain upon credulity as it would seem to have placed on her.

You should not get to thinking, however, that Miss Lehmann has written a negligible or indifferent book; it's perhaps as good a novel as is apt to turn up this year. Miss Lehmann is an extremely skillful writer, with an acute insight into human behavior, and she makes all her characters real enough. Even Rebecca, manipulated though she is, takes on a certain rightness and reality. The trouble, I suppose, if it can be called trouble, is that Miss Lehmann is challenging one of the really great fiction writers on his own



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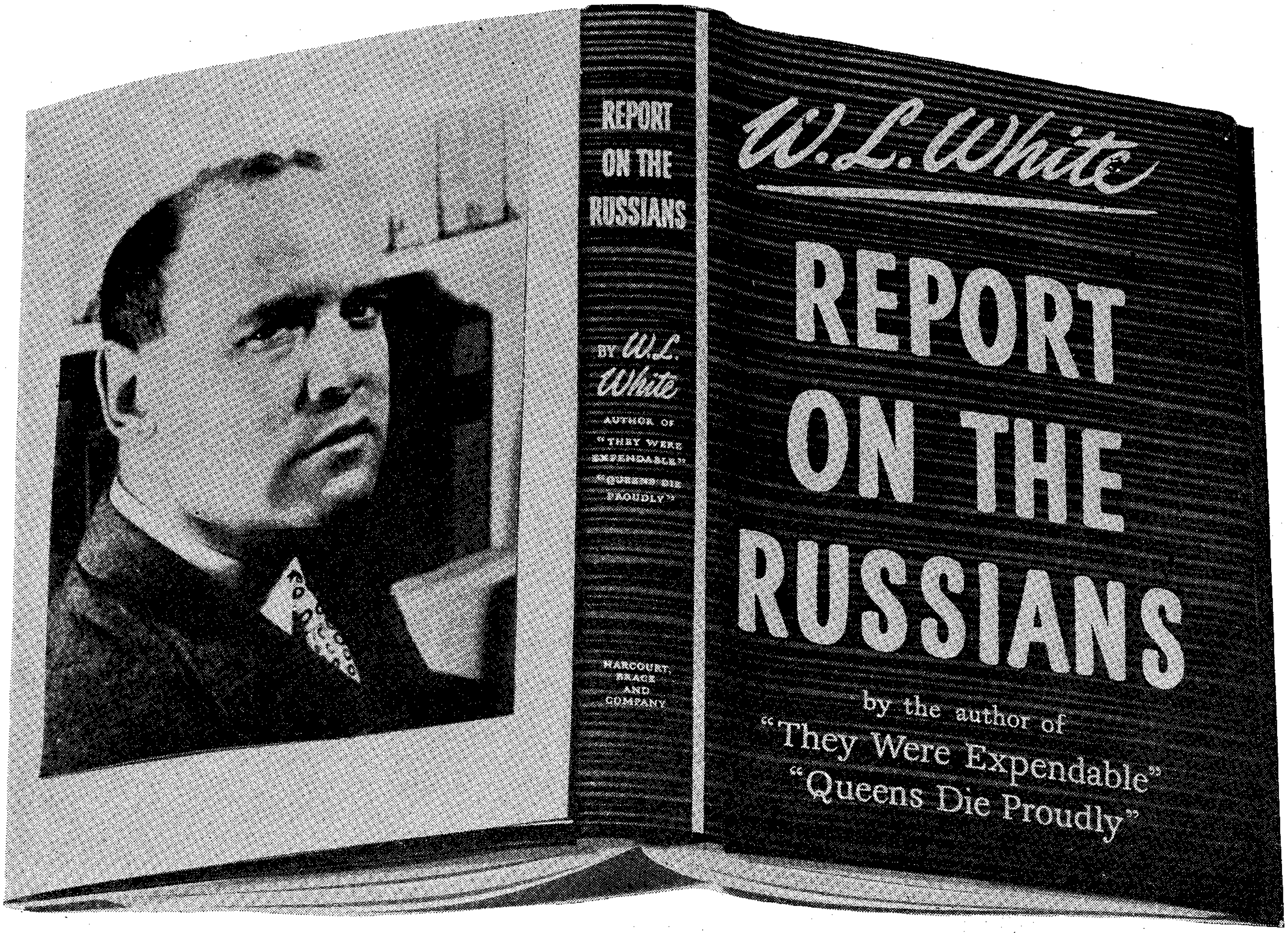
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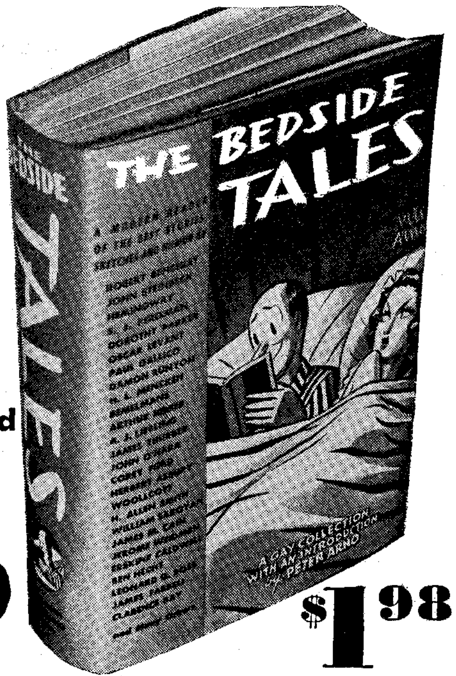
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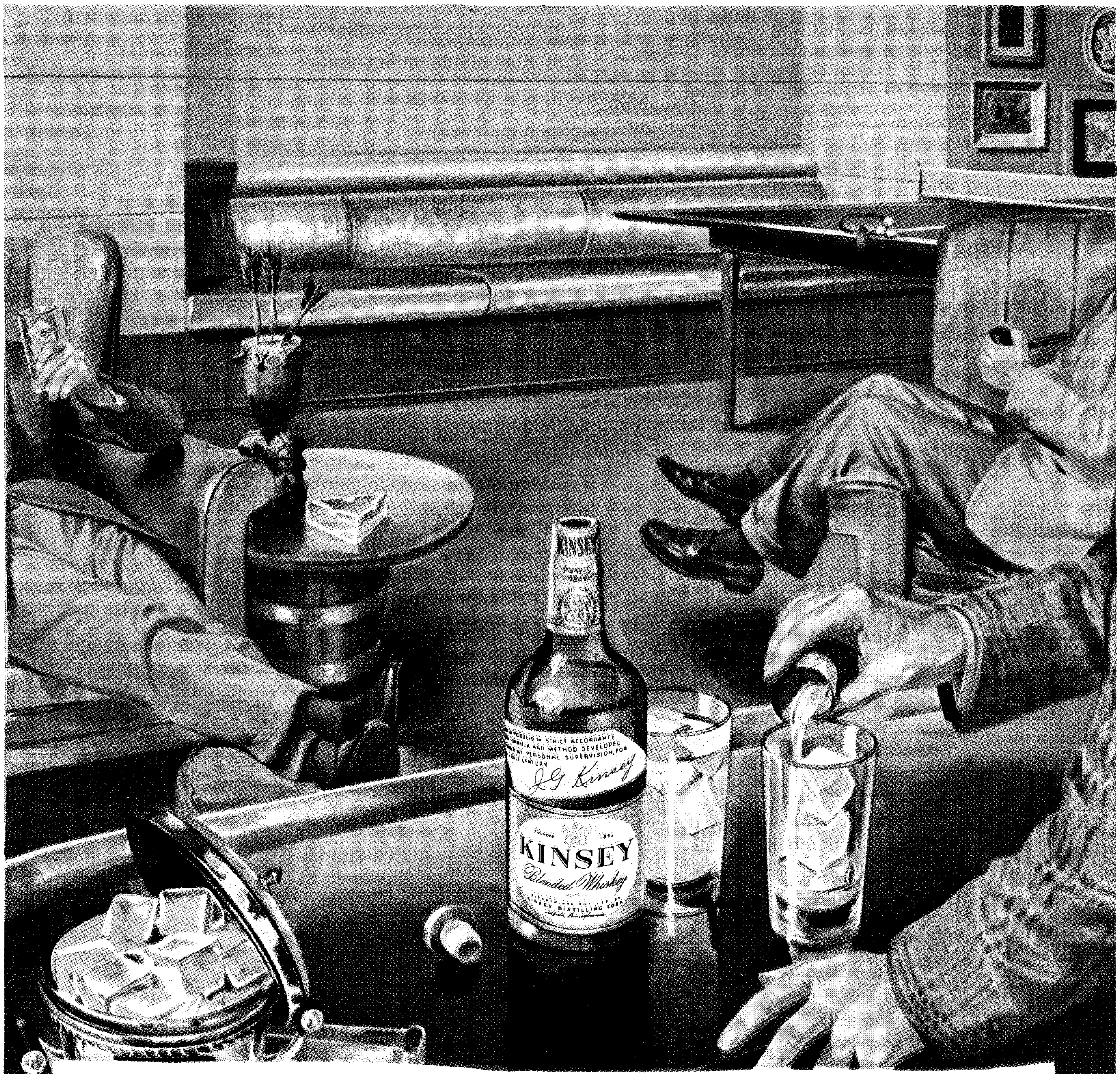
terms and on his own ground. Other judges may come to other conclusions and be inclined to give her the decision on points, but by my tally the champ is still the champ.

MISS MARGUERITE YOUNG'S "Angel in the Forest" (Reynal & Hitchcock), which she subtitles "A Fairy Tale of Two Utopias," is one of the most interesting books of non-fiction I've come across in some time. It is also a hard one to describe. Miss Young, whose first book of prose this is (she has already, though, had two volumes of verse published), sets out to tell the story of New Harmony, Indiana. New Harmony is largely forgotten now, but during the early part of the last century, as the seat of two short-lived social experiments, one established in 1804 by German Separatists under the leadership of George Rapp and the other founded in 1825 by Robert Owen, the English philanthropist and industrialist, it was very much talked about. It is not quite accurate, however, to say that Miss Young "tells" the story of New Harmony. Her book is more a prolonged brooding upon it and the small bit of social and human history that was enacted there; it is a series of poetic evocations which try to capture some of the mood and emotion of the past. There were times when I felt that Miss Young was attempting to do in prose what might better have been done in poetry, and times when I thought she was attempting to say poetically what might have been better said in straightforward prose, and still other times when, forced to consult the Encyclopædia Britannica and the Dictionary of American History to find out just what *did* go on out in New Harmony, that I deeply wished she hadn't been so reluctant to give dates, to sketch in backgrounds, and to do a few more of the dull chores that are fairly essential to a book of historical non-fiction. But there is not a page of her volume that doesn't show signs of a definite talent, and the short chapters about present-day New Harmony, interspersed with those about the New Harmony of the past, struck me as being very good indeed. I can't promise that everyone will be interested, because the book bogs down now and then, but Miss Young is plainly a writer worth keeping your eye on. —HAMILTON BASSO

VERSE

"A MASQUE OF REASON," by Robert Frost (Henry Holt), appears near the occasion of Frost's seventieth birthday. This short verse play deals with



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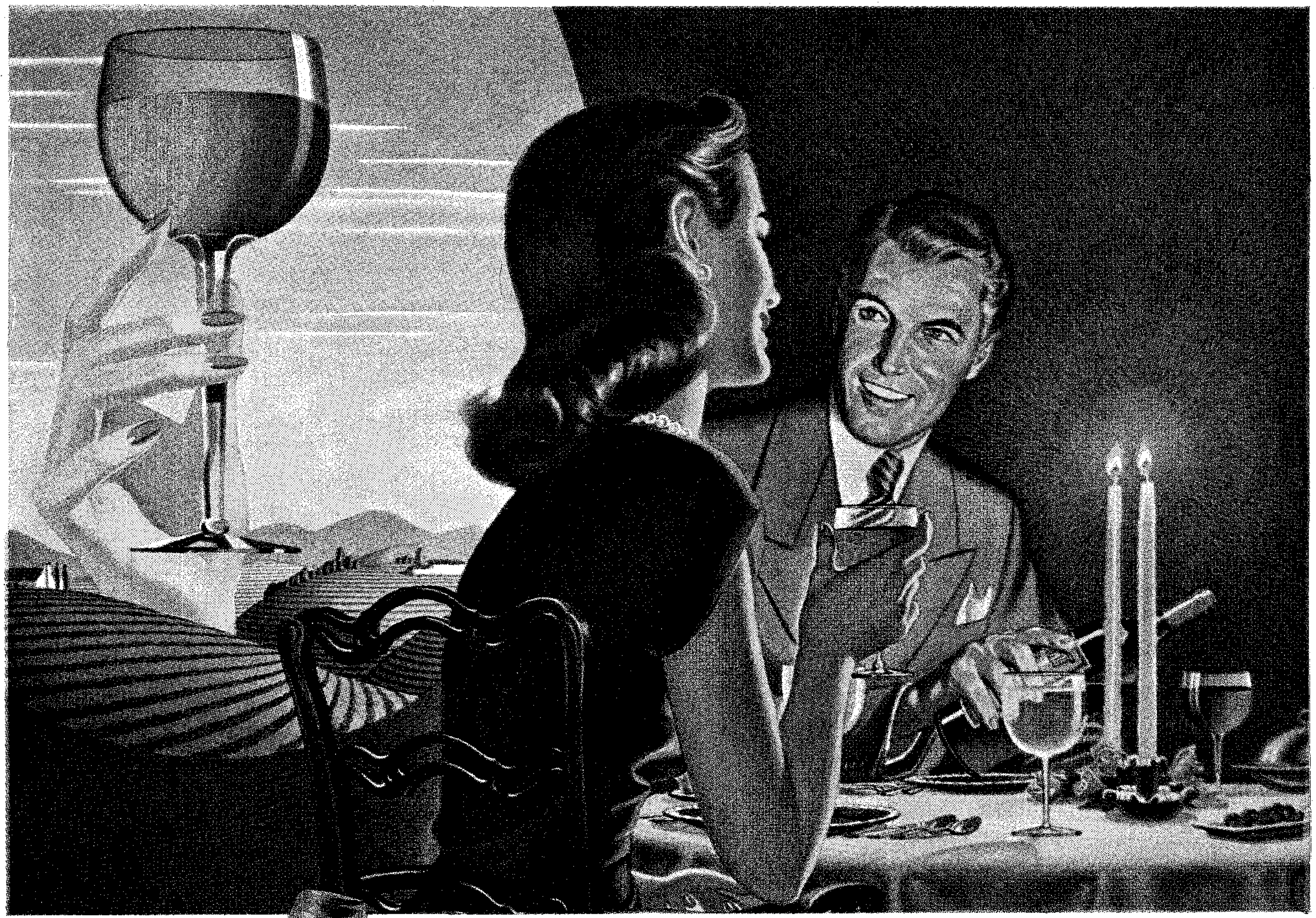

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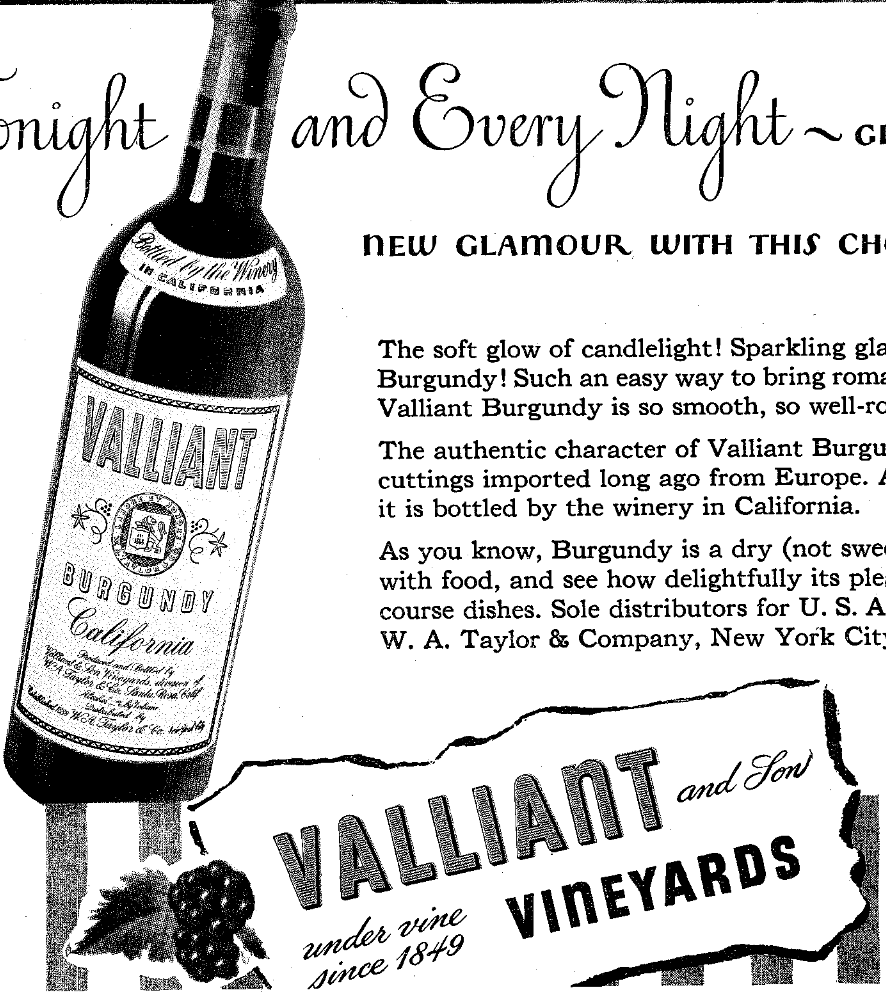
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Few households keep an assortment of table wines. Many choose Burgundy because they like its flavor best. So—forget the "do's and don'ts" you've heard about serving wine and just remember that "Valliant Burgundy is good taste with any food."

the Job story in a spirit of good middle-of-the-road grass-roots conservatism; Frost speaks in the language, and with much of the point of view, of the "dry" cracker-box philosopher. Job, a reasonable farmer at heart, has never been really satisfied with the elaborate explanation of the reason for his misfortunes given to him, on an unforgettable occasion, by God out of the whirlwind. Now safely dead, and granted the company of his beautiful but sleepy wife, Job decides, when God appears in the desert of the afterworld, to get down to facts, to face up to Mystery with Reason. Job's wife, too, has a few questions. God hems and haws but finally comes out with the explanation familiar to us all along: He did it to show off to the Devil. Satan's lieutenants act only for hire, but God counted on Job's free will and Job did not fail him. Job's integrity, it is true, leads to near despair and permanent puzzlement, but Job holds out, and a great moral turn occurs in the affairs of both God and Man. In the course of this little drama, many asides on present-day matters appear, and a charming ending, that will not puzzle, shock, or bemuse anyone (that will, indeed, bring down the house in a gathering of, say, the Ladies' Aid Society), gives Mrs. Job the last word, as she lines up God, Satan, and her husband for a photograph to commemorate the occasion—a photograph in which she will not appear but for which she asks them to smile.

We cannot bear down heavily upon this little divertissement. Frost, bringing us up against the problem of Pain and Evil, adds nothing to our insight into the subject. But it would not be in character for Frost to startle us with some new concept or to throw dangerous light into the shadowy corners of his scene. It is interesting to note, by the way, that Frost deletes Elihu. Rereading the original story, one is struck by the modern wisdom of this enthusiastic and invigorating young son of Barachel the Buzite. Here is a character for a modern poet to take hold of. Elihu's remarks would delight T. S. Eliot; Elihu's insight into the power of dreams, no doubt, long ago delighted that student of religions, Jung. Elihu urges Job to give up and give in, to forget about his stiff civic righteousness and his sense of moral pride. Frost, like Yeats and Stefan George, has a strong belief in Job's kind of individualism. Elihu is on the side of Rilke, Eliot, and (at present) Auden. Frost's God is thrifty, crafty, and nonexperimental (He wagers only on a sure thing). God according to Elihu brings briefly before us Imaginative Immanence, which deals out, with one hand, mystery and suffering and, with the other, instruction and grace. Frost, too, reduces Satan to what he calls a "sapphire wasp," and an emaciated one at that. He makes Evil a rather slight and annoying malicious force, whereas certain modern poets, from Baudelaire on, have magnified the power of Evil. It is interesting to trace the line of middle-class reasonable conformity in Frost's little *jeu d'esprit* and to recognize how difficult it is, even in an era of the utmost tragedy, for a poet who has chosen the middle road to be serious in tone and searching in intent.

In the same period that Frost, the "New England" poet, has chosen to express certain ideas in the form of a homely charade, Allen Tate, a Southerner and a conservative of what may be called the High Tradition, has turned to satire, in order to put down his convictions about the time in which he finds himself. His small book "The Winter Sea" (Cummington) is, however, not entirely satirical. In fact, it is difficult to find anywhere in it satire in a pure form. Many of the poems have a nightmare quality; a tone of bitterness and despair reverberates in almost every line. This depth of tone is new in Tate. His earlier work had moments of macabre emotional resonance, but a dark emotion did not unite with or, rather, overshadow his poetry as a whole. These new poems are written with classical severity. The language is ordered and weighted. Once Tate's opacities were merely opaque. Now his stranger images seem attached to some subterranean reality. His satire, even the sharp and effective "Ode to Our Young Proconsuls of the Air," is loaded with feeling. Tate now endows everything he touches with a kind of shuddering tension. Nothing is resolved. However, the poet is making no effort to deny tension or to laugh it off. Tate has, in some deep sense, given himself over to his imagination as never before, and these poems are, in my opinion, the most memorable he has ever composed. —LOUISE BOGAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE SMALL BACK ROOM, by Nigel Balchin (Houghton Mifflin). A sharp, brief novel developed with great skill around two themes. The main emphasis is on the satiric story

JOHN O'HARA

at his best in his first book in five years

PIPE NIGHT

A matchless book of stories, many previously unpublished - as Wolcott Gibbs says in his Preface, "It is all very, very good." $2.50

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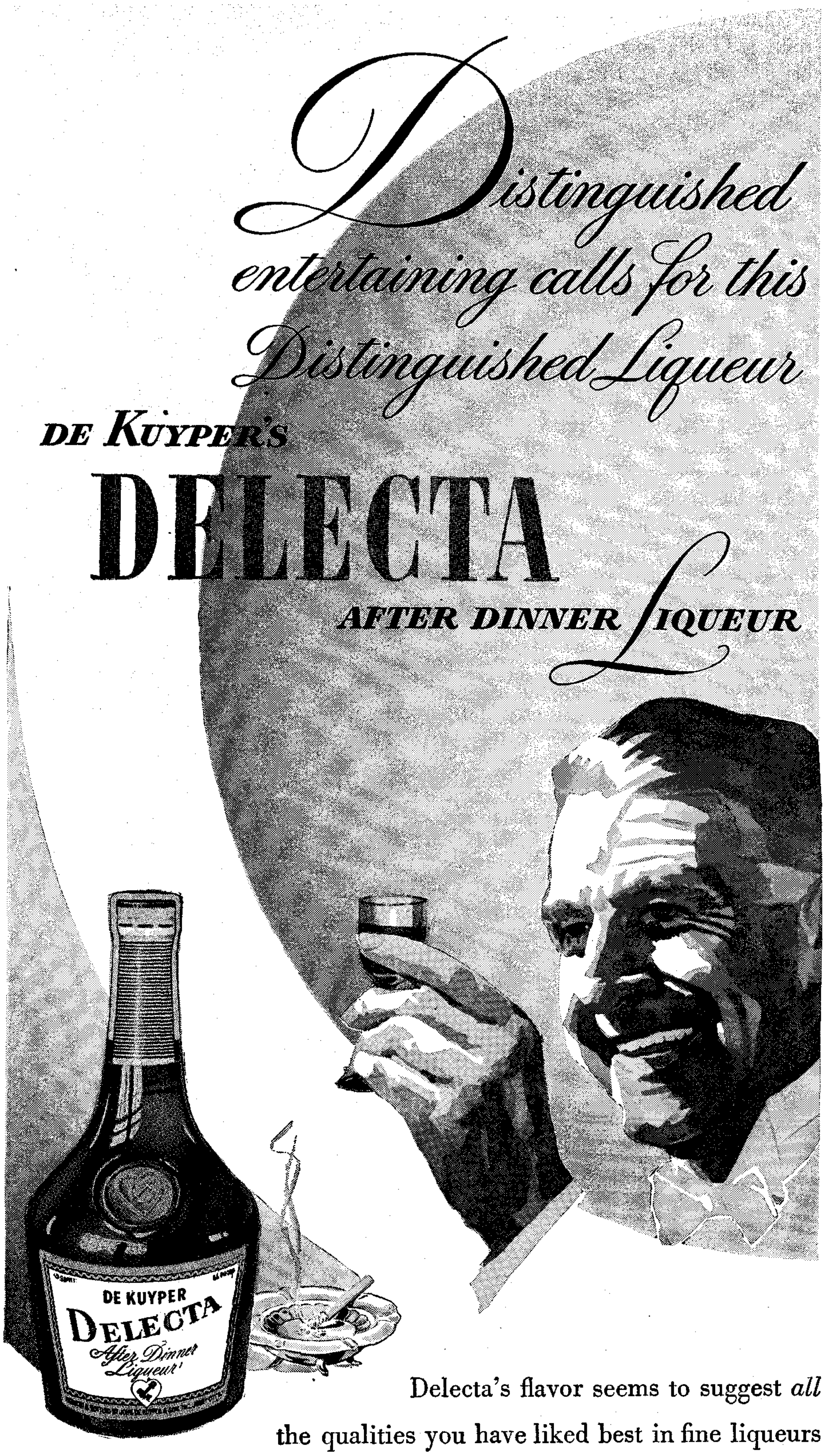
Small Fry

Duell, Sloan and Pearce

of what goes on in the research unit of a government department in wartime Britain. It is in the small back room that the real scientific work on fuses and bombs is done; in the front room are the plush carpets and the stuffed shirts who keep on terms with Ministers and play cheap politics. The minor theme concerns a critical psychological moment in the life of the hero, a neurotic research technician whose intense inferiority complex keeps him from recognizing himself as an able scientist and a courageous human being. Mr. Balchin has not set out to make a full-scale work of fiction. He has created an extraordinarily convincing background, but the characters are purposely brushed in with only a stroke or two and it is by their conversations (the book is nearly all dialogue) that they reveal themselves and, at the same time, the jealousies, the stupidity, the wirepulling, and the personal ambitions by which scientific work and simple patriotism are hamstrung. A book which will arouse plenty of moral indignation but which manages to escape being grim and even has a certain wry humor.

Dayspring, by Harry Sylvester (Appleton-Century). An adult, well-written novel about a young anthropologist, an agnostic, who, in order to get first-hand knowledge of the brotherhood of the Penitentes in New Mexico, joins the Catholic Church and takes part in the violent rites of the brotherhood. The first three-fourths of the book, besides being a trustworthy and absorbing picture of the Penitentes in action, is a perceptive if not especially deep study of the hero's emotional disequilibrium caused by his relations with his absent wife. Toward the end there is a sharp drop in credibility, and the scientist's last-page change of heart is not only abrupt but has the appearance of an evasion on the part of the author. In spite of this, the book should interest any intelligent reader.

Fireman Flower, by William Sansom (Vanguard). Twelve short stories, most of which are concerned with a rather deliberately fabricated symbolism. In the face of the superlative recommendations on the dust jacket by Miss Eudora Welty and a battery of English reviewers, it may seem merely eccentric to suggest that Mr. Sansom's allegorical narratives are no more than a great bluff. The intention of allegory is apparent, but, especially in the title story, it is so con-



Delecta's flavor seems to suggest *all* the qualities you have liked best in fine liqueurs—tang, delicacy of bouquet, rich body, silken smoothness. And since it bears the 249-year-old de Kuyper name, you may be sure this is a liqueur you can serve confidently to your most discerning guests. Try it straight, or half-and-half with brandy. Made in America—but with an old-world "touch" easily recognized. » » » ANNO 1693

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THE GREAT LIVING ILLUSTRATORS

THIS ONE BEING ABOUT **T. M. Cleland**

WHO'S WHO tells us that Thomas Maitland Cleland was born in Brooklyn in 1880. But he is much more at home in the eighteenth century than in Brooklyn; a statement which, it is hoped, will not arouse the residents of that borough to violence. It is possible that T. M. Cleland has re-created the atmosphere and flavor of the romantic eighteenth century as no artist since that time has done.

He has illustrated very few books, although the two-volume edition of *Tristram Shandy* which was distributed to the members of The Limited Editions Club, and for which Cleland made over sixty drawings, is sometimes called by connoisseurs one of the "great illustrated books" of this century. He has put eighteenth century settings into paintings and color drawings, many of them made for advertisers, reproductions of which are in homes, and in the studios of other artists, from coast to coast. He is often called "an artist's artist."

But he is called other things besides.

In forty-five years of professional activity, he has achieved three or four distinct reputations. T. M. Cleland is known to many as the foremost decorative designer in America; to others, as a great printer; to still others, as a great typographer; while many members of The Limited Editions Club think of him only as their favorite illustrator.

Cleland prefers to call himself simply an artist; but, if he must choose any more specific category in which to be enshrined in the public mind, he says it will be that of illustrator.

HIS FIRST EXPERIENCE as an illustrator goes back to the beginning of the century, when he redesigned the then popular *McClure's Magazine* and became its art editor. He did much to encourage higher artistic standards among the illustrators to whom he gave commissions, but his exactions were such that their work was often delayed.

On one occasion, an artist failed to turn in the pictures for a story before the deadline. The forms were made up and the spaces for the pictures had to be filled. Cleland worked for twenty-six hours without stopping—the magazine went to press on time with the story illustrated by its art editor, under an assumed name he still refuses to divulge.

Cleland's association with books goes back to the first year of The Limited Editions Club when he designed and decorated that edition of *The Decameron* which is still one of its most treasured volumes. His first illustrated book was the two-volume *Tristram Shandy*. This was followed in 1943 by Fielding's *Jonathan Wild*, with illustrations colored by hand through stencils. Both are among those which have advanced farthest in price and are most difficult to find in the rare book market.

WHO'S WHO states that Thomas Maitland Cleland was educated in the New York City public schools; and then cites the various medals and awards he has received. He quit public school at the age of fourteen.

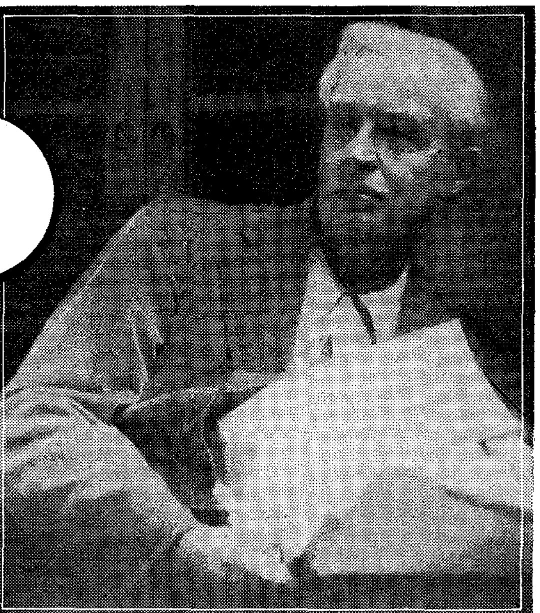
At the age of sixteen he was to be found setting type and operating presses in a small job printing plant, turning out circulars and booklets of his own design which he decorated and illustrated. Here he learned the rudiments and laid the foundation of that intimate knowledge of all the technicalities of printing and reproductive processes which he believes to be essential to an artist whose work is made to be printed. The first printing plant of his own was in the cellar of his father's house where he printed two tiny books and other things, with illustrations of his own.

At the age of twenty he designed a type and type ornaments, still sold and in wide use both here and abroad. With the thousand dollars he received for more than a year's work on this—more money than he had ever seen at one time in his life—he made his first voyage to Italy. There, he believes, his real education began.

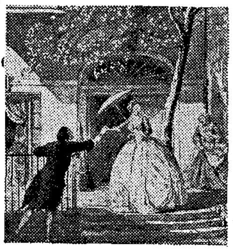
After a brief career in the army in World War I, Cleland decided to abandon once and for all the business of doing his own printing and devote himself exclusively to design, illustration and painting. In 1929, a handsome volume entitled *The Decorative Work of T. M. Cleland* was published.

THE PAINSTAKING CRAFTSMANSHIP and disciplined effort that invariably lie behind what appears to be easy and graceful accomplishment, have inevitably curtailed the volume of Cleland's work as an illustrator. Though he works longer hours than most men, and scorns holidays and vacations, his craving for perfection often causes groans and headaches to his publishers and other clients. "I know," he admits, "that my patience is a great trial to other people's!"

He is now at work upon a series of decorations for an edition of *Montaigne's Essays* which he is designing for George Macy to publish; and then he is scheduled to embark upon the most ambitious job of illustration of his life, a commission recently given him by George Macy to make a long series of drawings in color to illustrate *Tom Jones*.



THE FOUR SEASONS
in an eighteenth century French town
PAINTINGS BY T. M. CLELAND



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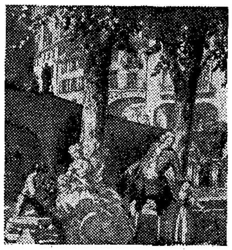
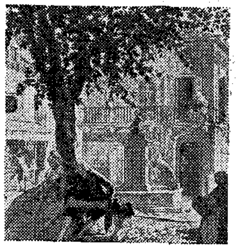
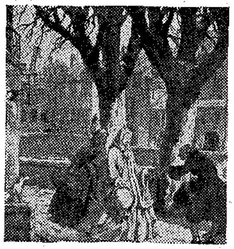


SUMMER



AUTUMN



WINTER

Special Announcement

ABOVE are thumb-nail approximations of four paintings by T. M. Cleland. The Heritage Press is going to make facsimile prints of these paintings, full-size: one foot by one foot. They will be mounted and masked and signed by Mr. Cleland. Come Christmas, they will be on sale for $5.00 each. However, we want now to build a list of people who are interested in his work. THEREFORE—If you will fill out the coupon below, we will send you a portfolio containing ALL FOUR PRINTS, ONLY $7.50! The number will be limited to those who make reservations NOW:

Reservation Coupon

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Please enter my *order for a portfolio* containing the mounted prints in color, of THE FOUR SEASONS by T. M. Cleland. I understand that the number of portfolios made up will be limited to the number of orders sent to you as a result of the advertisement in which I have found this coupon. I understand that these prints will be identical in every way with those to be placed on sale during the coming Christmas season at five dollars each; but that, because I am sending this coupon to you NOW, I will receive a port*folio including all* four prints with a bill for only $7.50. And finally, I understand that my satisfaction is guaranteed: that I may return the portfolio if I am not pleased with it.

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trived and derived that the studiedly artless props (borrowed directly from Kafka) are also apparent and the reader never for a moment becomes involved either emotionally or intellectually in the fortunes of the symbolic characters. Mr. Sansom may, however, develop into an important writer if he will cut himself a pattern that is both genuine and his own.

Patrick Henry and the Frigate's Keel, by Howard Fast (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). Even in his less important efforts, among which these stories of early American life must be classed, Mr. Fast is immensely readable. Some of the briefer tales have been rather sweetened for the tastes of the women's magazines (where they first appeared), but on the whole it is an interesting collection. Mr. Fast has a hard, clear way of writing about liberty and freedom that makes these qualities look a lot different from the marzipan confections sold to us under the same names by so many contemporary writers.

GENERAL

Strangers in India, by Penderel Moon (Reynal & Hitchcock). A reflective young Englishman who spent fifteen years in the Indian Civil Service goes into the vexed questions arising out of India's coming (or, at least, promised) liberation from British rule. Mr. Moon, who writes in a non-patronizing and sympathetic vein, has cast his book in a loose, Socratic form—a device not always successful, since his dialogues tend to length and breathlessness. He has the point of view of an enlightened but still conservative Englishman. His conclusions are unwavering: No matter what the arguments for and against, the promise of freedom has been made, is ardently desired by the Indian masses, and must be kept. If, in the process, Britain can keep the good will of the people and if India should wish, out of self-interest, to stay in the British Commonwealth, so much the better. But the author is not overoptimistic.

Basic Writings of St. Thomas Aquinas, edited by Anton C. Pegis (Random House). A two-volume—and very handsome—edition, comprising the great Christian philosopher's most significant writings, drawn, with one exception (the "Summa Contra Gentiles"), from one book, the famous "grammar of the love of God," "Summa Theologica." For the general reader, whose curiosity may have been aroused by the recent revival of Thomism in certain American university circles, these books should tell him all he needs to know—and maybe more—about the thirteenth-century theologian who officiated at the marriage of Christian faith and Hellenic Reason, a union in which it was Reason that had to promise to love, honor, and obey.

Pot Luck, by Roland Clark (Barnes). One of those little volumes of hunting tales of which sportsmen never seem to tire. This one, by an expert in the genre, is better than most, and the background of sleet, raw wind, and high-hearted dogs will unquestionably delight its audience. Illustrations in color and line by the author.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Payoff for the Banker, by Frances and Richard Lockridge (Lippincott). The Norths go to bat for nice young Mrs. Hunter, the widow of a Navy flier, who is having trouble with the police because the body of a bank president has turned up in her Madison Avenue apartment. Since the corpse is a very high-class one, the Norths and Bill Weigand do a great deal of their detection out on Long Island, among the members of the swimming-pool and cabaña set, in which Pam North's intuitions lead her, as usual, into trouble. One of the funniest and most satisfactory mysteries in this excellent series.

The Iron Gates, by Margaret Millar (Random House). A return to the straight psychological horror story, by the author of "Fire Will Freeze," which attempted to combine horror and farce. Here, an apparently happy woman goes gradually insane, for reasons which seem obscure to her family but which are figured out, after a murder has occurred, by our old friend Inspector Sands. Just the kind of material, evidently, that Mrs. Millar handles most successfully.

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THIS IS WAR

[*From the World-Telegram*]

Typical of wartime travel casualties: The sad plight of Percy Madeira, Philadelphia "main liner," who lost his luggage en route, arriving without his dinner jacket or a change of linen. Mr. Madeira took one look at the beautiful palms and the blue sky and another at his scanty wardrobe, and took the next train back to Philadelphia.

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